

LIFE



INDUSTRIAL COMMANDER KNUDSEN

JUNE 17, 1940

10 CENTS



ORCHIDS FROM HUBBY FOR THIS

PORCH SUPPER SALAD

WITH **REAL MAYONNAISE**



PORCH SUPPER SALAD

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 1/2 cups cooked peas | 2 sliced tomatoes |
| 2/3 cup sliced celery | Chicory • Romaine |
| 2 cups scored sliced cucumber | Lettuce • Watercress |
| 2 cups cooked sliced carrots | Hellmann's or Best Foods French Dressing |
| 2 cups cooked sliced beets | Hellmann's or Best Foods Real Mayonnaise |

Mix peas and celery. Marinate vegetables separately in French dressing and serve in individual dishes. Arrange chicory, romaine, lettuce and watercress in salad bowl and place tomato slices around sides (as illustrated). Serve with *Real* Mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

PEG GETS IN SOLID WITH HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

THIS IS A CHARMING SUPPER, PEG DEAR. DELICIOUS! AND I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU TEACHING MY SON TO LIKE SALAD!

HE LIKES THIS **REAL MAYONNAISE**, MOTHER! WHEN I SWITCHED OVER TO IT FROM SALAD DRESSING, HIS INTEREST IN SALADS PERKED RIGHT UP!

I'M AMAZED! WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "SALAD DRESSING" AND **REAL MAYONNAISE**?

REAL MAYONNAISE HAS NO STARCHY FILLER. IT'S ALL MAYONNAISE—LIKE HOME-MADE. HAS RICH FLAVOR, AND DOESN'T TURN WATERY WHEN YOU ADD MILK OR FRUIT JUICES!

REALLY FRESH, TOO!
... this light mayonnaise—delicate in flavor, light and smooth in texture

Real Mayonnaise (Best Foods in the West; Hellmann's in the East) is made like the home kind. It contains only freshly broken eggs, added egg yolks, choice vinegar and spices, and our own "FRESH-PRESS" Salad Oil which we ourselves prepare fresh each day, as it is needed. And in our powerful new kind of double-whipper these ingredients are so completely blended that *Real* Mayonnaise, with all its home-made richness, is even lighter and creamier in texture than home-made, and has a zestfully light, delicate flavor, free from oily taste.

I HAD A LOVELY TIME, SON. PEG'S A DEAR. SMART, TOO! I'M GOING TO GET ME SOME OF THAT **REAL MAYONNAISE**!

AND I'M GOING TO GET PEG ORCHIDS FOR MAKING SUCH A HIT WITH MOTHER!



BEST FOODS ↔ HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise



↑ IN THE WEST
← IN THE EAST



"Jack, tell your customers heat and rubber don't mix any better than alcohol and gasoline"

"Yes, sergeant, riding on a tire that heats up to 250° or better is almost as dangerous as drinking and then driving"



Modern High Speeds and Smaller Wheels require
a Tire that will **STAY COOL!**

Here it is—BUILT ON 3 ENTIRELY NEW SAFETY PRINCIPLES

1. **Exclusive Seiberling "Heat Vents"** cool the blowout danger zone. Revolving TWICE as fast as they did four years ago, today's tires generate more internal heat. Because it concentrates at the shoulder this internal heat is the cause of many blow-outs. Seiberling has discovered a way to *expel* this heat before it causes trouble. Patented "Heat Vents" placed along the shoulder of this Safety Tire open and close as the tire rolls along the road... keep it cooler—safer.
2. **Unusual "Saw-tooth" tread** holds the road... stops you quickly. With your foot on the accelerator, this tire rolls along as "quietly as a cat." But the instant you touch your toe to the brakes, it "sticks out its claws"... grabs the road. You can feel the sharp "saw-teeth" dig in as they bring you to a quick, safe stop. You can feel the extra sure-footedness on curves, too, because the "saw-tooth angles" of this Seiberling tread have remarkable resistance to side-skid.
3. **NEW "Saf-flex" Cord** practically doubles resistance to stone bruises and ruptures. After the terrifying experience of a tire "letting go" at 45-70 miles per hour, many car owners are mystified—"road was smooth and level—tire didn't hit a thing." Unfortunately carcass ruptures rarely show up when they occur—become lurking dangers that let go days or weeks later. Seiberling "Saf-flex" Cord gives you maximum protection against these ruptures and bruises—makes this truly a "Safety Tire."

See this remarkable tire in action—ask your Seiberling dealer for a demonstration—and for his generous introductory trade-in allowances.

The
SEIBERLING
SAFETY  **TIRE**

IT LASTS LONGER BECAUSE IT RUNS COOLER



This One

OTHU-PH4-EY27

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne



Starlet: Just wait till I find that columnist! Listen to this, Steve: "Newest starlet, all looks and no 'oomph'... somebody should tell her about *pep appeal*!"



Steve: Now, now. It's only a newspaper man. But you *haven't* been feeling up to scratch lately. Bet all that dieting you youngsters do has cut into your *vitamins*. Come along with me, and we'll have a bite of lunch.



Steve: And one of the things this doctor orders, young lady, is that crisp and flaky cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP! Because it is extra rich in two of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D.

Starlet: Save the details, Steve! PEP is the most *dee-li-cious* cereal I ever tasted!



Starlet: Thanks a million, Steve, for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. And just watch me become the pep girl of 1940! I might even win an Oscar.

Steve: I'll be pulling for you!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

War

This week LIFE devotes its Letters Column to readers writing about the war. This subject, since the invasion of Holland and Belgium, has overwhelmingly predominated in LIFE's mail. —ED.

Sirs:

Isn't it about time we faced frankly the hard facts of this war? Isn't there a tough decision that we must make promptly or else face the consequences of doing "too little too late"?

Apparently the Germans, with great superiority in the air and in motorized units, are forcing the Allies back toward disaster. Possibly the Allies will uncover massed reserves and win a surprising and complete victory before summer ends. There seems to be little or no chance of this.

Perhaps the German drive will exhaust itself and the Western Front will settle down to a long stalemate. But the superior airpower of the Germans will soon enable them to clear Allied planes from the sky and then bomb and blast and burn French and English homes and factories, railroads and hospitals at their sweet pleasure. If this goes on for months, if the Allied soldiers know that they cannot win on land without air support, if they become convinced that the U. S., their one hope of effective help, has abandoned them to their fate, if they know that their women and children are being mercilessly exterminated by air raiders, what can they do but give up?

The most likely probability, if we stay out, is that Allied morale will crack within a few weeks. Defeated on land, sharply challenged at sea, overpowered in the air, with everything they hold dear doomed to certain destruction from the skies, why should they go on fighting for a hopeless cause? If we refuse to fight in defense of democracy, if we condemn the Allies to abandon all hope of ultimate victory, they may be forced to quit—and very soon. Their morale may hold out a month or two, as Premier Reynaud has intimated, or it may break in a few days.

That is why, unless we declare war without delay, we may be too late.

ATWOOD H. TOWNSEND, ex A. E. F.
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

LIFE in the May 27 issue says that "Americans accepted gladly" the new armament program. Gladly is a highly inappropriate word. Sadly and madly would be more fitting. Sad that there is still no effective cure for the nonsense of war and mad because warfare demonstrates the muddleheadedness of the human race.

CARL PETERSON

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

From that white trash in the Reich who call themselves Germans what can one expect but the utmost ferociousness and degradation of high humanitarian ideals? And if their so-called intelligence "which is exceeded by no people on this earth" is intelligence, then the rest of the world had better scuttle back to the animalism of the jungle, for squareheads are a race temperamentally unable to behave like human beings.

MAY GENEVIEVE NELSON

New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

If America doesn't wake up soon it will wake up too late. Is it on a spree?

The Allies are fighting our battle and no honest man can deny it. They should have our utmost help. Free men now have one chief task—that of capturing Adolf Hitler.

A. B. CANNADY

Crescent City, Fla.

Sirs:

It was clear several years ago that Hitler would destroy democracy throughout the world if he could, and it is clear now that he will do so if those who stand for democracy do not oppose him with all the

force they can muster. We should have been ready to help France and England when this war started. We should help them now in every possible way as far as necessary with men and armaments until Hitlerism is defeated.

W. T. COUCH

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Sirs:

I was greatly impressed by the striking portrait on the cover of your issue of May 27 bearing the appropriate title, "Invader." In my opinion, the pose of this German soldier is symbolic of the Nazi Government. The stern expression on the face of the Invader well represents the bitterness and avarice for which the Nazi Führer and his regime are scorned and hated by all humanitarian and peace-loving nations.

ALFRED J. HYMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

As I read Henry R. Luce's editorial in the June 3 issue of LIFE, the proud feeling of being an American surged through me. I could not help but feel that George Washington was leaning over Mr. Luce's shoulder and helping him make his decision on "what he would fight for." I have never read a more truly American stand for democracy.

We younger Americans have come to take for granted our nearly utopian American democracy and though the majority of us would give our last drop of blood to protect it we lack the unity of purpose so vitally necessary in these days of hasty invasions. This unity, forced upon every totalitarian person, is as necessary to our national defense as appropriations and it requires immediate steps for its perfection.

W. H. PIERSON M.D.

Natchitoches, La.

Sirs:

The article, "America and Armageddon" is a statement of my sentiments and as one who will help fight for those ideals, I agree with it 100%.

LEN S. JONES

University of Florida
Belle Glade, Fla.

Sirs:

After reading the June 3 issue of LIFE, including the article, "America and Armageddon," I am still puzzled about *what* America you have decided is worth fighting for.

If it is the physical America, North and South, plus the intangible concept of the U. S. as a great and free country, then everyone must say, "Fine. Same here." But if, as this week's issue suggested, it is those conceptions that we think of as American and that are embodied in England and France, then it seems to me that the answer should be that we are more likely to lose than preserve them by fighting with the Allies. It is a hard, almost cruel, answer to make but it makes sense.

The older generation in large part seems to take the position that we young people have lost faith in everything fine and have only contempt for those with ideals. From all sides we hear admonitions that if our fiber were tougher we would be willing to fight for the mode of life we cherish. And the implication clearly is: fight now, in France, while we have time. Perhaps for the time being our admonishers believe that assistance short of arms will be sufficient, but their position, as many of them admit, implies the sending of an army if it is needed and if the Allies hold out long enough.

I think it is only fair that those who urge us so vehemently to awake to the perils around us (and go in to fight them if necessary) make an effort to understand the position that many of us at least take. We feel that our country should extend no further aid to the Allied governments beyond what they can buy with the many billions in cash and credits that they now have over here. We feel this not because we have "lost faith" in democracy or because we don't feel that there is anything in the world worth saving. We feel it because the indications of history and the study of government as it has been ex-

(continued on p. 2)

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"At Monte Vista, semi-finals bronc riding, I drew 'Troublesome Bill.' When I stepped off that son of a buck, my head was fuzzier than last year's hay! I had a steer to wrestle that afternoon...on top of that, the finals. So I took a Bromo-Seltzer."

"My head began to clear... my stomach slipped into place... my nerves were easier. I wrestled my steer in 14 seconds... then won the bronc riding! I tell you I can always count on Bromo-Seltzer for more all-round headache relief!"



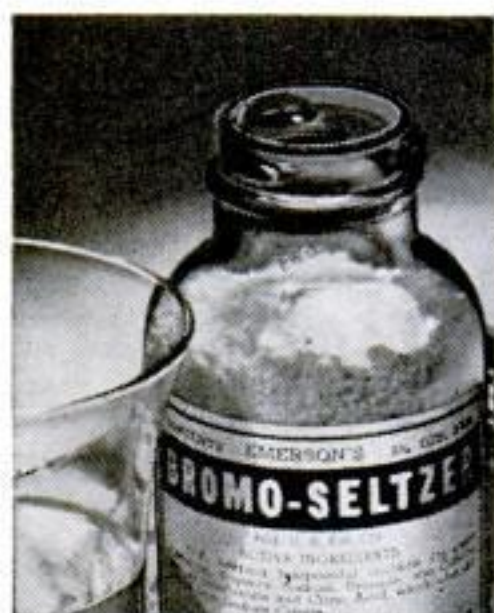
Why **BROMO-SELTZER** does more for you than a simple pain reliever can... helps head, stomach, nerves

Headaches may come when something is upsetting your system. If you get headaches repeatedly, or if they last a long time, you should see your doctor.

But, luckily, most headaches are simple ones. They may be **NERVOUS** or **DIGESTIVE**. For these Bromo-Seltzer gives you this more all-round relief:

1. **RELIEVES PAIN**—gets to work instantly
2. **STEADIES NERVES**—relaxes nervous tension
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For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drug-stores—soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.



BROMO-SELTZER Liked more because it
does more for headache

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

plained to us lead plainly to the conclusion that we shall be losing in America the very thing for which we shall supposedly be fighting in Europe. The political and economic upheavals in America following the war, violent though they may be if we stay out, would likely be disastrous if we were to try to save democracy by going in. Worse than this, what hope is there—even if by our help the Allies should win—that they would be able to devise a peace that would be less disrupting than Versailles?

This may appear to be a youthful gospel of futility, but it is not that if we manage to keep our American way of living and in the meantime make ourselves strong against attack.

I hope desperately that England and France can win this war. If they do not, European civilization in its finer aspects may go under a cloud for some time. But sooner or later Hitler will meet his just deserts there, as Napoleon did. Though it may be harsh to the Allies, I am convinced we should keep our men and our money over here and hope that Hitler's day will come before long. Only by this course shall we be doing America real service.

G. d'ANDELOT BELIN JR.

Yale Law School
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

We must not—we *will* not accept the fate of the gaping, wandering hordes of Europe's devastated peoples.

There is a post of duty for every man and every man should know his duty and his post when the time comes.

Those of us who have fought for our country—or want to—but are unable to get into the regular armed forces of the U. S. should be recognized in a Citizens' Army, to which would be issued arms when the call went out.

Men over 40 are still fighters and are just as willing to die for their country as the kids.

Our leaders must recognize this right or suffer the condemnation of history.

DONALD McCLURE

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Here is a program that will win this war for the Allies, ensure our own security and teach the totalitarian powers a lesson that won't be forgotten in five centuries. This is granting that France is defeated and the British fleet would have to withdraw from its home bases.

The U. S. should go into the war, combining the French, British and American fleets. The Suez Canal should be destroyed and Gibraltar should be blocked after the total destruction of the Italian fleet, and Mussolini could be left for the time being stewing in his sea.

Next, turn attention to the Japanese and smash that fleet, bringing all the airpower as well as surface craft to bear. Bring up aircraft carriers and send in bombers and bomb out any naval craft that will not come out of its base.

Arm the Chinese with every available rifle. Give them planes, field artillery and leave it up to them to finish the job. After the destruction of the Japanese fleet, issue an ultimatum to Russia that its flag will not be permitted on the sea again unless it comes to terms.

The next point is to build a gigantic air fleet in the U. S. and Canada, and, by means of aircraft carriers operating from Greenland and Iceland and possibly northern Norway, launch never-ending night bombing attacks on Germany. Bomb ruthlessly and incessantly. Send them in in small squadrons of say ten bombers each, fan them out all over Germany, navigate them accurately and bomb from a high altitude.

Bases could be established at other points and a bombing campaign waged against Italy. At the same time all kinds of mine-laying craft could be sent into German waters and mines could be laid, or they could be dropped from squadrons of planes. At all events no



As if Dad
couldn't guess!

It's a thoughtful daughter—son—or wife—who knows what the head of the house likes best for Father's Day. If he's a man of taste for the better things, you can be sure he'll appreciate Webster cigars. What's more, Webster is of such

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LIEF GOES TO A PARTY

—and gives the weather man a cool shoulder



Sufferin' sunfish but it's hot! And Lief Johnson's girl is inviting him to a party tonight. Boy—who wants to go to a dance on a night like this?



But, what would *you* say if something like this invited you to a party—even on a sweltering night? Sure you would—and that's what Lief said.



Could these hot, perspiring things in the background be men? Yes, they're men all right but they feel—and look—like they were dressed in wilted lettuce. That is, everybody but Lief, who has been through evenings like this one before and has learned his lesson!



"Holy smoke, fella" say Lief's pals, while they're mopping up, "How do you keep so fresh-looking on a night like this?" "Easy," says Lief, "I got myself this Dixie Weave suit—it's as cooling as an icy shower."



"Darling, you look like a cool million," purrs Gorgeous into Lief's ear. Lief says, "There's a warm heart beats 'neath this frigid Dixie Weave exterior." "Prove it," says Gorgeous. "I can't here," says Lief, "Come on outside!"



Silence is golden at this moment—but honestly, now, under treatment like this what would happen to the summer weight suits *you've* known? They'd wrinkle up like a prune, wouldn't they? But not Dixie Weave—take a look at the next picture.



"You're awfully quiet, darling," Gorgeous says hopefully. "I was thinking," Lief says, "that I'm going to wear Dixie Weaves on the job this summer. Then the boss'll admire my cool judgment and give me a raise and—" "I know," says Gorgeous, "and when that happens we can get married!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK LIKE A COOL MILLION

If you fry this summer it's your own fault—for the Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in your town has a suit that will keep you cooler 'n the old oaken bucket no matter how hot the sun, how high the humidity. Due to the fact that Dixie Weave is loomed of lively, resilient, *all-wool* fibers, Dixie Weave is *the* summer weight suit that holds its press for dear life—and it keeps you *looking* cool as well as feeling cool because of its porous, open-weave construction. Dixie comes in dark shades as well as light shades, is ideal for business wear as well as for sports and evening wear—and is priced well within the budgets of most men who have come to regard summer clothing as a necessity!



"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



It is generally accepted that the first organized Express service in the U. S. was established by Alvin Adams in the 1820's between Woodstock and Windsor, Vermont. This business later developed into the Adams Express Company, now merged with the American Railway Express Co.

Not—"How much?" but "What will it do?"

The boy, Alvin Adams, knew that if you give the people a service they want, they will come back for more.

The service of life insurance knows this to be true. Today, an average of one out of every two people in the United States owns life insurance. Yet, the *amount* of life insurance you own is not nearly so important as what it will do for you.

Extra Income When Needed Most

If you are the father of growing children, there is one form of life insurance specially designed to provide *income* at the time when your wife and children may most need those extra dollars. It is called National Life's Family Income Policy. It provides for the payment of *extra income* during the critical years when the children are dependent. Illustration: Insured's age, 35. Sum

insured, \$10,000. Family Income, 20 year plan. Suppose death occurs five years after the policy takes effect. The National Life of Vermont will pay your wife:

1. \$100 a month for the remaining 15 years of the "20 year plan"..... \$18,000
2. At the end of the Family Income Period, the sum of 10,000

Total..... \$28,000

3. If you outlive these maximum needs, the policy through dividend accumulations may be made to mature as an endowment to provide you with a retirement income.

Is this kind of life insurance expensive? No. Between the ages 25 to 45, it will cost you only a few dollars a month more than ordinary life insurance. Why not look into it? Use the coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE—VERMONT MONTPELIER,

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Please tell me more about your Family Income Policy.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Business Address..... Age of Children.....

Home Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

German merchant ship would ever cross the ocean. There would be no danger of powerful surface craft to impede other operations.

In addition, planes could fly low over German wheatfields just before the grain was ready for harvesting and spray acid upon it or burn it out with small incendiary bombs. But no day would be allowed to pass without a blasting bombing attack on some point in Germany.

To carry out this program, the navies menacing the Allied cause must first be destroyed and the sea lanes left comparatively open. Then an intensification of airplane building to unheard-of proportions. Between Canada, the U. S., Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, 200,000 pilots could be trained. Then the bombing campaign could begin in earnest. The destruction of menacing navies would make conveying a much more simple matter.

H. W. WALL

Savannah, Ga.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your elucidating presentations of the issues facing the American people, written by Mr. Luce and Mr. Lippmann.

It would appear to be the better part of valor, if we are going to be in a position to restore Western civilization, to fight for such a cause while the cradles of such civilization and culture are still standing.

Military strategists are the ones to say which is the best military plan, but to the layman (and to one who is willing to go first) it would seem easier to maintain "a seat of order and of freedom" by defending London and Paris from being wiped out than New York or San Francisco from the same peril.

Win or lose abroad, "the hour of our destiny" has come, and because we are thinking of the price which we are now called upon to pay for the preservation of our way of life, I am merely one who believes the price will be less dear if paid abroad.

SHELDON McNEILL

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

We have just read the article, "America and the World," by Walter Lippmann. We believe that it should be read by every citizen and an hour should be set aside for it to be read aloud in the classes of every school and college in the country.

GLADYS PEABODY
GRANT AND JOSEPH KLANAN
FLORENCE DICKERMAN
OUIDA

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Sirs:

I have not always agreed with Walter Lippmann but I think his article "America and the World," should be carefully studied by every American citizen. I believe the distribution of a copy to everyone in this country could do more to awaken us to the pressing need for swift and powerful action than any other one single thing.

Incidentally, I might add that I spent 18 months in the A. E. F.

S. D. WENTWORTH

Bridgeport, Conn.

Mistaken Identity

Sirs:

Why do you publish a portrait of James Madison with the signature of James Monroe on page 102 of your issue for June 3?

RICHARD A. NEWHALL

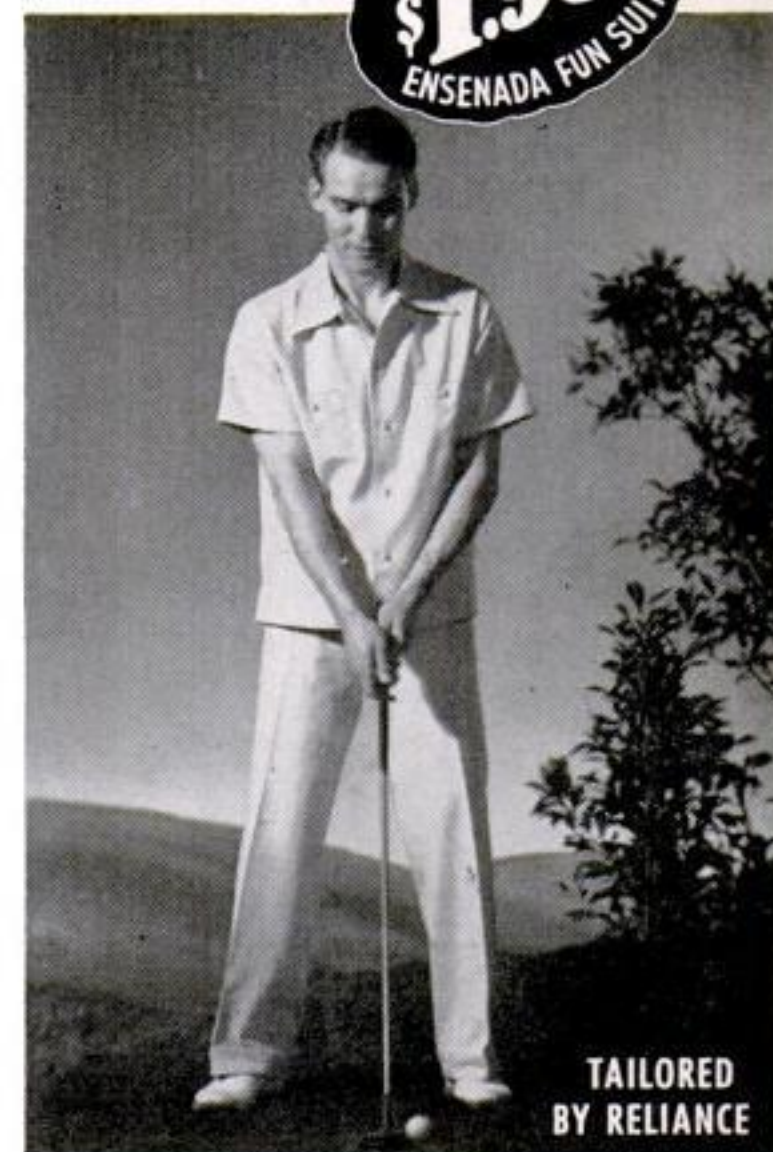
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass.

● Because of a stupid mix-up in captions. All apologies to Professor Newhall and other alert LIFE readers who can distinguish between Monroe and Madison.—ED.

JUST SAY "ENSENADA" FOR SWANK SUMMER COMFORT



INSIST ON GENUINE
\$1.98
ENSENADA FUN SUITS



TAILORED
BY RELIANCE

FROM coast to coast, the Ensenada Fun Suit idea is catching on like wildfire. Young and old wear them for every informal occasion—revel in generous freedom of movement and perfect up-to-the-minute styling! Model shown above is the lowest priced ENSENADA but look how smart! Natural color Hollywood sacking pre-shrunk for perfect fit. (Residual shrinkage 1%.) Shirt is worn in or out. Two-way collar. Pleated slacks. Self belt. Interlocking Rip Proof Seams throughout! An extraordinary value at only \$1.98!

Model shown, also available in green and blue—\$2.65
Other models for men, boys, girls and women up to \$5.98

MAIL ORDER FILLED IF YOUR DEALER ISN'T SUPPLIED—MAIL COUPON BELOW

Reliance Mfg. Co., 210 West Monroe St., Chicago
Gentlemen: Please send Parcel Post Prepaid...
Ensenada Suits (sizes below) at \$1.98 each. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money order ☐ C.O.D.
Additional P.O. delivery charge of 12¢ each on C.O.D. shipments. Orders accepted only from U. S. and Possessions.

Shirts (small, medium, large).....
Pants (waist: 29-30-31-33-34-36-38-40-42).....
(inseam: 30-31-32-33-34).....

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

IT'S HERE!

AMAZINGLY BETTER HEADLIGHTING FOR PRE-1940 CARS

Get new auxiliary road lights . . . equipped with

G-E MAZDA DRIVING AND PASSING LAMPS

● Now you can step up the headlighting on any pre-1940 car . . . to approximate the new Sealed Beam headlighting. And you can do it at low cost! By having these new auxiliary road-lighting units mounted on the bumper . . . and the lenses and reflectors of present headlamps cleaned, the average pre-1940 car will put *three times more light on the road* . . . to help you see farther, see better, see quicker for safer night driving.

These auxiliary units work automatically with your present driving and meeting beams. When you switch from driving beam to passing beam, or back again, one auxiliary unit goes "off" and the other goes "on." A switch on the dash permits these units to be turned off in the city, where present headlights provide enough light. Ask your dealer for the full story of this new safety and comfort roadlighting.

SEE FARTHER . . . SEE BETTER . . . WITH GREATER SAFETY!



Cutaway view showing hermetic seal

Why you'll like G-E "All-Glass" MAZDA Driving and Passing Lamps

- ★ More light on the road ahead, and at the sides to give you a bigger margin of safety.
- ★ Made on the same hermetic glass-seal principle as the famous all-glass G-E MAZDA sealed-beam headlight lamps.
- ★ Never any loss in light from tarnish on reflectors for these units are hermetically sealed always . . . cannot breathe-in dust, dirt and moisture to cut down the light output.
- ★ Rugged glass reflectors molded with micro-precision and coated with vaporized aluminum, the same efficient mirror surface used on large telescopes.
- ★ Only 30-watts. No excessive battery drain.

FOR SAFER SEEING in any car, always dim your headlights when meeting other cars.

G-E MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

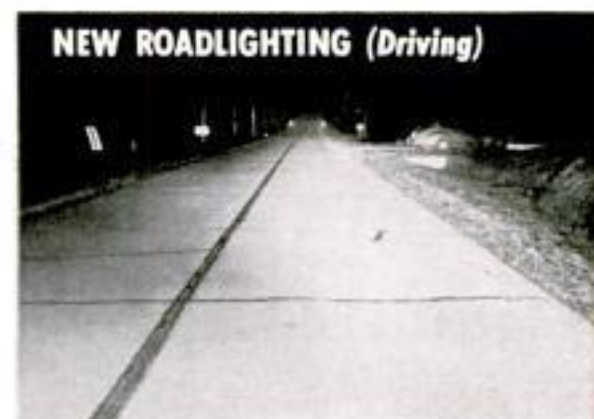
GENERAL ELECTRIC



THESE ARE THE LAMPS that go into the two bumper housings. Like General Electric's new all-glass Sealed Beam units, these lamps have the glass reflector fused to the lens, forming a one-piece sealed unit . . . to give you top efficiency over a long life.



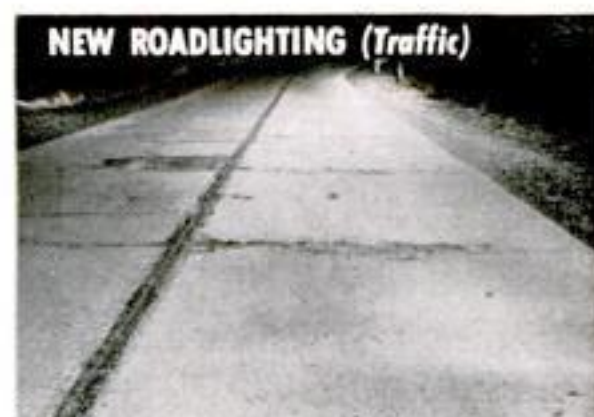
HERE'S WHAT you see with the country or driving beam of the average pre-1940 car. Many cars have even less light.



SEE WHAT a difference this new auxiliary road lighting and cleaned headlamp reflectors makes. You see *much* farther!



AND THIS is how the road looks when you depress a pre-1940 beam in meeting other cars.



SEE HOW this new passing beam shows up the edge of road ahead . . . minimizes glare to others.

WHEN YOU BUY, GET A GLASEAL SYSTEM

1. The Glaseal system consists of: two units, one for driving, one for passing; right-size wire; convenient dash cut-off switch; and if necessary, relays to assure full lighting efficiency at all times.
2. Be sure these units are equipped with *all-glass* G-E MAZDA Driving and Passing lamps.
3. Be sure that the units are properly aimed . . . to put the light where you need it for safer seeing.

These units are approved for use in most states. Check with your dealer.

SPORT-TIGHTS

TRADE MARK

a MIRACLE of COMFORT
for summer days . . .

The new, patented,
PANTIE-GIRDLE
shaped to your body lines



**FITS LIKE
YOUR OWN
SKIN**

Nothing to match it
for freedom! It gives
you perfect control with-
out bulk. It's as responsive
to your body movements as
your own skin. You can bend,
stretch, run or sit with comfort.
It gives you a smooth, sleek fit
whether you're in a skirt, slacks, shorts
or in your most glamorous evening gown.

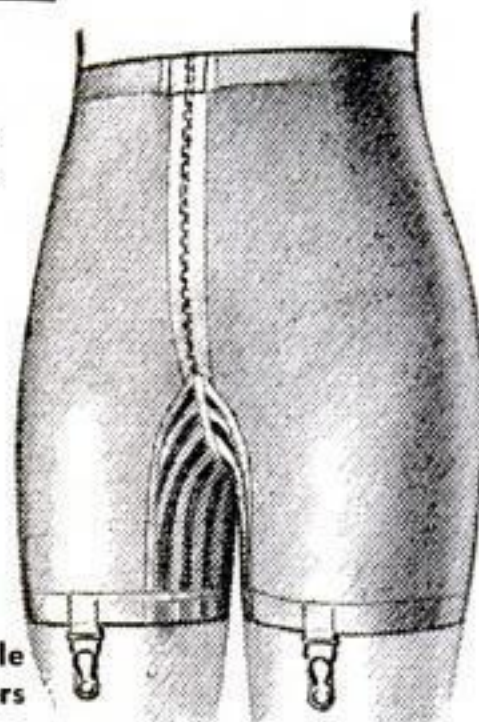
It's made of Len-O-Lastic—a porous fabric of
cotton and rayon—cool, absorbent, easy to
launder. It has extra inches in the crotch,
and clever shaping front and rear that
eliminates binding, cutting and riding up.
Fagoted seams, front and back. Detach-
able hose supporters. . .

Hip sizes 34-36-38

Hip sizes 40-42 . . . \$2⁵⁰

If you cannot get it from your own
retail store, use the coupon below.

Moulded to
your body line
Patented crotch
of soft, absor-
bent fabric.
Can't bind, cut
or ride up



MAIL
THIS
COUPON

Detachable
hose supporters

SIL-O-ETTE UNDERWEAR CORP., 29 West 30th Street, New York City

Enclosed find (check, cash or money order). Please send me
SPORT-TIGHTS, hip measurement waist
Tearose white (check color). Print plainly.

Name

Address



under shorts
or slacks



under dresses



under formals

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

FRANCE TAKES HER STAND

Paris (by cable)



RICHARD de ROCHEMONT

With the capitulation of King Leopold III, who only a few days ago was hailed as "the knightly son of a knightly king," the war has become for France a battle to the death across the garden wall. By their prompt movement across Belgium, in response to the Belgian King's appeal and to the plan laid out by military chiefs who are today themselves laid quietly in the frigidare, the Allies committed their last knightly gesture of this war. It cost them dearly, but when the final score is added up it will show to their credit that they tried to rescue a supposed ally when they might have been sitting quietly on the

Franco-Belgian frontier waiting for the enemy attack in prepared positions.

Though Leopold III had long been suspected of pro-German leanings and of sly traffickings with the Léon Degrelle Rexist movement, there was no mental reservation in the desire of the French to help out the Belgians, nor any lip service in their applause for the encouraging messages sent by King Leopold to the doomed defenders of Liège and Namur. The average Frenchman felt that although the Belgian King might be ideologically suspect on the basis of his past performance in the diplomatic field, the hard fact of the invasion of his country would bring about in him a kingly reaction of courage and firmness. And so it apparently had until the debacle.

It takes a great crisis to make the French people great, and as the progress of the war reaches a new low, the magnanimity of a people not renowned for its magnanimity has reached a new high. Four or five million Belgians have fled into France, including a fair proportion of Fifth Column members, and have been received as refugees and given asylum. When they had been in France a few days their King surrendered and their Army laid down its arms, leaving one of the finest French armies and a large body of valuable equipment apparently at the mercy of the enemy. With full understanding of the grim facts, told to them over the radio one morning in Premier Reynaud's bitterest and grittiest speech, the French made no move and did not express any resentment against the Belgians within their gates. Every Paris paper rushed into print an editorial exculpating the Belgian people and pointing out that in addition to the shock suffered by all the Allies the Belgians had suffered a greater emotional shock through the treason of their own monarch.

Today the war stands no longer as one of ideologies, figureheads, treaties and alliances, but one of survival of the smallest individual. Today in northern France the peasant and the clerk are fighting with a morale not surpassed by the men who have seen St. Cyr and been brought up in the military tradition of the kings of France; today the peasant has his feet on his own soil and his back to the wall. From now on, so far as the French are concerned, continental monarchy is at a discount and democracy has its last chance to prove itself a dynamic force. There is no question that cannot be narrowed down to the stark reality: "Do you or do you not want France to survive?" In the last few days extreme conservatives have come out with flat statements that the fate of France depends on the people, and anarchists of pre-war days have applauded arch-conservative Premier Reynaud for his energetic nationalism.

In the dark days that have now begun it is likely that France and its Government will make many mistakes and that there will be hysteria and injustice in some degree, but it is apparent that France is finding itself again emotionally and deriving its strength, as did the members of the Sinn Fein, from a philosophy of "ourselves alone." This with no intended disparagement of their British ally who suffered equally if not more from the Belgian collapse and who, by the activity of its air force, more than once saved critical situations in the battle of Flanders. At present the majority of Frenchmen can face with calm the prospect of defending France, if need be, on a line drawn south of Paris. This is not 1870, and Hitler would be worse than Bismarck so far as the French are concerned.

Workmen of the Paris "red belt" can imagine themselves as slave labor in Pomerania should France go down. Aristocrats who favored Hitler as an antidote to Marxism know they would be dispossessed, as were the Austrian gentry, should the Nazis win. French businessmen can see themselves going hat in hand to deal with Nazi functionaries, on a level with the Jews of Warsaw. The peasant of the Beauce, Auvergne, Languedoc, the



Every pair made with loving care ... to bring you glamour, beauty, extra wear. Preferred by millions of women ... Sold by over 6,000 stores, coast to coast. 79¢ to \$1.35

MOJUD
the dependable
HOSIERY

TRADE MARKS REGISTERED. COPYRIGHT, 1940
MOCK, JUDSON, VOERRINGER CO. OF N.Y., INC.



NOW—A better hair remover
without offensive odors!

An instantaneous success—this new and better way to banish unwanted hair ... a pleasantly scented cream even more effective than old-time depilatories, yet without their offensive odors. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly, your skin emerges gleaming, satin-smooth. More ZiP is sold than any other depilatory—your guarantee. NOW!—**DOUBLE VALUE OFFER.** A large jar of ZiP All-Purpose Cold Cream free with each tube of ZiP Depilatory Cream.

608 *Madame Berthe* NEW YORK
FIFTH AVE. (at 49th St.)
Originator of ZiP Cream Deodorant, Stops perspiration

Vendée and the Landes sees before him a future blacker than anything the wildest vagaries of the various governments at Paris have ever given him.

After an eight months' wait, death, mutilation and destruction now tread the soil of France. There is no insistence on the question of individual atrocities but realization of the consummate atrocity brought home at last to France itself. The drive for the extinction of the democratic ideal has reached the last democratic core in continental Europe. There is no compromise that can save the rights of private property, small and large, the rights of the individual and the rights of the family, if these are to be saved. For these the only salvation is an Allied victory. An Allied defeat will bring a new world rapidly but not a world that many Frenchmen, Britons or Americans want. It is ridiculous to attempt to describe what such a new Europe might be, but if the sack of Holland and the destruction of half of Belgium are the first manifestations of it, it will not be pretty.

Austria. Czechoslovakia. Albania. Poland. Finland. Denmark. Norway. Holland. Belgium. The names sound like the tolling of a funeral bell for the old Europe. But in the death of each of these countries there is part of the death of the old ideologies of waste, hesitation, prevarication, horse-trading and logrolling, as well as the wounding of the basic democratic ideal. If the old errors are sloughed off and democracy can still live after this war, there is hope for the peoples of Europe and for the democratic peoples of the outer world.

Realistic Frenchmen say that for these democratic peoples of the untouched continents the problem is now perfectly clear. If they can get along without democracy, it is their privilege to let democracy expire in Europe. But if it vanishes there, it vanishes in the Americas as well. The danger is evident but the Americas will make their own choice. It may be that they feel that they can get along without democracy very well.

In France a regiment of aristocrats has been wiped out and cited for the national roll of honor. Boys who could not yet vote in Council Bluffs bring down their four or five Messerschmitts and are themselves brought down. Garage mechanics drive their tanks against overwhelming odds to rescue a battery of reservist artillerymen captured by the enemy. With cold calm, young colonels become generals overnight, accepting responsibilities their elders could not handle. Old generals find new strength in the emotional stress of the crisis. France awak-

To Be Somebody's Number One Girl

give your skin this Fragrance Men Love



Your womanly instinct as well as his eyes, both tell how alluring you are when bathed in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love.

HERE'S A SECRET that might be worth a million dollars in happiness! Always go by the rule that a man's senses are ever on the alert!

So remember, when you buy soap for the bath, Cashmere Bouquet has the fragrance men love. Yes, Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite lin-

gering perfume. Be radiant and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking. Use it to help reveal the soft, exotic beauty of your neck and shoulders.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢
Wherever fine
soaps are sold

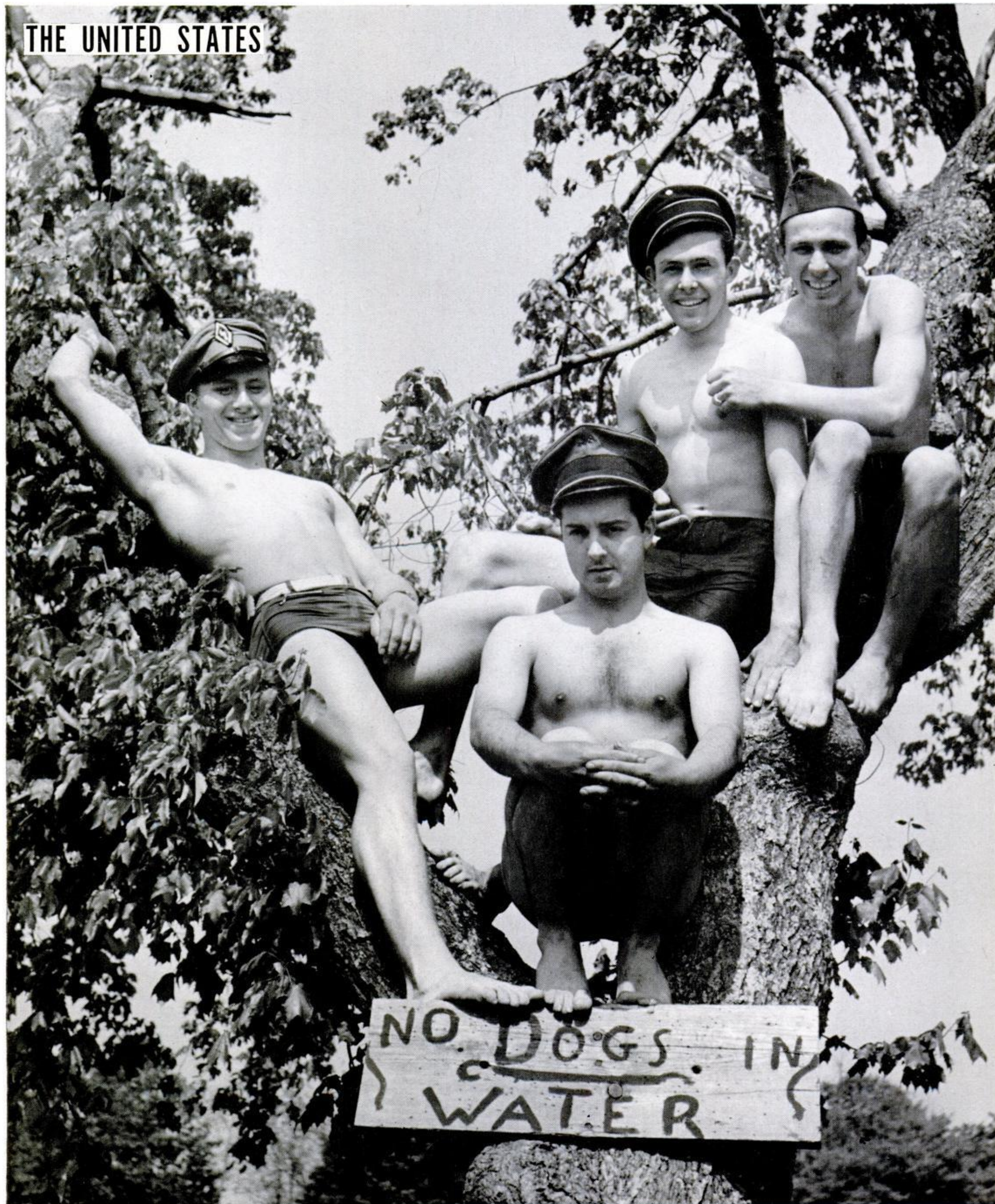


Enhance your allure with these other complementary Cashmere Bouquet beauty aids: Cashmere Bouquet Cleansing Cream...Face Powder...Lotion...Talc Powder...Lipstick.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

THE UNITED STATES



These young Americans are Nazis born in the U. S. who form part of the uniformed *Ordnungs Dienst* ("Order Guard") of the German-American Bund. On Sundays they picnic, swim, drill and hear eulogies of Germany and vilifications

of the American way of life at Camp Siegfried, Long Island. Though press photographers are now forbidden to take pictures at the camp, a LIFE photographer sneaked this shot two Sundays ago. The Bund caps the boys are wearing are

patterned on German military caps. Boy on the left wears the insignia of the Hitler Youth organization. By last week American citizens were getting fed up with such Fifth Column monkeyshines, whether in treetops or on drill grounds.

... THESE ARE SIGNS OF NAZI FIFTH COLUMNS EVERYWHERE

The destructive ability of the German Fifth Column in recent weeks has made Americans justifiably suspicious of Nazis living in their midst. For several years LIFE photographers, poking their cameras into all parts of the world, have run across many a German Fifth Column in the making. Shown here is a worldwide sample, including non-Germans like French Canadian Fascists (*directly below*) and young American Nazis (*opposite page*), whose dubious loyalty to their native lands makes them fellow travelers in the Nazi camp. The inclusion of pictures of successful Fifth Column elements in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Belgium on page 13 is a brutal reminder that the striking power of these small Nazi groups is not to be sneered at. Together these photographs serve as Exhibit A to the claim that Hitler is seeking world domination.

Of the millions of Germans living abroad, most get their cue from the *Deutsche Auslands Organisation* ("League of Germans Living Abroad"), an organic part of the German Foreign Office. The *Auslanders* have orders to deal only with other Germans in all social, economic, cultural and political matters. Germans slow to accept Hitlerism find themselves ostracized, boycotted and sometimes beaten into a more rapid conversion.

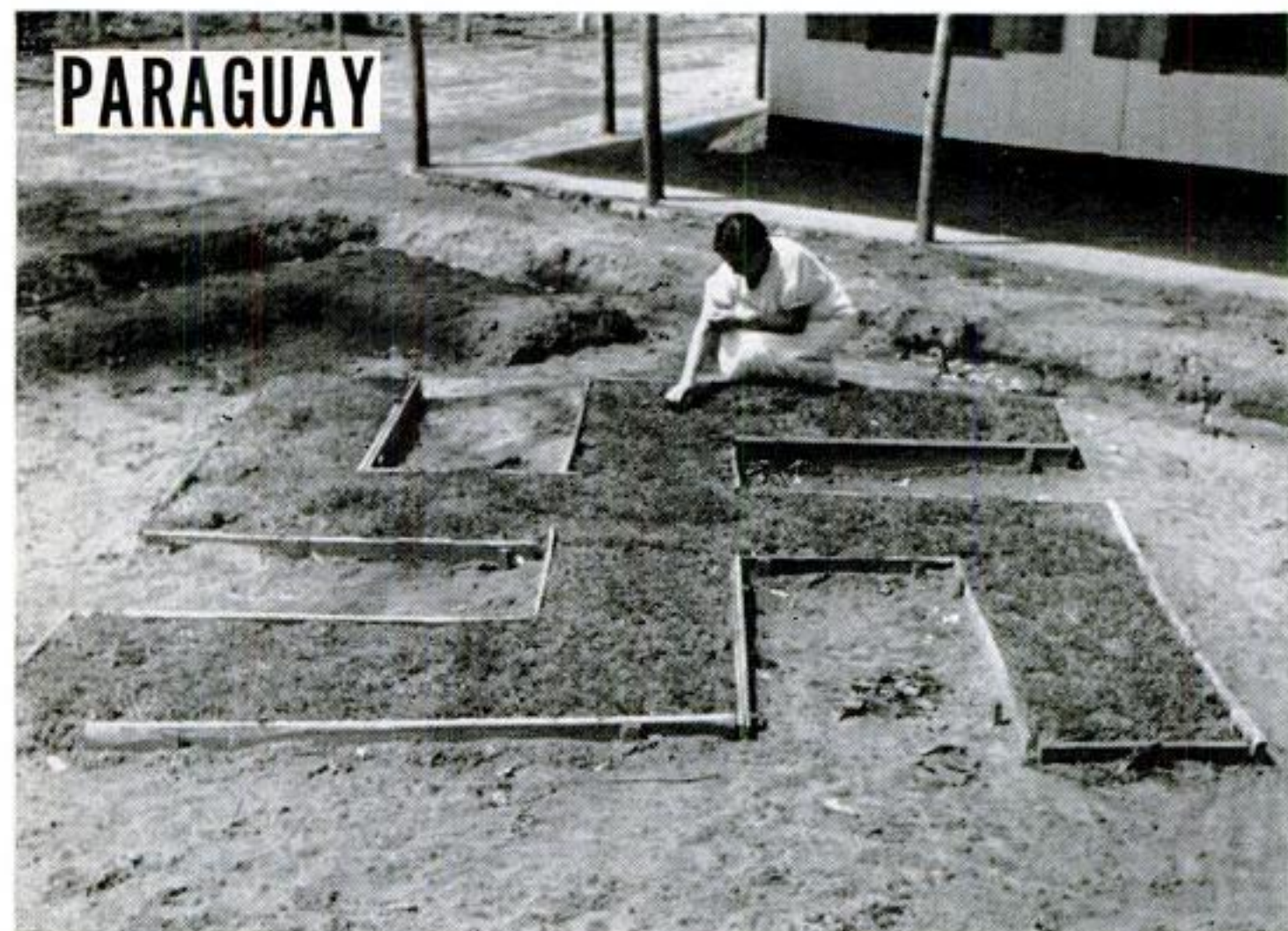
In this easygoing hemisphere these Nazis and their allies have been allowed to turn hard-won native liberties into foreign-instigated license. Now, under the stress of total war, Canada has outlawed 16 "communazi" parties, arrested several leaders. In Latin America, especially Uruguay, a much-needed housecleaning is in progress. Significantly in the U. S. the Federal Bureau of Investigation last week pressed plans to add 500 new agents to its force to spot and fight this hydra-headed menace.



Airline office of German-owned Condor-Lufthansa company is on main street of Rio de Janeiro. Its pilots recently became naturalized Brazilians to keep their jobs. Brazil's million Germans have 15 Nazi newspapers, four radio stations. An abortive putsch in 1938 was organized by H. H. von Cossel, who then left Brazil, was sent back as "cultural attaché."



Adrien Arcand (*second from left*), "National Führer" of the Fascist National Unity Party in Montreal, was seized by police with seven of his advisers in Fifth Column roundup May 30.



Swastika-shaped garden of Frau Maria Lowen in Philadelphia marks her as a Nazi. On a radio sent free from Bremen she hears: "What difference is there between Hitler and Napoleon?"



The blare of Nazi bugles, blown by members of the Hitler Youth organization in Mexico City, resounds at a local Nazi rally. The banner in the background serves to remind these German boys that "Breslau is calling" them to the annual German gymnastic rally. Below: the German community in distant Shanghai lines up to vote *Ja* for a Hitler policy.



JUST OFF THE PLANE FROM HAVANA—



OWL: Hello there, Dan : : : welcome back to Broadway!

WALKER: It's good to get back—but I sure hated leaving Havana.



OWL: Say, how'd you find those Havana cigars—you ought to be right up on the taste of Havana tobacco?

WALKER: Well—I smoked plenty—Who doesn't, going to Havana?



OWL: Look, try this New White Owl. And give us the low-down on its flavor.

WALKER (after several puffs): That's a real Havana flavor, all right... mild as the breeze along the Malecon!

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!



Try a



NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

New White Owls are made in America—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

DANTON WALKER discovers HAVANA on Broadway



DANTON WALKER, whose column, "Broadway," is a daily feature for millions of newspaper readers from coast to coast, recently returned from a vacation in Cuba. We interviewed him

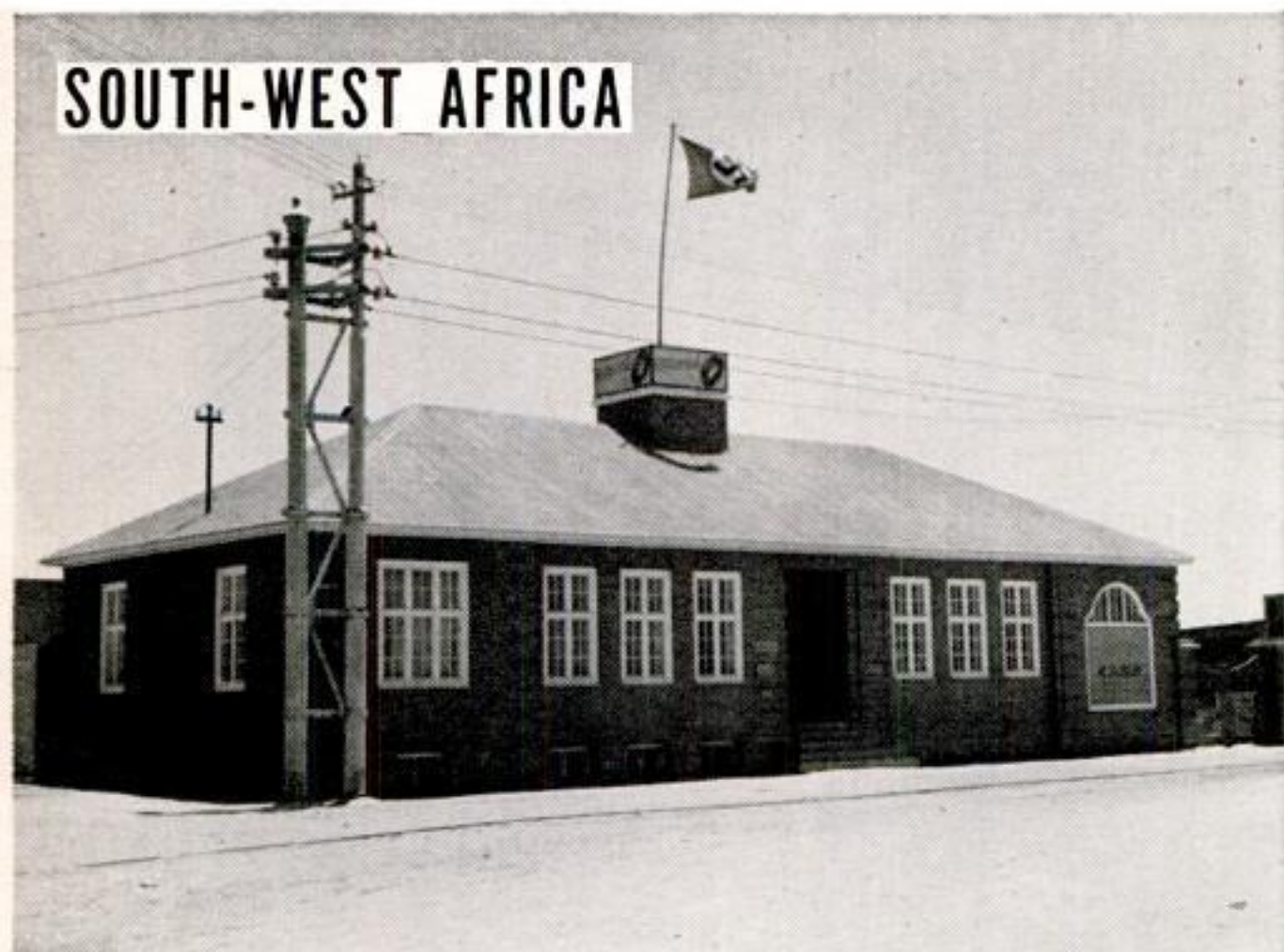
upon his arrival in New York . . . We asked him to try a new White Owl Cigar . . . to check whether or not it had a true Havana flavor. Note what he had to say.

THE NEW BLENDED-WITH-HAVANA WHITE OWL does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Danton Walker on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the new White Owl sales record. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year? Why not try this new cigar *today*?

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA



Continental Tire importing firm, a Nazi headquarters in South-West Africa, openly flies the swastika. Young Nazis here practice grenade-throwing in the nearby desert, lay plans for secret desert airdromes and put fellow Germans on trial in camera. The brightest boys in the community are sent to Germany for a Nazi education.

BELGIUM



Emblem of Flemish Fascist group called Dinaso was a cog, sword and plow. King Leopold has been accused of being in sympathy with the Fascist movement.

CZECHIA



Decorations for Nazi demonstrations by the Sudeten Party were prepared in the home of Franz Albert, a garage owner, with the help of his sister and mother.

POLAND



These Nazi Fifth Columnists, photographed at a rally in Posen a year before Nazi conquest of Poland, now rule the roost. Storm troopers wore black boots and white shirts, sat in a circle beneath a banner that read "Make Room for German Work." As Poles had forbidden the swastika, the Nazis changed their emblem to a wheel.



ESTABLISHED 1892

We're old enough to know...

COOL SHOES MUST WEAR WELL TOO!

Florsheim isn't content to make Summer shoes for comfort alone! By using only the finest of light, porous leathers; by reinforcing every row of perforations with stitching, we add "wear-conditioning" to their air-conditioned coolness.

Most Styles \$8.95 and \$10

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, CHICAGO
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women





• Camp Legion boys take a lot of pride in the trim appearance of their tents and equipment.

"They are creating something

THERE is something that a boy needs beyond food and sleep, books and play. It is the satisfaction of working, with sweat on his face and calluses on his hands, close to the earth.

One of the real tragedies of the past decade has been the denial to hundreds of thousands of boys of any opportunity for useful labor.

Early in 1938 Henry Ford, who was once a farm boy himself, looked around him at this waste of a generation of youngsters. He decided there was something he could do about it.

That was the origin of "Camp Legion," near Dearborn, Michigan. When the frost was out of the ground that spring, sixty-five boys pitched a row of army tents at the edge of the woods and went to work. Many of them were sons of dead or disabled war veterans. Some had no homes. Most of them were pale and undernourished.

By the end of the summer their own mothers might not have known them. They had grown husky, tanned, self-reliant. They had earned their keep and a good sum over.

The success of the experiment was so thoroughly proved that Mr. Ford laid plans for a similar project—"Camp Willow Run,"

near Ypsilanti. And in 1939 the two camps wrought the same change in 130 more boys.

The system on which these camps are run is simple enough. The boys govern themselves. The camp foreman and sub-foremen are chosen from among their own number. They live in tents and eat in a mess hall where they are given plenty of good food. A farmer shows them what to plant and how to take care of it, and Mr. Ford supplies tractors and other modern implements. The working day is limited to eight hours.

The garden truck produced by the camps is sold at neat roadside markets, staffed by camp members. Each boy receives a daily wage, and at the season's end, all share alike in the remaining profits. Last year each member of Camp Legion received \$128 in addition to his wages.

With the work-day ending at four o'clock, there is time for recreation. The boys have access to baseball fields and swimming pools.

When fall comes, the camp workers are not simply dropped back on the street corner. If



• Plenty of good food for hungry boys.



• "I guess he understands us. We get along with him fine." That's what the boys at Camp Legion say about Henry Ford.

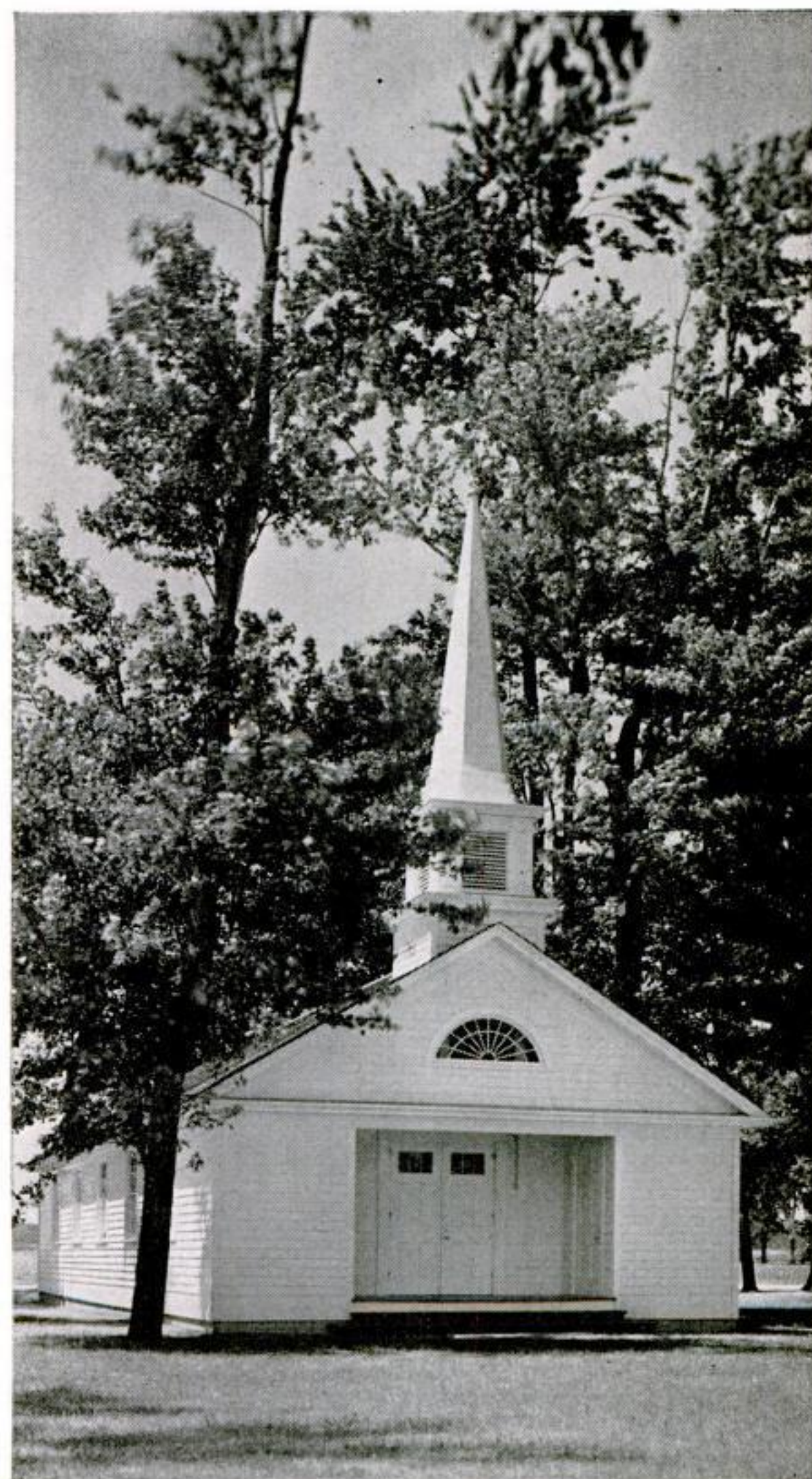
useful . . .

they show ability along mechanical lines, they may enter the Henry Ford Trade School, or go directly into one of the Ford plants.

Henry Ford stops often to talk to the youngsters. "I'd rather do this than anything else I know of," he told a visitor. "These boys have the opportunity to DO things here. They are creating something useful—something that other people can use. That's the most constructive effort in the world, and their early contact with it will be one of the most constructive influences in their lives."

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LIFE'S PICTURES



William Clay Shrout Jr., who joined LIFE's photographic staff only a few weeks ago, followed the high-school graduates of Croton, Ohio on their trip to Washington (see pp. 98-101). His work came to the attention of LIFE when, in three consecutive issues, he had two Pictures of the Week: Mrs. Roosevelt with an infantile-paralysis victim (LIFE, Jan. 22) and the snow-covered Memphis Special (LIFE, Feb. 5).

Shrout formerly was a staff photographer for the Washington News. He abandoned a pre-medical course at George Washington University, joined the Washington staff of Wide World Photos when he was 20. He is now 27, married and has two children. He has been able to put his chemical knowledge to good use in photography but is most proud of his ability to work two cameras at one time, one with his feet. "The Croton high-school boys and girls were the nicest young people, as a group, I ever met," he said, "but they certainly wore me out."

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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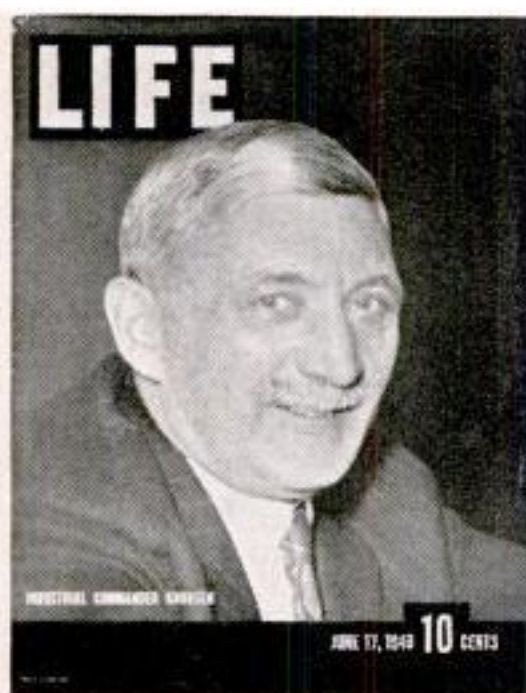
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LIFE'S COVER. When William S. Knudsen was appointed by the President on May 28 to be a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, his citation read: "To be in full command of industrial manufacturing of tanks, airplanes, engines, uniforms and the multifarious items needed in the program." On June 3 this big, quiet-spoken, Danish-born production genius took indefinite leave from the presidency of General Motors to give full time to his adopted country in its time of need. His big job may grow bigger (see p. 84).

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Subscriptions and all correspondence regarding them should be addressed to CIRCULATION OFFICE: 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois
LIFE is published weekly by Time Inc.—Editorial and Advertising offices TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City—Henry R. Luce, Chairman; Roy E. Larsen, President; Charles L. Stillman, Treasurer; David W. Brumbaugh, Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year in the U. S. A., U. S. Territories & Possessions and Canada, \$4.50; countries of the Pan-American Union, \$6.00; elsewhere, \$10.00. Single copies in the U. S. A. and Canada 10¢; U. S. Territories & Possessions, 15¢; elsewhere, 25¢.

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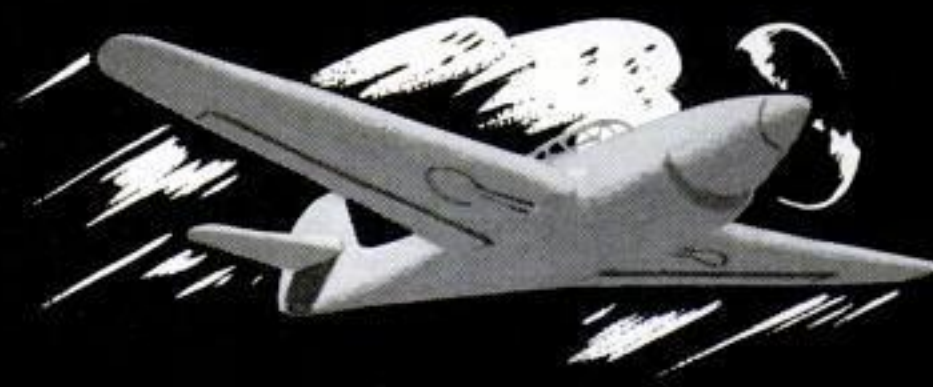
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RETREATING ALLIES LOOK BACK ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AT THE FURNACE OF DUNKERQUE, FIRED BY GERMAN INCENDIARY BOMBS AND ALLIED DEMOLITION EXPERTS

ALLIES WREST GLORY FROM FLANDERS DEFEAT

On the melancholy Tuesday of June 4 the last British boat put out of Dunkerque and the last free Englishman looked back at the curtain of smoke and flame that had dropped on the last act of Flanders. Back behind it, lost to the Germans, were 30,000 British troops, 1,000 guns, "incalculable" amounts of machine guns, trucks, tanks, armored cars, ammunition, food and stores. The Allied armies had been driven out of the Channel ports. The Belgian Army had surrendered. Communication lines between France and England had been doubled in length. Yet the retreat from Dunkerque rang through the democracies of Western Europe like a victory.

The Germans had first boasted they were to capture 1,000,000 Allied troops in the Battle of Flanders. They slowly reduced the figure to 800,000, to 300,000 and finally admitted they had caught but 80,000 Brit-

ish, French and Belgian troops at Dunkerque. What made the difference was the demonstration that, man for man, Frenchman or Englishman could outfight German. In an inferno of metal and shattering noise, he did not panic nor break. He showed once again that free men are always the world's most terrible fighters. He did not have the weapons he needed but he made the Germans pay dearly for every yard they gained.

"There is no braver epic in all our annals," key-noted War Secretary Anthony Eden. A more eloquent voice was that of Prime Minister Churchill speaking to the House of Commons on the very day Dunkerque fell: "The struggle was protracted and fierce. Suddenly the scene has cleared. The crash and thunder has momentarily died away. The miracle of deliverance achieved by the valor and perseverance, perfect discipline, faultless service, skill

and unconquerable vitality is a manifesto to us all.

"We must be very careful not to assign to this deliverance attributes of a victory. Wars are not won by evacuations, but there was a victory inside this deliverance. . . . We shall not flag nor fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France and on the seas and oceans; we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills. We shall never surrender."

But the next German assault was not against the beaches of Britain. It struck south toward Paris and was met by the French, now fighting almost alone. The whole Nazi thunderbolt, wrung out of the German people by seven years of privation and tyranny, was hurled at the armies of Generalissimo Weygand.

THE FOLLOWING 13 PAGES ARE DEVOTED TO NEW WAR PICTURES. LIFE ON THE NEWS-
FRONTS OF THE WORLD AND THE PICTURE OF THE WEEK WILL BE FOUND ON PAGES 82-83



The men who came back out of the hellhole of Dunkerque arrive at a British Channel port. Very few still have their rifles or anything except packs, uniforms and steel helmets.

At right is a new destroyer, at left an older destroyer and at far left the pier. Navy petty officers lounge along the rails. Lifelines have been rigged above the decks. Anti-air-

craft machine guns that fought off German planes can be seen amidships, a single at left, a quadruple at right. In evacuation operations, eight Allied destroyers were sunk,

"UNSHAKEN, UNBROKEN, UNBEATEN," B.E.F. RETURNS



Walking wounded climb up the destroyer gangplank onto British soil. Three wounded here have arm wounds. (Body wounds are always in a minority.) The man in the lead smok-

ing a cigaret is labeled with red tape of war as a "severe" case, plus date and nature of wound, date of treatment, regiment and battalion. Apparent here is one of the reasons

why wars are fought by young men. For middle-aged and unfit men could not walk about immediately after the shock and exhaustion of being wounded as these men have been.



The less seriously wounded walking down the tracks of an English port opposite Dunkerque all wear the customary casualty tags. Man at left smoking cigaret was a member

of a Bren machine-gun squad, still carries Bren ammunition pouches on his chest. Within a month nearly all these wounded saved from the battle of Flanders will be ready

for action. Modern medical science turns in routine miracles by getting the wounded early, controlling them continuously, speeding recovery by constant scientific treatment.





Safe on English soil, the exhausted, footsore men of the British Expeditionary Force flop on the ground and fall fast

asleep. Some went to sleep standing up on the docks and train, and few bothered to take off their muddy battle dress.

When they woke up their universal comment was: "Just let us get back over there and have another go at them."

21 DAYS

STORY OF THE GREAT RETREAT

by SERGEANT JACK WADSWORTH

It was a lovely day, that last day in camp, real hot summer weather. There were no parades that afternoon, so I went out with another platoon sergeant, a pal of mine, who got it badly at Mt. Cassel afterwards. We strolled down through the French lanes watching the farm people at work and down to the *estaminet* in the village. There we had several beers to ease the dust. We talked shop about our platoons, comparing notes about this man and that and about what was likely to happen—the usual sort of army stuff. Dick said, "God, I'm glad to be here," and we had another.

Back at the camp there were rumors of an impending move but that night we turned in as usual, as if the war had been a thousand miles away. The next morning, however, instead of "reveille" at 6:30 a. m. we got a "fall-in" at 5:45. Men tumbled out just anyhow but we didn't look so bad, especially my platoon. We were wide enough awake when the company commander came along.

He hadn't much to say—just: "We're moving, men. I don't know when and I don't know where. When you fall out you'll get your breakfast. Then get everything ready." He waited a bit and then said he wondered if there was a man in the company who didn't feel as glad as he did that now the job was on for which we had come. We all roared out: "No!" He gave a little grin at that and turned away.

The orders came that afternoon and the battalion got on the little local train which carried us down to the main-line station at Rennes. There was a long wait there under an avenue of trees while all the battalion supplies were put on board. A battalion is not an easy thing to move. It can't be done in an hour. But at 10:30 that night we entrained and, dog-tired by now, got down to sleep.

All that night, the next day and another night and day the train rumbled on—if rumbling is the word, because there were constant long stops. Sometimes we pulled into sidings while faster trains filled with supplies went past. On the second day we saw trainloads of refugees go by in the opposite direction. We went by circuitous routes. We had plenty to eat though it was mostly tinned stuff. I found out then that a clasp knife with a good tin opener

at the end is just about the soldier's best friend.

At some stops the cooks dashed across the platforms with their dixies [teapots—ED.] and tea and sugar all ready for the boiling water, which must have been wired for ahead. In the last war I've heard that troops going up the line had to scrounge [to bum or swipe—ED.] water from the engine for their tea. In this war we got this tea-water problem better organized. The washing problem hasn't been solved, though. When we got to the end of the journey we were as black as sweeps.

The end came at a place called Seclin, south of Lille. We lined up outside the station and no sooner were we in some sort of order than there was an air-raid warning. It was the first time most of us had heard one, and you should have seen the rush, including the officers, to get the Brens fixed on their anti-aircraft mountings. But all our eagerness was wasted. We caught just one glimpse of three Jerry aircraft very high up. A couple of our fighters came across toward them and they cleared off.

After a clean-up and some food in an orchard, we crossed a bridge over the railway track and there we saw a reason for our stopping so short of the Belgian frontier. Up the line toward the east there was the wreckage of a great German bomber right across the rails, which were twisted apart. Break-down gangs were at work. On the other side of the bridge we embussed into great lorries and set off again, still not knowing exactly where we were going.

It was near the Belgian frontier that we ran into our first real glimpse of the war. Our lorries dropped from 30 m. p. h. to a snail's pace because of the stream of refugees pouring toward France and packing the roads with every kind of vehicle that could move and some that couldn't. It was the sight of these people, the old men and women, the tired frightened children, that made the boys mad. It put fresh heart into them to get at Jerry—tired though we all were from nearly four days with no rest except cat naps in the jolting train.

At last we came to the place which turned out to be our assigned position—a place called Oomburg, about 40 miles west of Brussels and astride a main road from the capital.

Sergeant Jack Wadsworth, 21, belongs to a Territorial battalion of a famous Midland regiment. He led his platoon as part of the rear guard in the Flanders retreat of the B. E. F. and was among the last evacuated from Dunkerque. This article was written in England after his first full night's sleep in three weeks. A Yorkshireman, he was studying to be a surveyor.



There weren't any English newspapers in the far-off corner of Western France where we had been putting in the final fortnight of our war training, so we weren't exactly in touch with events. But somebody in the camp had a radio that worked occasionally. It was that which told us on a Sunday that the Germans had invaded Holland and Belgium.

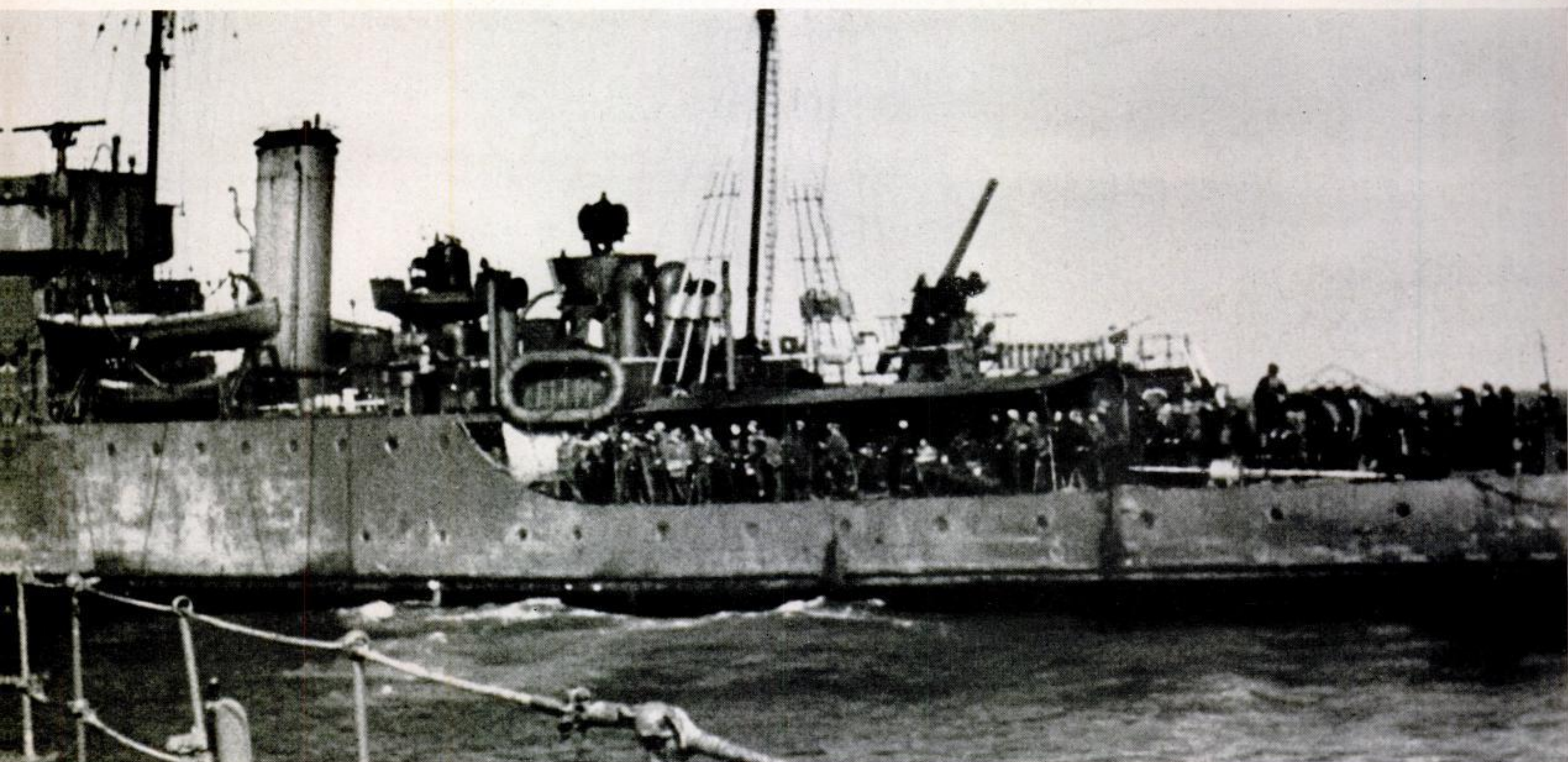
We knew what that meant and were glad. "Won't be long now," said the chaps, "now for a smack at Jerry [the Germans—ED.] at last." We were trained to a hair and just fed up with waiting.



Dunkerque, where the Englishmen on the preceding pages had come from, begins to sprout the black plumes of war among its narrow Flemish houses. Center is the smoke of a demolition mine, at right those of German high-explosive shells, which Germans at first tried to keep away from Dun-

kerque's five miles of quays, four drydocks and one floating base because they hoped to use them later. This is in one of the suburbs of the city, looking toward a church spire. The British and French before leaving Dunkerque tried to make it totally unusable for German submarines and troop

transports. Germans had already carefully bombed locks that keep the water level high at low tide in Dunkerque's dock basins, to slow up the evacuation. Later they bombed ships at docks. Such canals as that in foreground, plus flooding, helped Allies to make a last-ditch stand in Dunkerque.



A big minesweeper, drawing only 7 ft. in the shoal waters off Dunkerque, takes home to England a staggering load of soldiers (*above*). Forced by the Dunkerque tide, which drops 20 ft. in a few hours, to lie offshore, it lowered the lines hanging overside at left to pull up the men who had swum

out from the bombed and machine-gunned beach of Dunkerque. Meanwhile its range-finder (*top, left*) picked out German planes and its 4-in. anti-aircraft gun (*right*) blazed away. Except for the oval Carley raft (*center*), two lifeboats, one of which is visible (*left*), and perhaps a hundred

lifebelts, some 400 men would have had to swim for it if a bomb or motor torpedo boat had sunk it. Below: a small coastal motorship tows six small boats used to take wounded off the long, shelving beach. In dim background, a destroyer. Channel water in late May is too cold for bathing.



DUNKERQUE FIFTH COLUMNIST GOES TO HER DEATH



Five minutes before she was shot, this Belgian girl convicted of Fifth Column treason meets her executioners, a firing squad of French marines headed by a corporal in helmet. She

is standing in the steel doorway of the Dunkerque fort in which she has just been tried and found guilty. Notice that she wears peasant clogs and carries an armload of belong-

ings. This was part of her disguise as a panic-stricken Belgian refugee. The fortified port of Dunkerque, sea anchor of the Little Maginot Line, was commanded by the French Navy.

WHAT DROVE THE ALLIED ARMIES OUT OF FLANDERS



Key to victory is not tanks or planes or guns alone, but climactically the individual storm trooper. This extraordinary picture shows a German squad rushing a fortified bunker over a mound in Belgium. Their chief weapon is the hand grenade with which they blind the bunker by making its occupants close its steel ports. Their great pro-

TECTIVE weapon is smoke, laid down by mortars behind them. They carry light spades to dig shallow little holes where they can and must. These little teams of men, agile, cunning, trained to work together, do most of the jobs that mean victory. But they can be stopped by fully supported infantry defense. French realization of that fact has taught

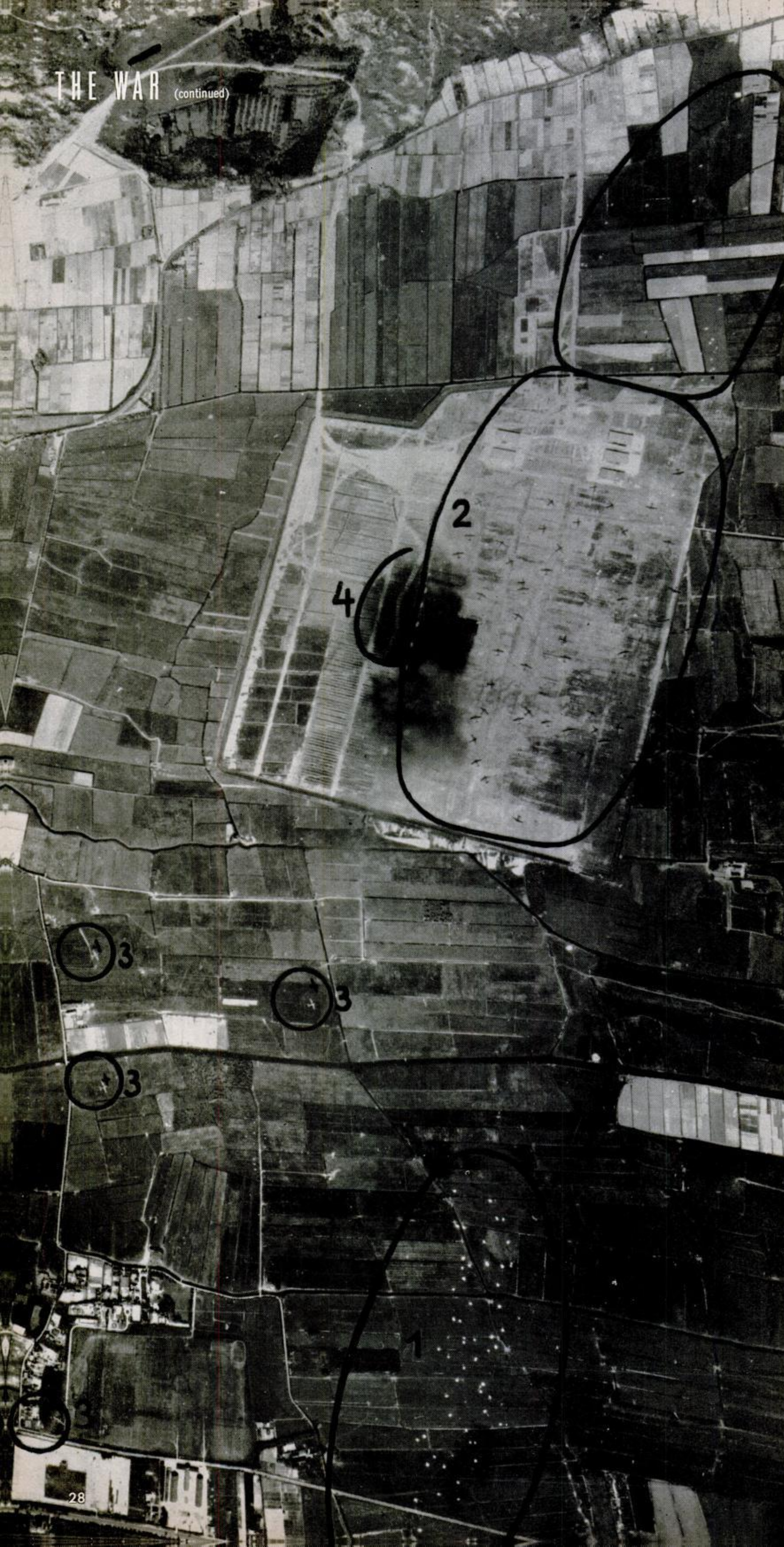
the French to bring their own men out of the pillboxes and put them in the field, to dodge and harass the German tanks and try to stop these men with men and guns. The pillbox above cannot see the men, but the men know where the pillbox is, even in smoke, for it is a fixed point and cannot run. In such an encounter, the pillbox must lose.



French tank gunner surrenders (above) with hands upraised to German shock troops. The shell that fired his tank killed the rest of the crew. Left alone he could not maneuver the tank, could only shoot. With his tank stalled he was helpless. Germans stop French tanks with 1½-in. anti-tank guns. French lack them but excellent 2-in. guns were used by Dutch and Belgians. In desperation French have turned to the unwieldy, 3-in. 75's of the World War for use against tanks.

German 4-in. howitzers (105 mm.) go to work along a Belgian road, camouflaged by branches. The gun beyond is recoiling after its big bang and gunner in foreground holds cotton pads in ears. They have been told what to shoot at by radios of Panzer division, by air reconnaissance or by infantry mop-up units. The fine show of the German Army is really beyond the industrial means of threadbare modern Germany. It could not be supported very long but it has an impressive firepower.





Parachute troops floating to the ground in Flanders under an ominous sky are here seen for the first time.

PARACHUTISTS TAKE AIRFIELD

Parachute troops are by far the most discussed and the least seen of this war's combatants. Here for the first time the German Propaganda Ministry releases actual photographs of German parachutists doing a job. The airview at left shows at top and bottom (marked 1) the abandoned white parachutes of the fourscore men, dropped as close together as possible, whose job it was to capture the airfield (marked 2) and its anti-aircraft defenses. Unbombed hangars are at the top of the field, burning hangars (marked 4) show a pall of smoke blowing downward. After these parachutists had captured the ground crew, nearly 50 big transport planes brought in ground troops to hold the captured airfield. Planes circling to land up-wind are marked 3. Notice their shadows. This operation was carried out at Rotterdam, Ixelles outside Brussels, in the Soignes Forest, Amiens and Abbeville. Parachutists are dropped just before the arrival of ground troops, rarely in the far rear.



This strange new aspect of war, like a fantasy of men from Mars, has struck a disproportionate degree of terror into

the hearts of the invaded. They have been much advertised as a threat to England but have mainly succeeded in excit-

ing householders into firing at the postman. In Belgium a few hundred were dropped in the rear as spies and saboteurs.



After landing, German parachutists outside Rotterdam take shelter and watch German dive bombers attack. Having

made the parachutist a symbol of terror, Germany unreasonably protested Allied strafing of anybody in a parachute.



Entrenched, parachute troops at Rotterdam hold out for two days. Their war is really against the civilians in the rear areas.

An aerial photograph showing the extensive destruction of the Waalhaven airport in Rotterdam. The image captures a large area of rubble, with twisted metal, broken concrete, and debris scattered across the landscape. In the upper right, a large, partially collapsed hangar structure is visible. The foreground and middle ground are dominated by a vast field of wreckage, including what appears to be the remains of aircraft and industrial buildings. The overall scene conveys the scale of the damage caused by the bombing.

THE WAR (continued)

NAZI INCENDIARY BOMBS TOTALLY
DEMOLISH WAALHAVEN AIRPORT AT
ROTTERDAM, INCLUDING (FROM TOP)
KLM HANGARS, AERO CLUB, BOILER
HOUSE, KOOLHOVEN PLANE FACTORY





GENERALISSIMO MAXIME WEYGAND, SOLE CONTENDER FOR THE TITLE OF SAVIOR OF FRANCE, HURRIES OUT OF THE STEEL CASEMATE OF A FORT AT DUNKERQUE

SILENT WEYGAND DEFENDS FRANCE

While the Battle of Flanders raged on to its heroic finish, France's Generalissimo Weygand had just two weeks to get ready for the next battle, the Battle of France. He thought hard and acted fast and when the Germans attacked on June 5, he had reorganized the positions of the French Army. Newspapers described the Weygand defense as a new invention,

the "quagmire, accordion, swinging gate, mattress, flypaper, sponge, corral or fluid" defense. It was, however, the French version of the old defense in depth, which calls for first slowing down, then stopping cold the attack. It differs from the German which dodges and smothers. It slowed down the Germans but Weygand had to deliver a counterattack to win.

Where, oh Where, is the Little Red Schoolhouse?



Better Transportation — Better Education

The Little Red Schoolhouse is just a memory in thousands of districts and in its place stands the Community School with every facility for modern American education.

Each of these schools—and there are more than 40,000 of them—draws its pupils from large areas. It is an operation made possible by hard roads and motor buses. Over 90,000 buses are in service over routes that add up to more than two and one-half million miles a day!

In this important work International School Buses play a vital part. Their daily performance for thousands of schools has written two

indelible words into the records: *SAFETY* and *ECONOMY*.

Into each International School Bus go the style, steel, and stamina that have built the world-wide reputation of International Trucks. As a result, these famous buses are outstandingly qualified to handle the safe transport of the school children of the country, with costs cut all along the line.

When the discussion of school buses comes up, ask the International Dealer or Branch nearest you for a demonstration of the *safety* and *economy* of the best school transportation you can buy... adapted to every type of body design and every capacity.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

180 North Michigan Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

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INTERNATIONAL STATION WAGONS



Smart! International Station Wagons combine town-car style with sturdy utility and abundant power. Two wheelbase lengths accommodate either eight or eleven passengers comfortably in the

roomy, upholstered seats. Here is smart, yet economical, transportation for schools, private homes, estates, country clubs, airports, and resorts. See the International dealer or branch, or write for catalog.



INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL BUSES

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Lowest Rates in History!

Don't make your vacation plans until you've read about this unusual offer and consulted your railroad ticket agent or travel bureau! Don't miss this travel opportunity!

SEE AMERICA NOW BY PULLMAN!

Enjoy comforts you cannot get in other forms of transportation at any price! Make it a trip to be remembered. See friends and relatives you may not have seen for years. Visit famous vacation spots. View landmarks in the history of this country... Now is your chance to see America. Now is your chance to enjoy a travel "bargain" that may never be offered to you again. Read all the thrilling details below.

"Grand Circle" tickets on sale to Oct. 31 (good for 60 days). Added charge for some side trips and on few indirect routes.



Make Pullman your traveling home while touring the country! Numerous combinations of routes! Big savings on rates!

BUSINESS MEN: Note savings under "Grand Circle" Plan outlined below. Investigate now.

Copyright 1940, The Pullman Company

EXCITING NEWS! As a feature of "Travel America Year" The Pullman Company (in association with America's railroads) is offering you a sensational travel bargain... the Pullman 1st class "Grand Circle" Tour Plan.

Under this plan you can tour the entire country, at the lowest rates in history. You see both Coasts. You choose from many available combinations of routes—with extraordinary stopover privileges.

And—you go in air-conditioned Pullman comfort, with Pullman's famous safety and dependability. You have plenty of space by day, and complete privacy at night. You enjoy a wide choice of accommodations, including Berths, Sections, various types of private Rooms... No

other form of transportation offers equal service, comfort, convenience.

If you live on a "through" route you can take part of your trip, then complete the balance later, so long as you finish the entire trip within 60 days.

No matter how many days and nights your trip takes, the Pullman "Grand Circle" charge is only \$34.50 (for a minimum accommodation)—or \$17.25 each if two

IMPORTANT! See your local railroad ticket agent (or any travel bureau) about the many bargains now also available in 1st class round trip rail rates for vacations of 2 weeks or less! Take a Pullman vacation!

people occupy this same accommodation.

On a long trip, the rail rate is only 1½¢ a mile... which is less than half the standard point-to-point rate.

Taken together, the Pullman and rail rates can save up to 50% or more on usual rates (compared to point-to-point tickets bought at local rates).

Look into this travel bargain! You may never have such an opportunity again!

Pullman FIRST CLASS "Grand Circle" Plan



The observation club or lounge car (on principal Pullman trains) adds pleasure to your trip! Here you'll enjoy refreshments, smoke, chat.



Immaculate washrooms have plenty of light, hot water, towels! Here you complete your dressing in the morning, freshen up during the day.



You can turn out your lights when you please on a Pullman! Then... refreshing sleep in a real bed! Pullman is the restful way to go.



WITH MANY TIMES MAGNIFIED CANCER SPECIMEN PROJECTED ON A SCREEN, RESEARCH STAFF OF NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE MEETS FOR REGULAR WEEKLY DISCUSSION



In sterile laboratory scientists try to induce cancer in normal cells where bacteria cannot invade and choke them off.

CANCER

EXPLORATION OF ITS NATURE AND CAUSE WILL BE ORGANIZED IN NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTER

Cancer is the biological counterpart of social revolution. For reasons yet unknown, a group of normal tissue cells becomes disengaged from the integrated functioning of the living body. Reproducing quickly and growing vigorously, they set up their own riotous tempo. From the first center of upheaval they break loose in small clumps to invade the rest of the body or thread out in long columns into surrounding tissue. Cancer cells starve and smother neighboring tissue by foraging on its nutrition system. Once lodged in a vital organ, cancer disrupts its normal operation, brings death to the entire organism.

Though thousands of cancers are cured by early treatment, 150,000 people in the U. S. still die of this disease every year—a death rate second only to heart failure. To stem the steadily increasing number of deaths the U. S. Government has launched a major research offensive to determine the nature and cause of cancer. Headquarters is the U. S. Public Health Service National Cancer Institute at Bethesda, Md., where recently a staff of 87 scientists and helpers set up their equipment. On a Congressional appropriation of \$570,000 a year, the Institute will support its own and other research projects and

bring cancer researchers all over the country into collaboration on their single problem.

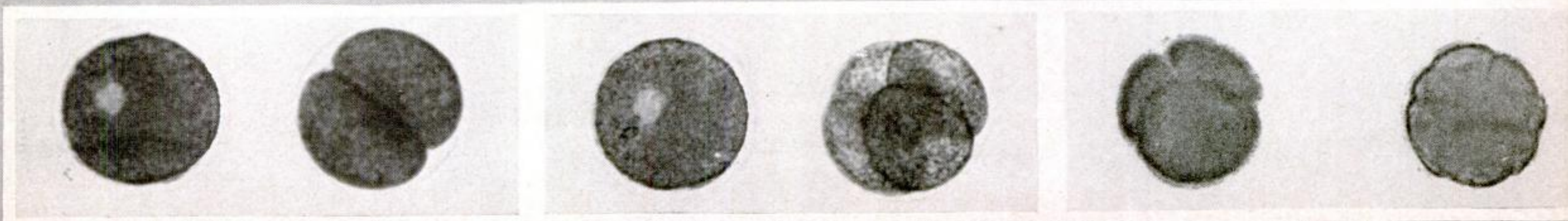
In the Institute laboratories all related branches of science are represented. Cancer has been induced by innumerable agents from sunlight to sex hormones, with more than 100 different chemicals included. Some established causes of cancer, like the radiation of X-rays and radium, are also standard treatment. The mystery deepens with the discovery that certain chemicals can check chemically induced cancers, that male sex hormones will retard cancers caused by female sex hormones. In a germ-free laboratory in the Institute (left) one project is devoted to converting normal cells into cancer cells outside the body where the cultures cannot be contaminated.

To supplement its work the Institute plans to establish co-ordination with privately endowed laboratories. Among the first to make such a connection is Geneticist Clarence Cook Little, long a leader in cancer research and managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. His 10-year-old Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Me. with its 60,000 pedigreed mice is the leading genetics laboratory engaged in cancer research.

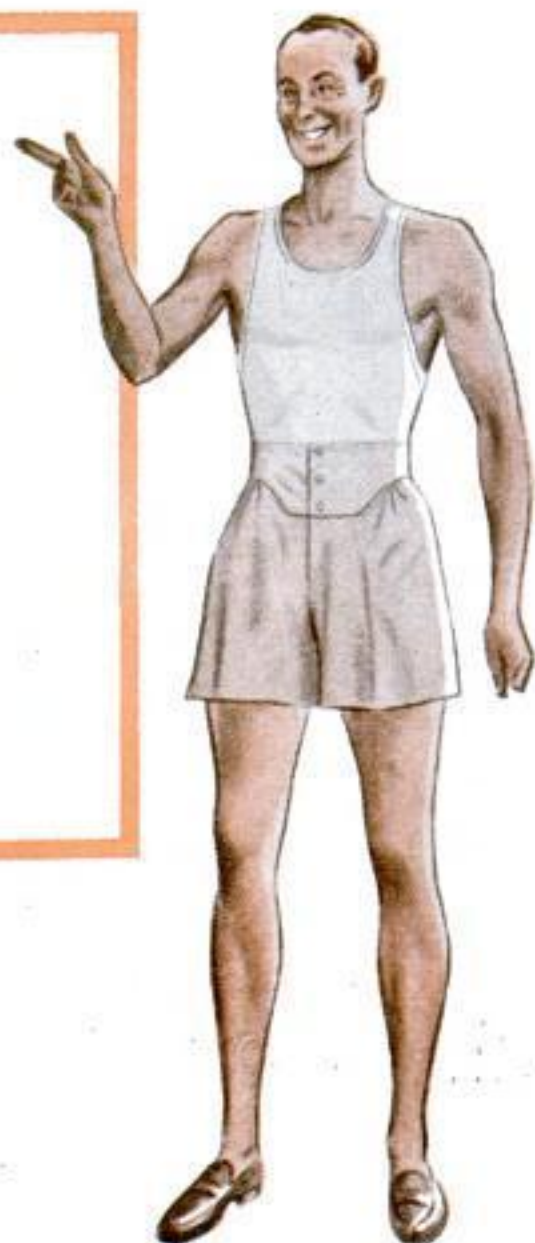
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Effect of radiation (below) on normal cell division clarifies X-ray effect on cancer. Specimen at right reproduces nor-

mally into two, four and eight. Under radiation, specimen at left is first inhibited, then divides suddenly into three.



How to suit yourself at drink-time



1. Here's a very acceptable outfit for afternoon-highball time. And for suiting your discriminating palate to a T, we suggest a highball made with Paul Jones. You'll go for its DRY, un-sweet tang . . . its swell, ALL-whiskey flavor. You'll learn why Paul Jones has been "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865."



2. If you're a trout-fisherman, this snug ensemble will probably appeal to you. And on your return from a cold mountain stream you'll find a very real appeal in two fingers of Paul Jones. Its ALL-whiskey heartiness will suit you right down to your non-skid boot-soles—and its brisk, appetizing DRYNESS will make the sizzle of a browning trout the best music you ever heard!



3. When you're having friends in to dinner, this dinner jacket is highly suitable. And you'll suit both your guests and yourself if you make the Manhattans with Paul Jones. Its famous DRYNESS gives drinks superb zest . . . makes the cocktails a fitting prologue to Course One!

P. S. The new low price of Paul Jones will certainly suit your wallet!

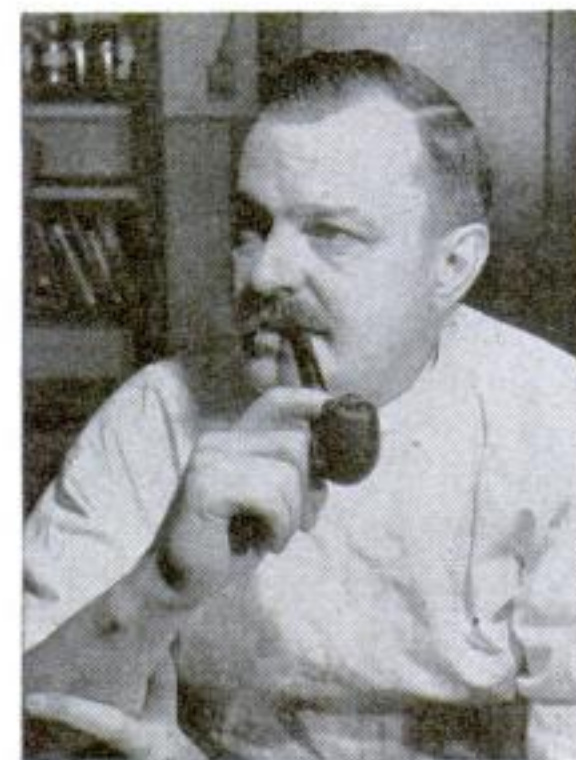
Paul Jones
IT'S DRY . . . AND WHAT A BUY!

All whiskey. A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



Cancer (continued)

DR. LITTLE'S 1,000,000 MICE HAVE PROVED HEREDITY IS A FACTOR IN CAUSE OF CANCER



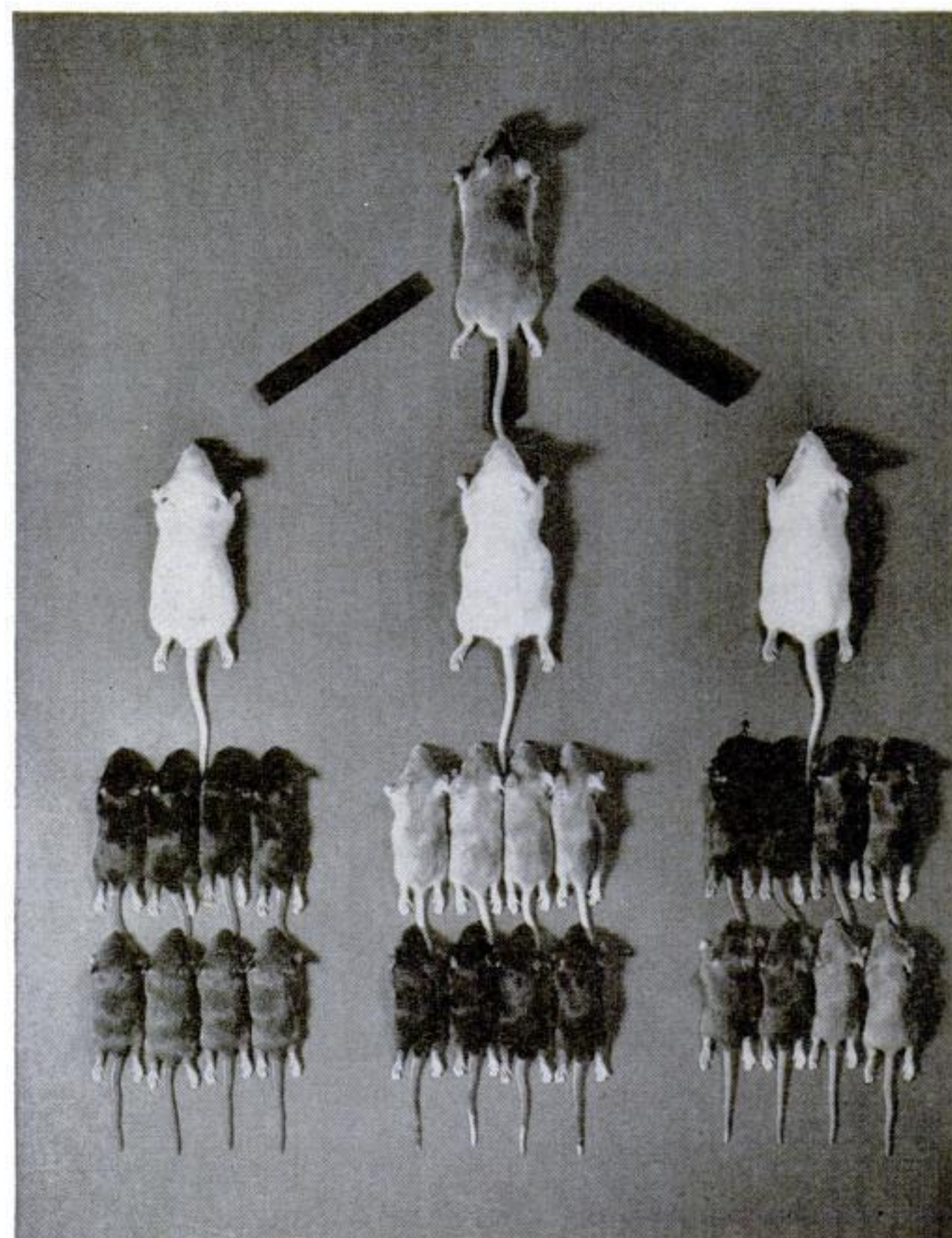
DR. CLARENCE COOK LITTLE

Clarence Cook Little's Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Me. provides one of the world's best examples of the practical uses of pure science research. Fifteen years of uninterrupted investigation of the statistical laws of genetics have established one of the most important facts known about cancer: that a tendency to cancer may be inherited. In the little group of brick buildings not far from the granite cliffs of the Maine coast, the family histories of nearly 1,000,-

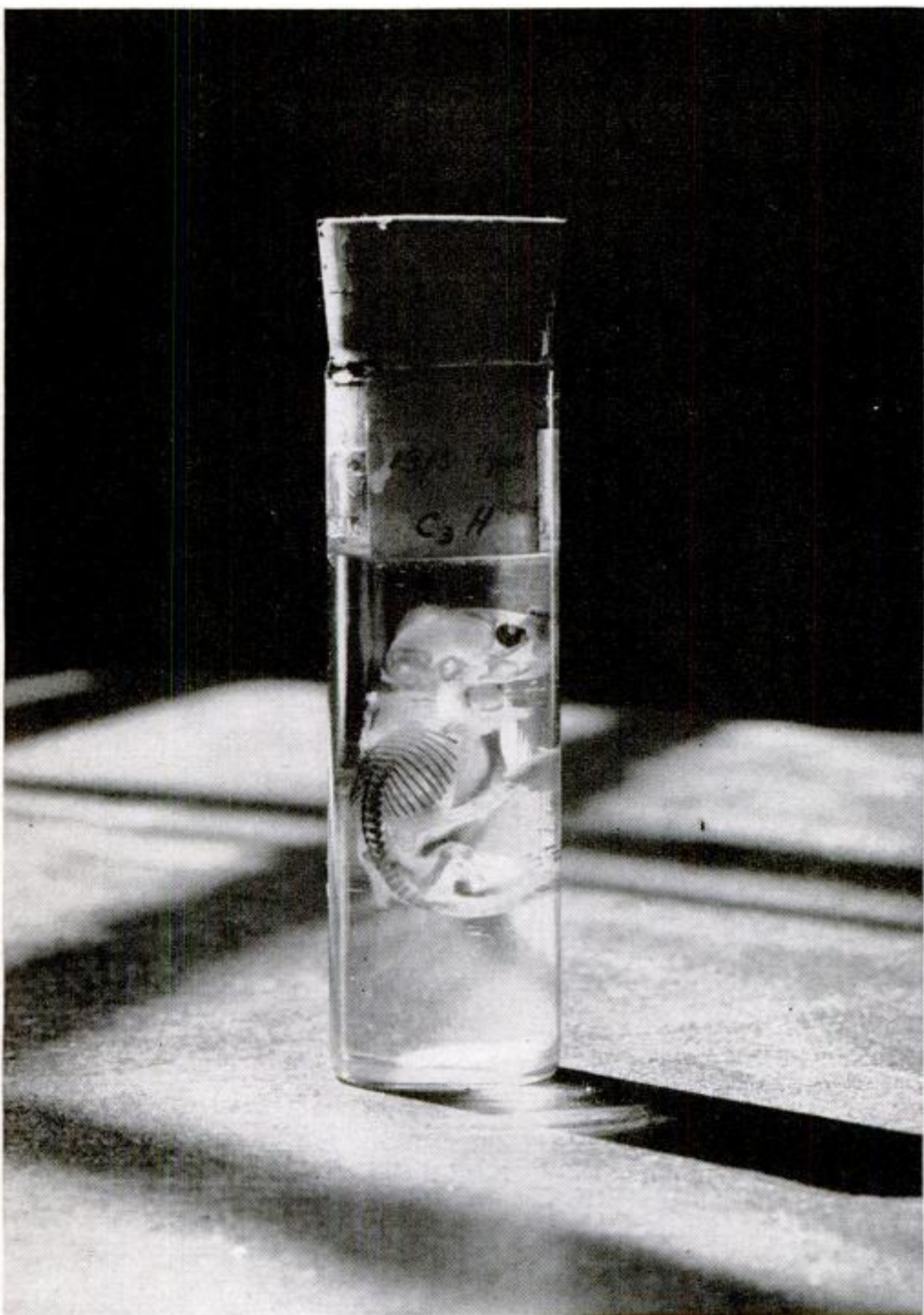
000 mice have been recorded. Pedigrees of mouse families have reached 60 generations. In some of them Dr. Little's staff has traced cancer tumors through 40 generations without a break.

Although the principles discovered by controlled breeding of mice have little direct application to the incidence of cancer in human beings, they have profound bearing on the nature of cancer itself. The work of Jackson Memorial Laboratory could stand alone for its contribution to pure genetics. Skilful laboratory preparation of specimens like the one at top of opposite page is helping to plot ever more minute mutations in heredity.

Dr. Little's staff is now engaged in correlating the genetic principles with other aspects of cancer development. Glands are transplanted from one mouse to another to test the influence of hormone secretions. Mice are sutured together Siamese-twin fashion to discover whether cancer can be transferred by circulation. A strange new influence lately has been discovered by using foster mothers to nurse newborn young. The offspring of a cancerous mother that have been nursed by a mouse from a non-cancerous strain have shown a 96% lower incidence of cancer.



Mouse family tree shows mysteries of heredity. Gray father and three white mothers produce offspring of eight different colors. Family traits can jump generations.



Mouse specimen, its tissues dyed by delicate method, is important technique in tracing heredity. Mutations must be watched in every part of complex mouse organism.



Siamese mice, united by surgery, demonstrate the influence of circulation in transferring cancer. The investigation has not yet progressed to any certain conclusion.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

YOUR MOTHER NEEDS A G-E WASHER!




GENERAL ELECTRIC

WASHER

GENTLE
WASHING
ACTION



Gentle Thorough Washing Action
Like your own hands, the Activator Washing Action handles each piece separately and washes each piece thoroughly.

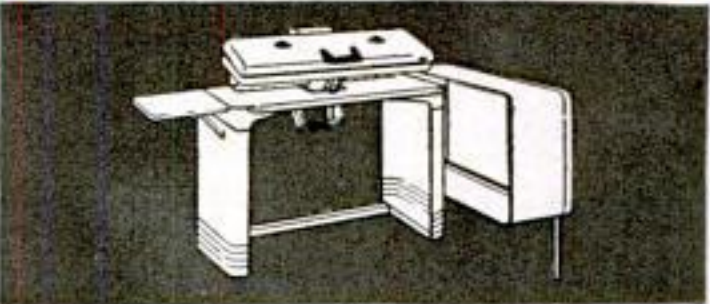


Gentle, Thorough Action Washes Clothes Clean, Soft, Fluffy

● Wash your baby's clothes in a G-E Washer if you'd know how truly clean and fresh they can be. It's the Activator Washing Action that gently soaks, gently flexes and thoroughly washes every inch of every piece. Use it for baby's diapers. His fine garments. Use it for sheets, shirts, or even the heaviest overalls. The G-E Washer does a thorough job, yet it is gentle to your clothes. It's a big time and strength saver, too, and takes only a few seconds to keep its gleaming enamel finish clean! See the new models and ask for a demonstration. Your nearest General Electric Dealer will help you plan convenient payments.

You'll always be glad you bought a G-E

- 1 Activator Washing Action — saves your clothes.
- 2 One Control Wringer—so easy to use.
- 3 Long Life Mechanism—only 4 moving parts.
- 4 Requires no oiling.
- 5 Easy-to-clean porcelain enamel tub.
- 6 Granodized finish—resists rust.



NEW IRONING EASE!

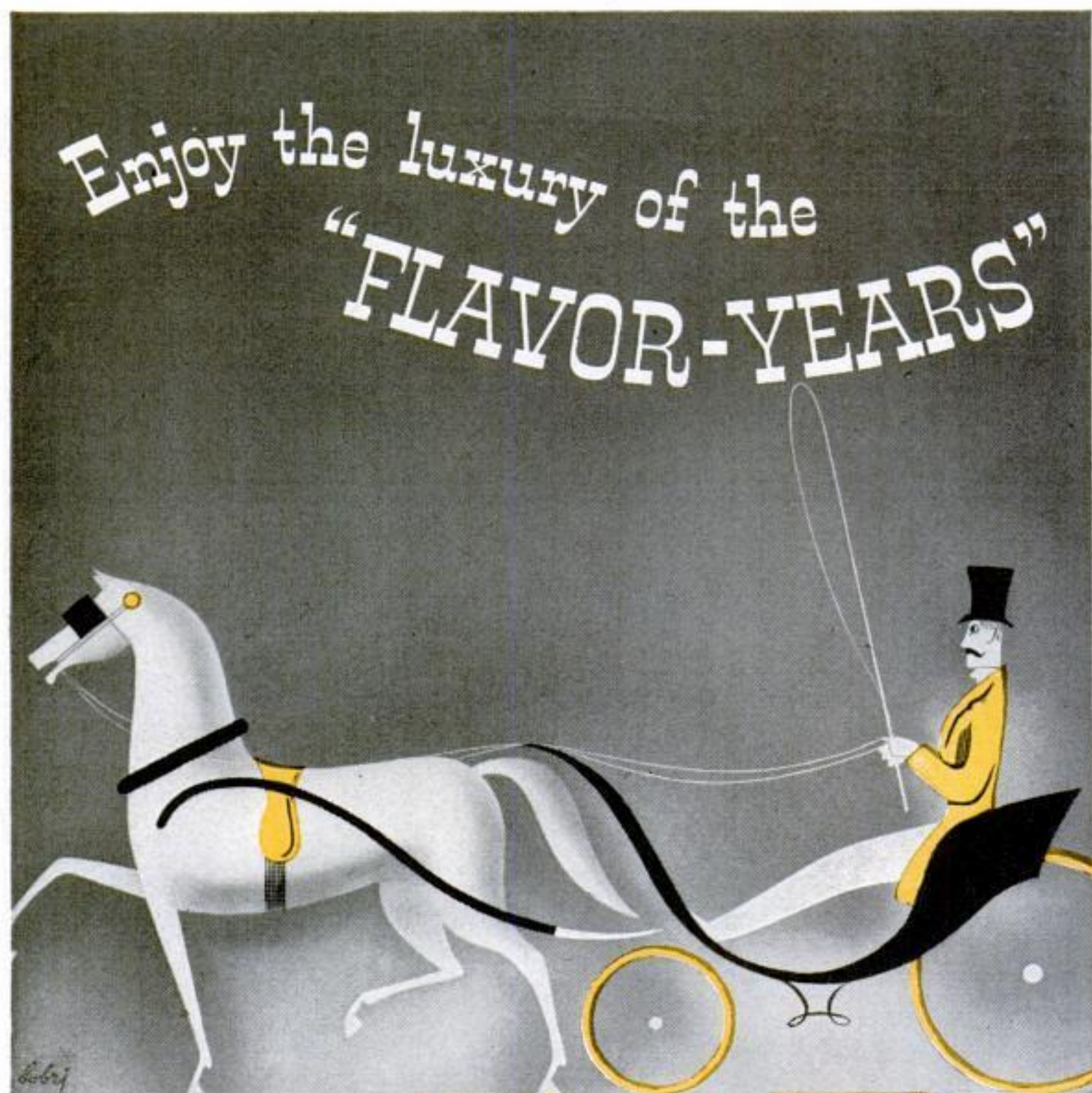
Sit at a G-E Flatplate Ironer, and iron with ease. See all the General Electric home laundry appliances . . . Wringer-type and Spin-Basket Washers, Rotary and Flatplate Ironers, the new Tumbler Dryer.



Be sure to see the One-Control Wringer—an exclusive feature on G-E Washers. One simple motion of your hand instantly starts—or stops—all wringer action.

"It's easy to stay young electrically"

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



ANCIENT AGE

in the mellow ripeness of Ancient Age

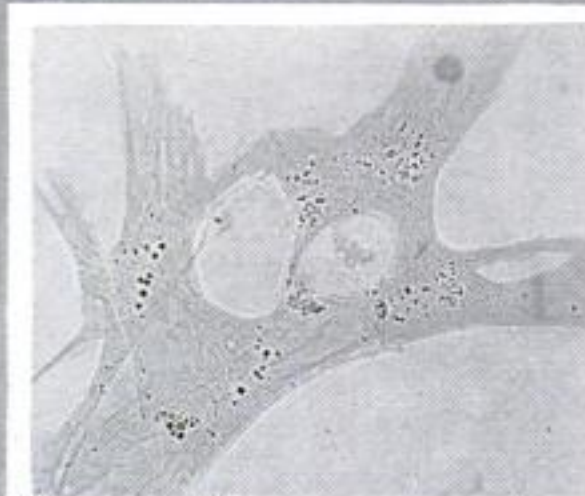


Whiskey may be bottled in bond at 100 proof, when four years old; a sort of official "majority." But beyond four, each year adds finer character. There is no substitute for time; no short-cut to the quality you get in Ancient Age. Patiently mellowed to give you the full taste advantage of extra "Flavor-Years"...at the milder 90 proof...the straight whiskies in Ancient Age are eight **YEARS OLD***

*ANCIENT AGE IS A DE LUXE BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES, AT THE MILDER 90 PROOF NOT BOTTLED IN BOND. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 8 YEARS OLD.

Also available at 5 years old KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY. THIS WHISKY IS 5 YEARS OLD AT THE MILDER 90 PROOF NOT BOTTLED IN BOND. COPYRIGHT 1940, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

Cancer (continued)



Normal cell from cat muscle shows clear nucleus in the tissue culture.



Cancer cell in tissue culture has granular texture, unclear nucleus.

SCIENTISTS TAKE MOVIES OF CANCER CELLS

A vital function of the National Cancer Institute will be the correlation of the work of independent researchers all over the country. Typical is the brilliant partnership of Dr. Warren Lewis and his wife, Dr. Margaret A. Reed, at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., whose investigation of cancer is one of the most important in the field. It is a by-product of their long study of the nature of the single cells that make up living tissue.

By injecting cancer-producing chemicals into tissue cultures they have been able to induce the transformation of normal cells into cancer cells within the complex structure of a living organism. They have documented these transformations in hundreds of still photographs and on thousands of feet of motion-picture film.



The Lewises spend hours watching their motion pictures of the behavior of normal and cancer cells. The motion-picture camera is an effective laboratory instrument.



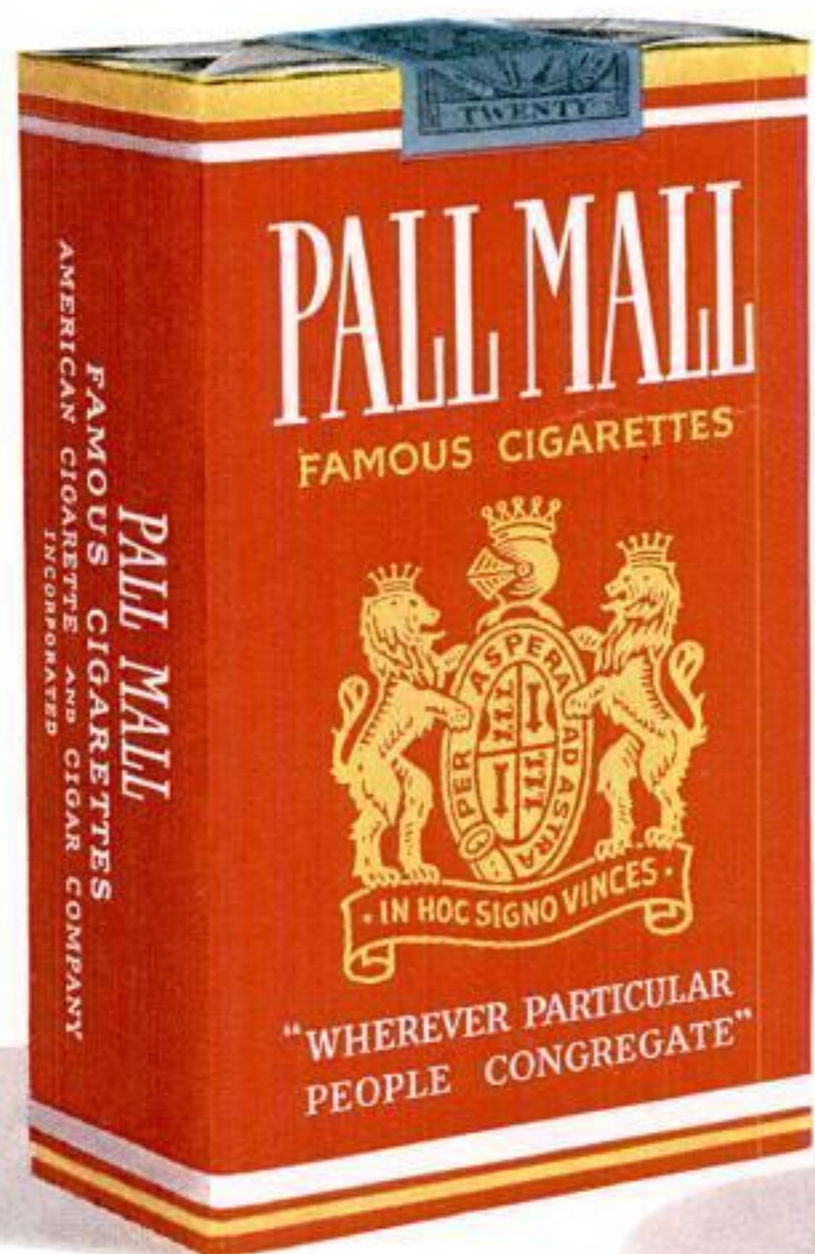
A noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette

● THE ADDITIONAL LENGTH TRAVELS THE SMOKE FURTHER

● SMART PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are welcoming the distinguished new Pall Mall because its added length travels the smoke further, and thus gives you a noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette. By traveling the smoke further, the flavor and aroma of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are greatly enhanced.

Another important advantage—finger stains become much lighter or disappear altogether when Pall Mall is smoked exclusively. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

Yourselves, try Pall Mall critically!





DRAWN FOR DE BEERS BY PIERRE ROY

*"... nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream"*








— THOMAS MOORE

DAYS THAT go by in breathless beauty—nights in which each star marks an even brighter anticipation of the future. Endless they seem to young people caught up in love's first fine awareness and yet already they are fleeing.... Fortunate indeed are those who carry with them out of the flare of their dreams some tangible object to grace a lifetime's mature happiness with the memory of this first sweet halcyon. Most frequently, such a talisman lies in their engagement diamond. No other treasure of earth or sea which they may acquire in later life will ever have one-half such precious significance for them. That is why it must be chosen as if already the weight of years and dignity overshadowed them. A reliable jeweler is their best consultant. Many will gladly assist in the purchase of a truly handsome stone by extending payments over a period. Color, cutting and purity are as important as size in choosing for lifetime value. For they must secure a diamond whose fine white light reflects forever the loveliest period of their world.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD., AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

CURRENT PRICES OF QUALITY DIAMONDS

(Exact weights shown are infrequent. Fractional weights at relative prices.)

One-half carat, \$100 to \$200		One carat, \$325 to \$600	
Two carats		(Square-cut) -	
Three carats	(Marquise)		(Brilliant)
			
			from \$1500

Size alone does not determine diamond value. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the prices of diamonds, regardless of weight.
These prices do not include mounting.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Mortal Storm

Hollywood opens war on Hitler's Germany with
a film of Nazi terror to a Jewish scientist

With this MGM movie Hollywood opens the dikes for a celluloid flood of anti-Nazi material. Fast behind it will come such good Nazi-hating films as MGM's *Escape*, Fox's *I Married a Nazi* and *Man Hunt*, Warner's *Secret Army*, Paramount's *Mystery Sea Raider*, Columbia's *Mad Men of Europe* and Chaplin's dictator movie. So fast, in fact, are the studios filming diatribes against Adolf Hitler to fill theaters vacated by war-minded Americans that no Hollywood visitor can sit down in a commissary with-

out finding a plug-ugly in Nazi uniform beside him.

What *Mortal Storm* lacks in cinema values it makes up in power of pleading. Based on Phyllis Bottome's novel of Germany at the advent of Hitler's reign, it relates the destruction of what was once a happy half-Jewish, half-Aryan family. What its effect will be on U. S. movie fans as they watch swastika storm troopers beat, bully, grill and shoot such favorites as James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan, Frank Morgan and Bonita Granville requires no prophet.



MGM RE-ENACTS NAZI "BURNING OF THE BOOKS"



Ominous news interrupts a 1933 birthday party for Prof. Roth when radio announces Hitler is Chancellor.



Out of step with Nazis are half-Jewish Freya Roth (Margaret Sullavan) and her friend Martin (James Stewart).



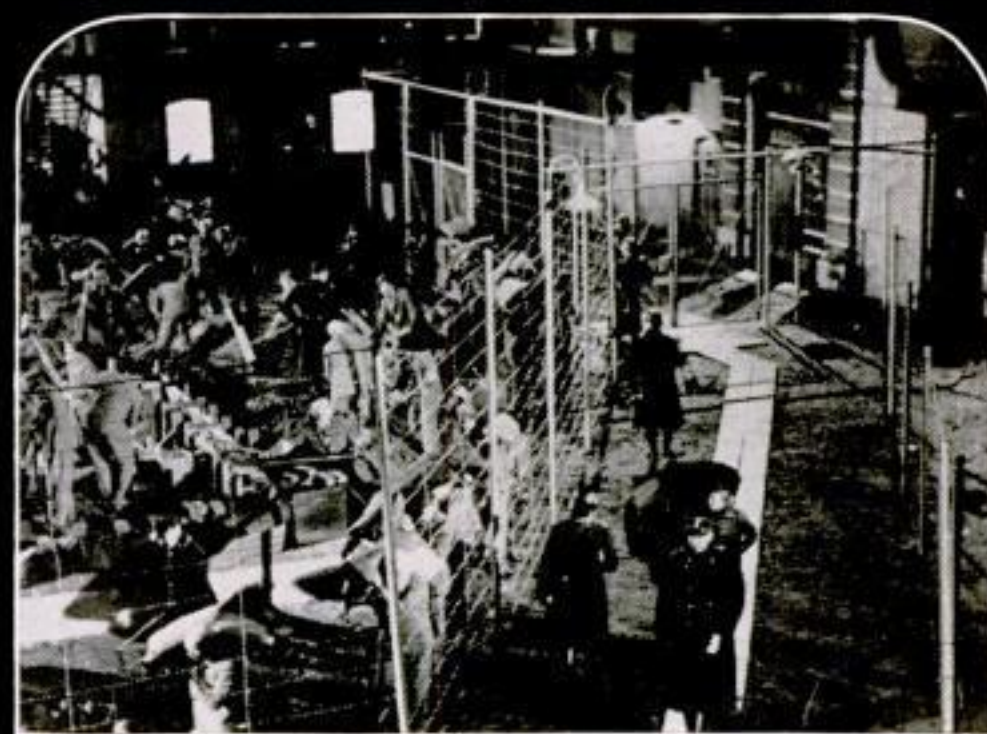
Students in uniform including Fritz (Robert Young), Freya's betrothed, resent Prof. Roth's blood theory.



Fists fly when Martin takes Freya home, is told by her storm trooper half brothers to stay away from house.



Nazi bullies invade Martin's home, grill his mother and visiting Freya while he helps an anti-Nazi escape on skis.



To the concentration camp where Prof. Roth is interned at hard labor goes his Aryan wife for her final visit.



Stamp of death is written on Prof. Roth's face but his spirit is unbroken during his last minutes with wife.



Ski patrol of Nazis, led by Fritz, is sent to capture Freya and Martin as they flee over Alpine passes to Austria.



Struck down by Nazi bullets, Freya dies in Martin's arms. MGM may be forced to change this tragic end.

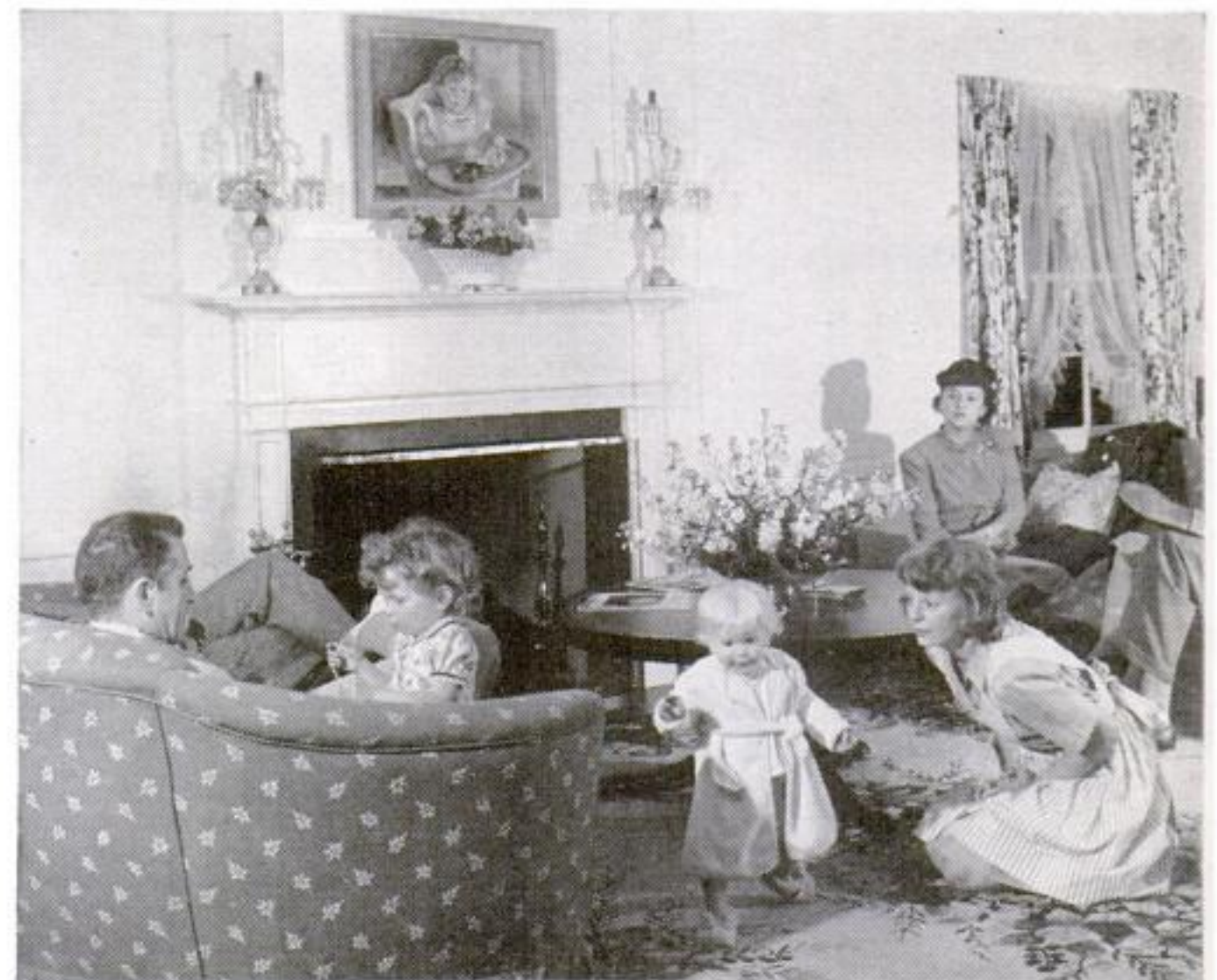


Air-minded Hollywooders are Margaret Sullavan and Husband Leland Hayward. He is an experienced pilot and a TWA director. She is just learning to fly a plane.

THESE ARE RARE FAMILY PICTURES OF CAMERA-SHY MARGARET SULLAVAN

The fashion for shyness and unconventionality introduced to Hollywood by Greta Garbo found in Margaret Sullavan a fervent disciple. For this Norfolk, Va. girl who can look so frail and sound so plaintive on the screen has a stubborn mind of her own. She startled slicked-up Hollywood in 1933 by wearing old slacks, sneakers and sweaters and driving a rented old Ford. She defied studio officials by refusing to have a crooked tooth straightened. She horrified photographers by coming barefoot for fashion portraits, explaining that feet would not show. She eloped with Director William Wyler (1934) after quarreling with him steadily during ten weeks of work. Just as she was about to become a top-rank screen star, she left Hollywood for Broadway "to learn how to act." To add insult to injury, she played in *Stage Door* (1936) the part of an actress who scorns the films. Just when her stage career seemed definitely set, she eloped again with Leland Hayward, theatrical agent (1936). She closed the show to have a baby (1937) and then returned to pictures for her biggest triumph in *Three Comrades* (1938).

Now happily settled with her socialite-agent husband and two baby daughters in a rambling Brentwood house, Margaret Sullavan still avoids publicity, jealously guards her private life, so successfully dodges photographers that these home pictures by John Swope, son of Gerard Swope, are among the few ever published.



At nightfall, Daughters Brooke, aged 3 (left) and Bridget, aged 16 months, come to the Hayward living room to say goodnight to their parents and their guests.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

RED SAND

A deep, luscious brown-red, like a ripe berry—sensational against your sun-tanned skin! Grand for evening.



PIRATE RED

Rich, dark red to blend warmly with the new browns and beiges. Scandalously good with summer white.



SAIL RED

A gay and sparkling red to wear with the new country-club pastels. Very town-wise with dark sheers.

Send 6 cents in stamps to La Cross, Dept. L-2, Newark, N. J., for a sample of any one of these new shades: RED SAND, PIRATE RED, SAIL RED. Specify color wanted.

New La Cross Beachcomber Nail Polish Shades

• Three rousing new reds, that glow and sparkle with the sun-drenched warmth of long, lazy vacation days. Exclusive in the La Cross new-formula polish that goes on easily and smoothly and stays on in spite of sun and waves. Fifty cents a bottle at finer shops.

La Cross
FASHIONIZED NAIL POLISH
Better in Every Way—and Safe



1. Two-in-one Manicure. Ask your salon for the La Cross Glycerated * Oil Manicure, including individual styling of your hands.

2. La Cross Nail Nippers to keep toes that are out in the open neatly groomed. No. 1066, \$1.50. Others \$1 and \$2.25.

3. Observatory Set. Smart bakelite case containing polish and essentials for grooming between manicures. \$1.

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—No Acetone



PHIL MANNING... A symphony in stomach
ulcers and boiling blood pressure



MARIAN MANNING...
Bosses the boss after hours



JOEL CLARE... Inventor of the
"No-Flap No-Breeze Underwear"



"IT'S GOING TO BE A ~~BLESSED~~ MESS-ED EVENT!"



"I can't understand it,"
Cried the Stork with a shout,
"This amazing young couple
Did a complete TURNABOUT.
"They argued and fussed,
And were bored with their life,
"Until they changed places
As husband and wife.
"Now SHE goes to the office,
HE breakfasts in bed,
"And who's to
get Baby?
Makes my face red!"



HANK... The Butler... Buttlng
becomes terribly complicated when
Mister turns to Missus



ALLAN PINGBOOM... is determined
to make the world "Sheer and
Snug" hosiery conscious



A quiet evening at
home... with the
aid of a straight
jacket

BANNISTER... takes dictation
at the office in the daytime
... but tells the boys off
at night

Hal Roach presents
THORNE "TOPPER" SMITH'S MOST HILARIOUS NOVEL
TURNABOUT

Adolphe MENJOU ★ Carole LANDIS ★ John HUBBARD
William GARGAN • Verree TEASDALE • Mary ASTOR
Donald MEEK • Franklin PANGBORN • Joyce COMPTON

Screen Play by Mickell NOVAK
Berne GILER and John McCLAIN
Additional Dialogue by RIAN JAMES

Directed by HAL ROACH
Released thru United Artists





Makes Any Car's Body Beautiful

*Restores the Lustre to Dull
Cars and Saves the Finish*

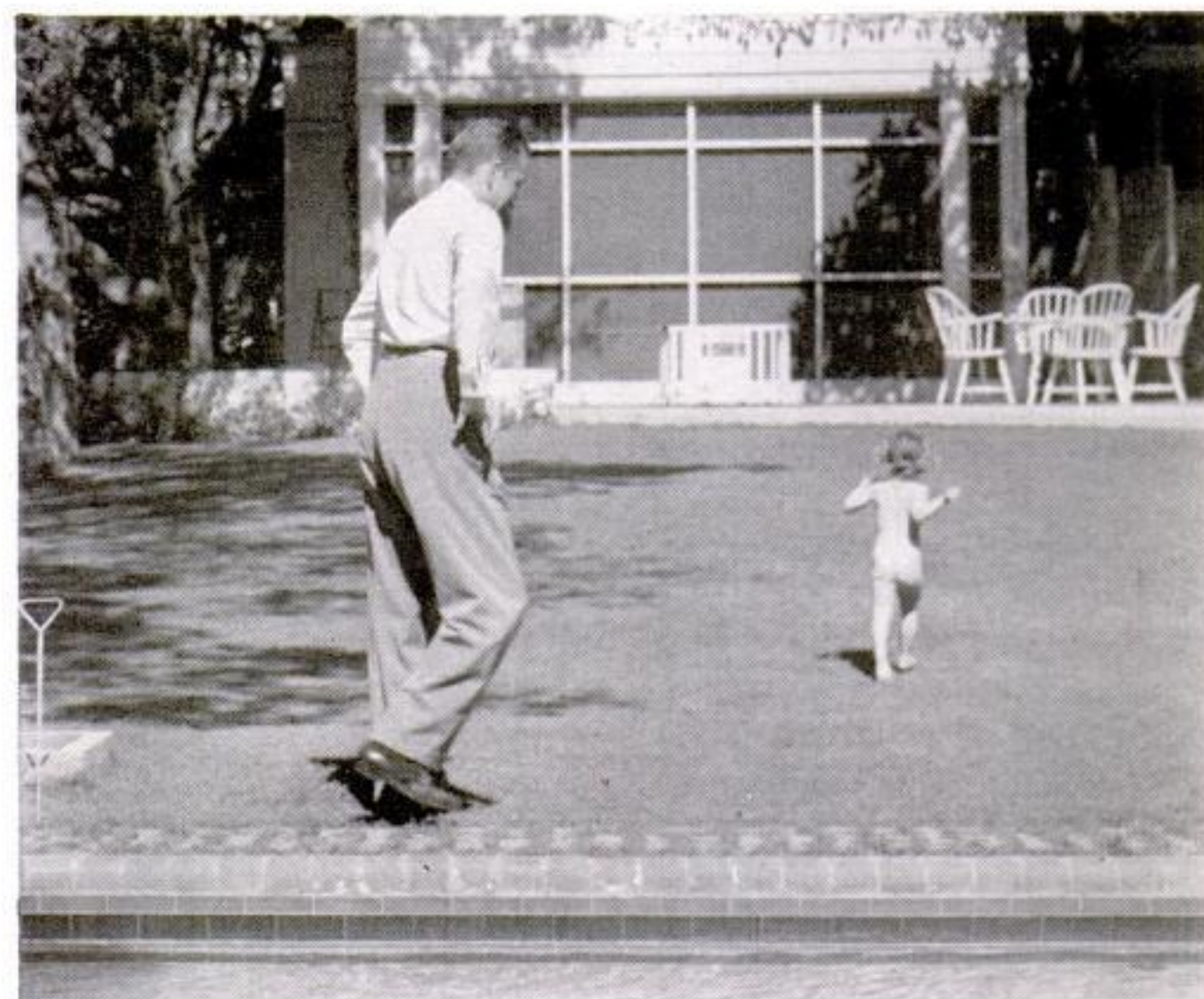
Ashamed of the car you drive? Simoniz it . . . and set a shining example from now on! With the wonderful Simoniz Kleener, you easily bring back the natural brilliance and color of the lacquer or enamel. It cleans the surface thoroughly and stops further decay of the finish. Then apply Simoniz for beauty that not only lasts, but builds up with each application. Perfect protection against weather, dirt, and the sun's rays, which dull and destroy any finish. Besides, a Simonized car is easy to keep clean. A dry cloth wipes off the dust and dirt—the finish comes up bright as ever. So . . . Simoniz now . . . today!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL



Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, filling stations, and garages everywhere.
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

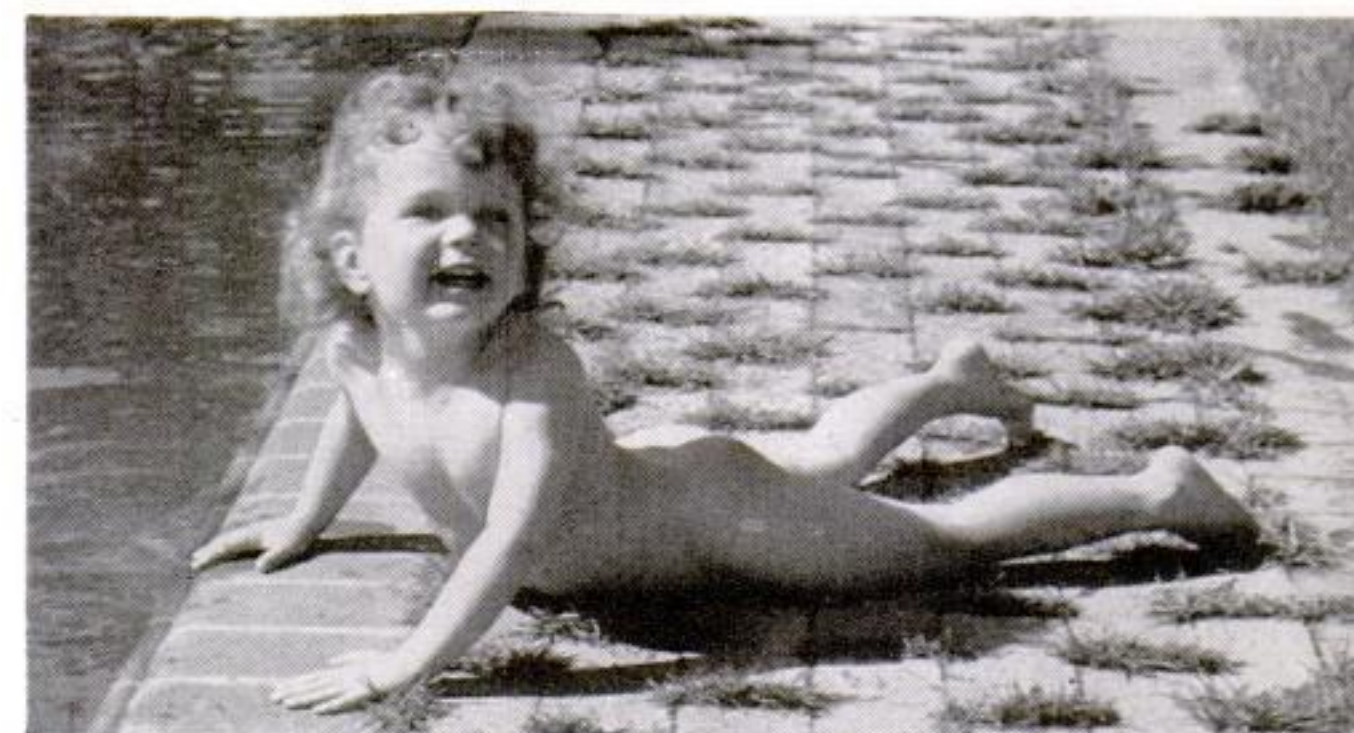
Margaret Sullivan (continued)



Lawn and swimming pool before their clapboard house in Brentwood are favorite Hayward playgrounds. Brooke, lifted from pool by father, is running toward house.



In a play dress and sandals Margaret Sullivan flies a kite for Brooke, who wears checkered jodhpurs. Around house and grounds, Miss Sullivan often goes barefoot.



A sunbath beside the pool is enjoyed by Brooke. It was Brooke's imminent birth that closed *Stage Door* in which Margaret Sullivan starred on Broadway in 1936-37.

New Emblem says SHARE-THE-ROAD to both "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays"



JACK-IN-THE-BOX "SCREWDRIVER"—Pop!—he's out of the door into traffic—so much simpler than sliding out on the curb side. Let the brakes squeal! . . . Remember, your engine uses 3 times as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" or "Screwjay" brings you to a needless stop, *you pay*.

SLEEPWALKING "SCREWJAY"—Vacant stare and measured tread—all he needs is a nightgown! . . . "Screwjays"—heedless, reckless pedestrians—cause 10% of all Stop-and-Go driving, to say nothing of needless accidents.

1940 Crusade aimed at Heedless Motorists and Pedestrians— The Cause of 35% of Stop-and-Go

MORE than 5,000,000 motorists—members of the Shell Share-the-Road Club—are on the war path against "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays." These heedless drivers and pedestrians are a hazard—yes! And Shell research has discovered that they take a lot of the joy out of motoring—add *plenty* to its cost—by causing 35% of all Stop-and-Go driving!

Strike a blow for safety and economy. Join the Share-the-Road Club—your Shell dealer will attach the new day-and-night Emblem to your car, **FREE** to you for agreeing to Share the Road!

And for the Stop-and-Go you *can't* avoid, Shell brings you two **NEW** gasolines. New Super-Shell and new Shell Premium have the highest

Road-Performance Rating (RPR) in Shell history!

Road-Performance Rating (RPR) is the true measure of a gasoline's performance *in your car*. "Highest RPR" means faster starting, faster pick-up, higher anti-knock, more power and "go" *in all gears, at all speeds*. Either of these new Shell gasolines, in its price class, cuts the cost of Stop-and-Go *more* than the fuel it succeeded.

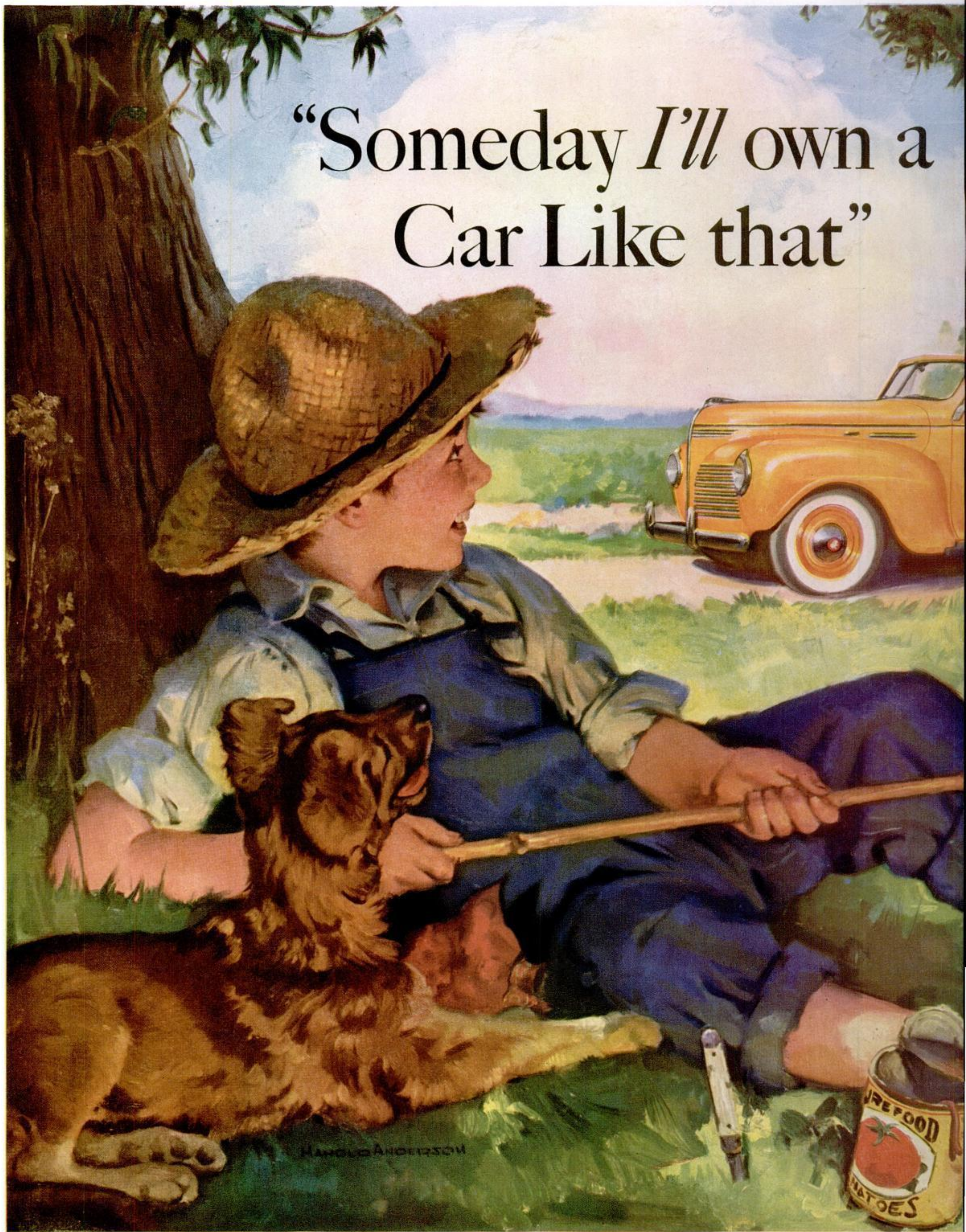
Highest RPR results from Shell's "balancing" process—no single performance quality is emphasized at the expense of others. There's no "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

With new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium in your fuel tank and a Share-the-Road Emblem on your car, you're *doing something about Stop-and-Go!*

"FREE EMBLEM is only half the story—I've got those new high RPR gasolines!"

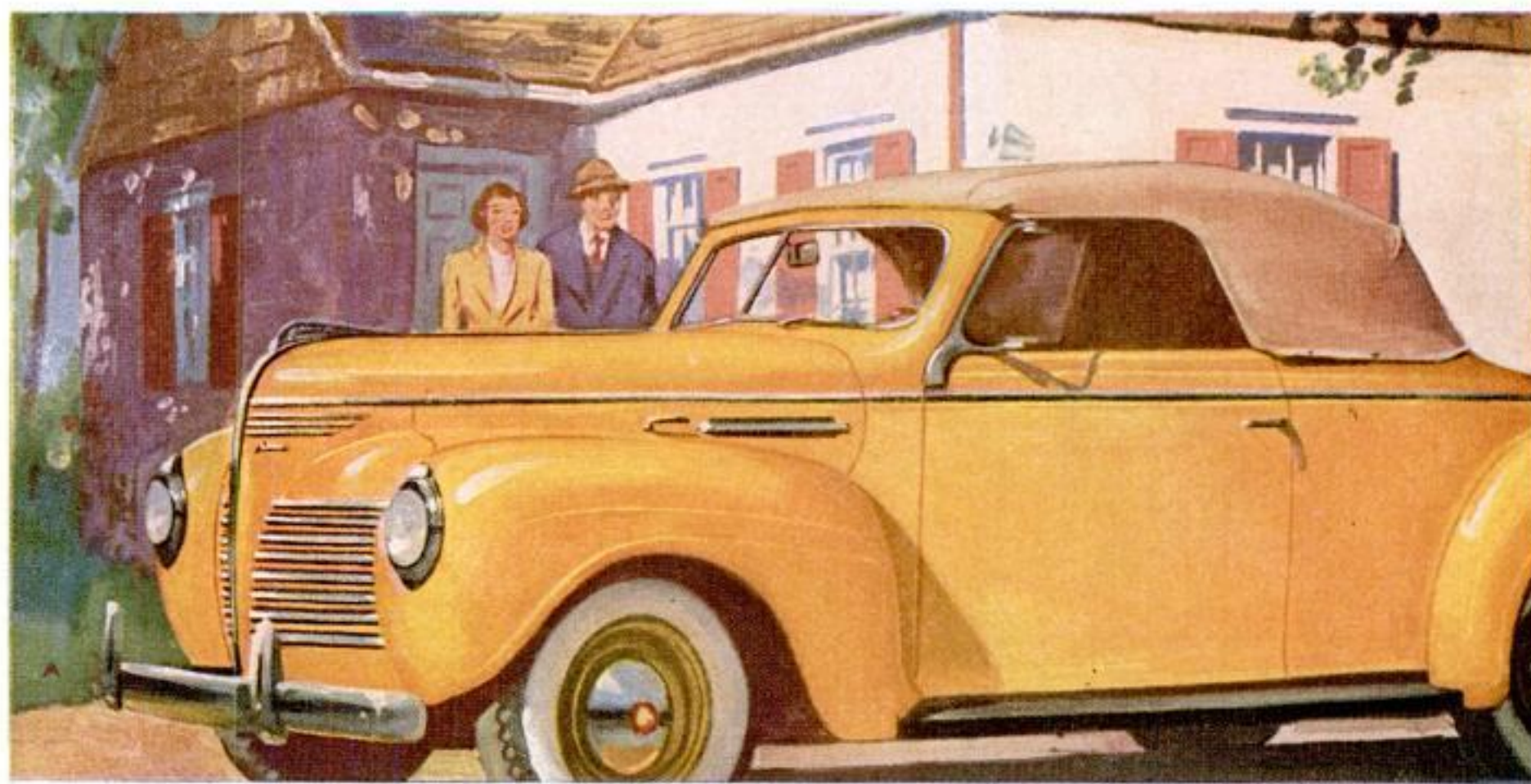
"This new Emblem glows day and night—let me put one on your car to warn the 'Screwdrivers' and 'Screwjays'. The flags, in sailor talk, mean, 'I am giving way'—I share the road. And while you're here, how about trying out the new high RPR Super-Shell or Shell Premium in your car?"

“Someday *I’ll* own a
Car Like that”





HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS had a car ideal, a dream car that you someday mean to own? ¶ Perhaps it is a swanky convertible—yours to roam in from here to anywhere. Perhaps it is a lordly car, opulent as a coach and four. Perhaps—but wait. The men who design cars are dreamers, too—or mind readers. ¶ You sense it the moment you step inside a big 1940 Plymouth. Your eyes take in the richness of appointments and upholstery. Your body relaxes in deep-cushioned comfort. ¶ The wheel seems “fitted” to your grasp—your foot on the treadle releases the purring energy of a great engine, and you sweep away! This is no dream—this is *it*!



The Convertible Coupe With The Power-Operated Top—White Sidewall Tires Standard

YOUR IDEAL goes even deeper than the emotional pleasure of effortless flight, pride, freedom, and easy mastery of a great mechanism. You want a car that's true of heart and strong of frame and body—a car of substance, that's built with exacting care—as good inside as it is good-looking.

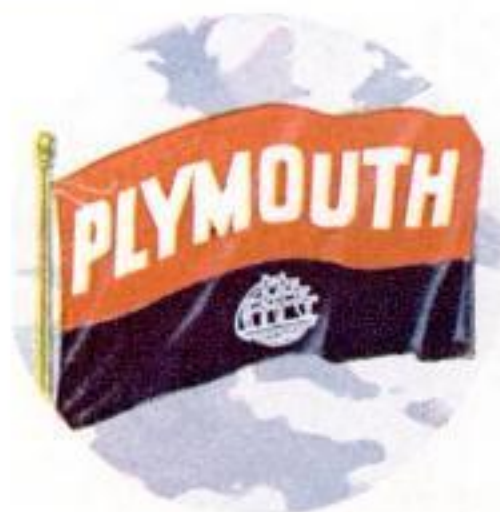
So it means a lot that Plymouth's smooth six-cylinder engine is *Superfinished* inside—with vital working parts so smooth and hard that wearing friction is practically done away with and extra years of quiet, trouble-free running are assured you.

When you feel the gentle action of *coil* springs, you are glad that they are made of Amola Steel, so strong and re-

silient that you know you can rely on them for years of luxurious comfort.

Of course, your ideal is a *roomy* car—to ride in all day without fatigue—stretched out in deep-cushioned luxury, as in your favorite easy chair. Here again the 1940 Plymouth matches your ideal. It has the longest wheelbase of “All Three” low-priced cars—5 inches longer than one and 4 inches longer than the other.

And an ideal car must appeal to your common sense as a really great *value*—low in cost, low in operation, high in resale value. You'll find that Plymouth splendidly meets this final requirement. It is the *most car* for your money and gives *most pleasure* for your money.



PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Plymouth Builds Great Cars

CLOSE-UP



JOE LOUIS

THE CHAMPION, IDOL OF HIS RACE,
SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF CONDUCT

by EARL BROWN



EARL BROWN

Earl Brown is one of America's foremost Negro journalists. Born in Charlottesville, Va., he worked his way through Harvard, graduated in 1924 and has an M. A. degree. He pitched on the baseball team and during the summers worked as a railroad-station porter. Since college days he has been a professional baseball player, a school-teacher and a reporter. At present he is managing editor of the *Amsterdam News*, Harlem weekly newspaper.

At the age of 26, Joe Louis, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, is the most famous and successful Negro on earth. Unlike his predecessor, Gene Tunney, however, Louis is not a reader of Shakespeare. He refuses in fact to read any books at all and also dislikes the theater, formal society—either black or white—and affairs of State. In 1936 Charles Roxborough, brother of one of Louis' two managers, tried to interest him in politics and persuaded him to attend Republican rallies. The first time he was called upon to make a speech, Louis said, "Ah'm glad to be here," and sat down, to the accompaniment of loud applause. The next time, assuming he was being asked for an encore, he expressed the same sentiments. While pleased by this display of consistency, even the champion's admirers did not feel that it quite measured up to a national platform in times of stress. Efforts to build Louis up to the level of an officeholder were discontinued.

Under normal conditions Louis sleeps twelve hours a day but when hardening himself for an important fight he increases this to 14. Currently in training to defend his title against Arturo Godoy of Chile in New York June 20, Louis runs six miles every morning before breakfast. Immediately after his road work he eats a large hunk of American cheese. He then bathes and breakfasts on a dish of cereal, three or four slices of ham, four eggs, celery, eight slices of toast and a quart of milk. Dinner is on the same scale preceded by a dish of celery and half-a-dozen slices of bread as an *apéritif*. The entree is usually a 2-lb. steak. Louis' suppers are topped off by a quart of ice cream or grapenut pudding. When not in training he drinks 4 quarts of milk a day and assuages his hunger between meals by snacks of fruit, cookies, cake and more cheese. A few hours before he enters the ring to fight he fortifies himself with a big dish of black-eyed peas.

Serious thoughts about his position in the world do not bother the champion. Having earned \$1,500,000 in six years by knocking out white men at the average rate of three a year, Louis is not even much interested in money, though pleased with the tangible assets it has brought him. These include two apartment houses, two homes for himself and his family, a large black Buick car, two show horses, 30 suits of clothes, 25 pairs of shoes, 80 white-faced Hereford cows, 100 Poland China hogs and a Chow dog. Louis' 30 suits cost \$100 each. He prefers swagger models with huge square shoulders, ripples in the coat backs and cut-in waists. His taste in materials runs to checks, stripes and plaids with green predominating. In socks he also likes bright colors.

While not a comber of the classics, the champion can and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The brains behind Louis are three astute Midwest Negroes: John Roxborough (left), Julian Black (center) and Jack Blackburn. Roxborough and Black man-

age Joe's business affairs and teach him how to behave. Blackburn, his trainer, teaches him how to box. The scar on Blackburn's face comes from an old razor fight.



Murcio's Bar is most popular hangout at Louis' training camp in Greenwood Lakes, N. Y., where the champion is training for the Godoy fight, June 20. Every

weekend the camp is jammed by pilgrims from Harlem. Below: Joe carries a victrola with him to camp, spends all his spare time listening to Jimmy Lunceford records.





Joe's wife, Marva Trotter Louis, is a pretty girl who rumbas and exercises regularly to keep her figure. Friends say that she has more common sense than her husband.



Clothes interest Marva more than anything else. She reads *Esquire* just so that she can advise Joe on what to wear. Currently she is going to the Vogue Designing School to learn how to design all her own clothes.



A smart basque bodice with harem pajamas is one of Marva's latest fashion creations. In her wardrobe she has 36 pairs of shoes, a mink coat, a caracul coat, a silver-fox cape, a sable scarf.

JOE LOUIS (continued)

does read. He often addresses himself attentively to the funny papers. Louis enjoys movies, particularly when gangsters are involved, because he likes the sound of shooting. Although he owns a lot of them, he dislikes wearing shoes and frequently takes them off, explaining that his feet hurt him. One of his luxuries is having his corns trimmed by his wife, Marva, with whom his relations are otherwise not altogether flawless.

Louis has often been photographed holding a violin and described as a devotee of classical music. Although a music lover, actually he enjoys only the hotter forms of jazz, preferably as purveyed by Jimmy Lunceford, whose records he collects and listens to by the hour. Louis likes Lunceford personally better than most celebrities he has met. One of the champion's most likable traits is an utter lack of snobbishness, and the attention of such notables as few colored products of the Alabama backwoods ever even see has never for a moment upset his equilibrium. Louis and Franklin Delano Roosevelt shook hands at the White House in 1937. Louis' acquaintances later inquired as to his impressions of this incident. The champion considered the matter carefully and replied: "I didn't think nuthin' of it."

Louis' supreme quality as a fighter is a kind of murderous calm whereby his opponents are terrified to a degree that vastly facilitates the process of knocking them out. The same calm is noticeable in his behavior outside the ring. Possibly the most dramatic display of the champion's refusal to be rattled occurred when, on New Year's Eve 1937, he borrowed a leaf from Jack Dempsey's book and started a Detroit restaurant. The gala opening of this institution, modestly called the Brown Bomber's Chicken Shack, was an unprecedented event in the annals of Detroit night life. Outside the Shack's doors milled several hundred humble worshipers. Within, the cream of the city's colored cafe society, dressed in white ties and fur wraps, sipped rum cocktails while waiting for a banquet of fried chicken. Suddenly a few minutes after the guests had been seated there came a dreadful pause. The waiters had discovered there were too few chickens. Joe had forgotten to order enough.

To an ordinary host an omission of this sort might have been embarrassing. Louis, however, took it in his stride. After murmuring a brief apology, he went home, retired to bed and enjoyed a good night's rest. His guests departed in good order also.

Louis' only rival as a colored boxer was Jack Johnson, who held the heavyweight championship of the world from 1908 to 1915. During his tenure of office, Johnson was often seen in company with white women, and his flamboyant conduct led to a nationwide clamor for a "white hope" who would remove him from the scene. When he lost the title to Jess Willard—while lolling on his back in a Havana ring with one hand held up to keep the sun out of his eyes—celebrations occurred all over the country. Johnson's dissipations were such that he was forced to leave the country and when Louis appeared several years ago a good many people, Negroes as well as whites, were sincerely alarmed.

Louis has not only proved that this alarm at the idea of a colored champion was groundless but has also probably done more than anyone since Booker T. Washington to create respect and admiration for his people. A picture of him hangs in the living room of almost every Negro home in the U. S. Hundreds of Negro women all over the country name their cats, dogs and children after him. The night Joe Louis experienced the only defeat of his career, in his first bout with Max Schmeling, nine colored men died of heart attacks brought on by the radio account of the battle. The night he defeated Primo Carnera, a crowd of 20,000 gathered outside the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, drawn by a mere rumor that he might appear there.

Managers make him a colored Galahad

Louis' current position as a colored Galahad is due principally to his own behavior but other factors have also been involved. The most important of these are his managers, John Roxborough and Julian Black. Neither Roxborough nor Black are benefactors of the type ordinarily associated with U. S. racial-uplift campaigns. Roxborough is currently trying to establish his innocence in a Detroit policy-racket case. Black

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Joe's restaurant, the Brown Bomber's Chicken Shack in Detroit, is owned by Louis and Sonny Wilson, a boyhood friend. Marva says Joe has lost at least \$40,000 on it.



Joe's mother, Mrs. Lily Brooks, lives in Detroit in an \$11,000 brick house which Joe bought her. A stanch member of the Baptist Church Mrs. Brooks still hasn't learned to like "this fightin' business" her son is in.



Joe's car is a big, black Buick, which every Negro in Detroit immediately recognizes. Until this year the State license number was K. O. Joe likes to be driven as fast as the law allows.



"We Decided to Let Ourselves Go!"



"We're a Long Way from being Millionaires—but We're Having the Time of Our Lives—in the one 1940 Car with all 39 New Features Missing in 2-3- or 4-year-old Cars!"

DE SOTO
AMERICA'S FAMILY CAR

DE LUXE COUPE	DE LUXE SEDAN
\$845	\$905

Delivered at Detroit, including Federal taxes. Transportation, state, local taxes, if any, extra. Price includes: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, tail lights, windshield wipers, safety glass.

YOU MAY FEEL you can "get by" another year with your present car—but look at the fun you're missing... For there's *one* 1940 car with *all* 39 new features you don't have in your 1936-'37-'38 car!

Do you want more room? *De Soto has it*... wheelbase is 7" to 10" longer... seats are up to 8" wider. The gearshift is off the floor, up on the steering post, and the luggage locker holds 10 big bags.

Do you want more power? *De Soto has it*... 5 to 15

more horsepower than in most 2-3- or 4-year-old cars.

Do you want better vision? *De Soto has it*... more glass area all around... 50% to 65% better road light with new Sealed Beam Headlights. You have warning signals on all gauges. And De Soto's Floating Ride is *restfully* smooth, steady, safe.

By all means, see and drive the new DeSoto. Your DeSoto dealer will give you a good deal on this *one* car in 1940 with all 39 features you don't have now.



NOW IS THE TIME TO TRADE! If you own a 1936, '37, '38 car, it will pay you to plan on trading it right away! But first see the 1940 car which gives you the most important new style, safety, engineering, and economy developments! DeSoto—you can check this yourself—has actually 39 features not found in cars 2, 3, or 4 years old! And the De Soto price tag reads \$20 to \$48 *lower* than last year! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH. TUNE IN MAJOR BOWEN'S AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"So I got lost on purpose!"



Drat the luck anyway! The gang had been planning this bicycle trip for weeks. But when it came it *would* be the wrong time of month for me! I was so chafed and uncomfortable I just wanted to go away and hide. When I saw my chance to duck the crowd, I did—in a hurry! But . . .



Sue came after me. "You idiot!" she fumed when I told her my woes. "Why don't you get smart and use Modess like all the girls do? Modess is softer, you know. It's made of gentle, airy *fluff*—not close-packed, papery folds! And does that *fluff* make a difference!" Well, I had my doubts, but I got some Modess in the very next town. And . . .

Get curious! Get comfortable!



Take the downy-soft filler of *fluff* from a Modess pad. Press this fluff . . . notice how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so smoothly without bulk or bunching . . . why it stays flat where you want flatness!

FLUFF IS SOFTER—MODESS IS MADE OF FLUFF INSTEAD OF PAPERY FOLDS

Compare a "layer-type" napkin with Modess. See . . . feel . . . the difference between *fluff* and close-packed, papery folds. Fluff makes Modess a miracle of *comfort*! And a moisture-resistant backing makes Modess safer, too!



Get the New Miracle Modess



The Bombers were a baseball team organized in 1938. Joe bought a bus, carted them over the country. He was a fair ballplayer.



At premiere of movie, *Spirit of Youth*, in which he starred, Joe wore tuxedo, chatted with Actress Louise Beavers.

JOE LOUIS (continued)

has a rather impressive police record. Fortunately the fact that both Louis' managers are undoubtedly well acquainted with the shadier side of Detroit's sporting and commercial life has operated for the good of all concerned.

Roxborough picked Louis up as a likely ring prospect in 1932. Black became a partner two years later. Since then they have taught him, as best they could, proper methods for washing his ears, combing his hair and holding a fork. Aware of the disadvantages that face all Negro fighters anyway, they resolved not to permit their investment to be ruined by any sort of scandal. The partners' sophistication caused them to conclude in addition that Louis' professional career would be speeded up if he were hailed as a semi-saint as well as a pugilistic prodigy. They shrewdly set about arriving at this objective.

The Roxborough-Black campaign to ennoble Joe Louis was simplified by circumstances. Disorganized for almost a decade by the lack of 1) a really outstanding promoter and 2) a really outstanding heavyweight champion, the industrial side of pugilism had fallen under the amiable trusteeship of Mike Jacobs, who got his start as ticket agent at Madison Square Garden. Jacobs had been helped to the top by a group of Hearst sports writers. Both the writers and Jacobs were quick to perceive Louis' pre-eminence as a fighter. In covering Louis' activities the Hearst papers set the country's sports pages an example in racial tolerance. The rest of the country's press followed their lead. Joe Louis lived up to his end of the arrangement by knocking out everyone he fought, usually in a round or two, and saying little.

The task of maintaining Louis as an example to U. S. youth has been a shade harder than presenting him as such. It was simple enough to have him pose holding a fiddle, reading the Bible, attending Sunday School and giving candy to pickaninnies. However, his own modest failure to appreciate his new importance in the world sometimes created unforeseen complications. Louis' deportment, though better than it used to be, is not yet Chesterfieldian. At table he sprawls like a huge puppy dog, with feet and elbows drifting in all directions. He snores like a Mack truck when asleep and he wallows like a walrus when washing.

Although he has been forbidden to chat with strange females, Louis likes to make friends in democratic fashion with the entertainers in Harlem cafes. Sometimes the conflict between his preferences in amusements and his managers' ambitions for him has unfortunate results. After his first fight with Godoy, Louis was scheduled to appear at a party given for him by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. When he failed to appear a search was started. Louis had gone off with some friends and was advancing colored merriment at a night club.

Roxborough keeps him out of trouble

Fortunately Roxborough, whom Louis addresses as "Mister Roxborough," knows how to deal with most of Joe's escapades. Joe respects "Roxy" and obeys him implicitly. Under his manager's instructions, he has learned to speak well of his opponents, issue only gracious pre-battle statements and compliment defeated adversaries on their skill and courage. Since the day when Roxborough learned that the champion had been amusing himself by driving at 90 m.p.h. up Chicago's Outer Drive, Louis has been forbidden to drive a car alone, and also for good measure to ride in the cab with locomotive engineers or to pilot airplanes.

In general, the result of this campaign conducted by the far from unworldly partnership of Roxborough and Black has been satis-



Joe's sister, Emmarell, who has a pudgy, immobile face like the champion's, runs a hat shop in Detroit. Before he became famous, Joe earned 25¢ every Saturday for scrubbing Emmarell's floor. Says she, "I never 'spected he'd get so blamed rich."

factory. In the three years since Louis won the championship, no trace of scandal has touched him and even his peccadilloes have been ignored by the press as too improbable to sound convincing.

Before the days of Louis' association with the Messrs. Black and Roxborough, the chief influence in his career was his mother, Mrs. Lily Barrows Brooks, who today resides in an expensive brick house that Joe bought for her in 1935. Mrs. Brooks's narrative of the champion's early life is terse: "Dat boy was born in 1914. We was livin' in Alabama then. He weighed about 11 lb. when he was born, and 'cept for an ear-ache when he was a kid, he never been sick a day in his life. He's always been healthy and strong 'cause I fed him plenty collard greens, fat back and corn pone. He didn't talk 'til he was 6. He always liked to sleep too much. It was worth my life to get him outa dat bed."

Joe's father left the family's Alabama cotton patch when Joe was only 3 years old. For 20 years his relatives heard only fragmentary reports of him. Years later when Joe had risen to fame and riches, he learned one day from a newspaper story that his father had just died in an insane asylum. Joe was mildly shocked by this news, but generously sent money to enable his oldest brother and two oldest sisters to attend their parent's funeral in Chambers County, Alabama.

"Joe didn't even have shoes . . ."

Some years after her first husband had entered an asylum, Mrs. Barrows was attracted by another colored tenant farmer, Pat Brooks. In spite of the fact that Brooks had no job and no money, she moved to Detroit with him and her whole family. Then for three years the Barrowses and the Brooksies lived on relief. Says Mrs. Brooks: "We was always hungry. Joe didn't even have shoes to put on when he went to school."

In the slums of Detroit, Joe Louis played with a tough gang. Sometimes they would steal fruit from a wagon or throw mud at policemen and then enjoy the long chases through the dirty twisting streets. The supreme achievement for the gang was to sneak into the movies when the cashier's back was turned. Joe never thought up these amusements, never started the fights or baited the cops. But, although not a leader, he presently became recognized as, pound per pound, the best fighter in his social circle. In 1931 one of Joe's pals, Thurston McKinney, who thought such a talent should not be wasted, persuaded him to take boxing lessons at the Brewster Street Boxing Center. At first Louis didn't like it but when, in 1934, he won the amateur light-heavyweight championship in Detroit Golden Gloves, he felt encouraged to keep on.

It was in 1932 that Joe first met Roxborough, who less than a year before had been broke. Now, having borrowed \$2,000 from his friend, Julian Black, he was on his way up again and in a position to take a flier on a profitable young pugilist. After watching Joe box a few rounds in a gymnasium, he asked.

"Boy, what's your name?"

"Name's Joseph Louis Barrows," came the timid answer.

"That's too long. We'll just call you Joe Louis."

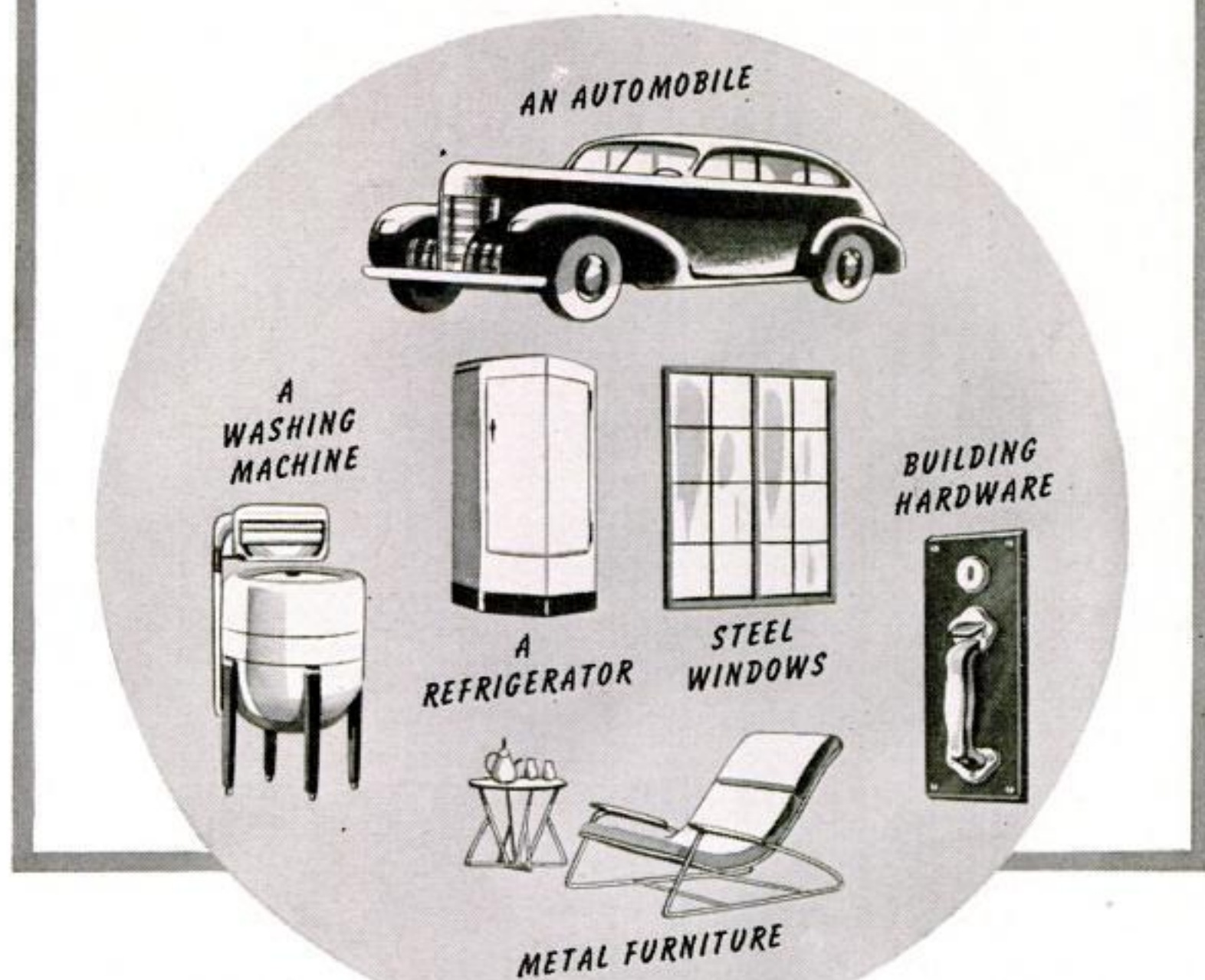
Roxborough took Joe in charge and says: "He was so crude at first, I wondered if I could ever teach him anything. He loved hot dogs and didn't know much about any other kind of meat. I used to give him \$5 every Saturday night and had to keep it up until he was married."

In 1933 Roxborough got Joe Louis a job as a day laborer in the Ford plant at Dearborn. Meanwhile, Louis was advancing rapidly as an amateur fighter. A demonstration of his progress occurred when he went to Chicago for the Golden Gloves in 1934. Just before the bell for his first fight sounded, a crew of detectives rushed into his dress-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Years of actual exposure and thousands of laboratory tests have proven the effectiveness of Parker Processes in protecting iron and steel from rust and increasing the durability of paint finishes over them.

Illustrated at the left is a plain steel panel, with a typical refrigerator finish, but no Bonderizing. Scratched and tested in salt spray 700 hours. Finish has failed.

Illustrated at the right is a Bonderized panel, with same finish as panel at left. Scratched and tested in salt spray 700 hours. Finish is still in good condition. Bonderizing protects against rust and increases finish life from 3 to 5 times.

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Here's a bra that really protects and holds—no matter how strenuous your day's program! "Sports-Life" gives you real protection in athletic activities. Look your best, and feel comfortable throughout your play, with "Sports-Life." No binding, no restriction. Quilted cushions beneath the bust do the trick. There is a Life Bra for every occasion—Sports-Life, Day-Life, Night-Life. At better stores and shops.

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"How come, lovely lady, you play mermaid for hours on end but your permanent looks like new?" "Thank you, kind sir, for the orchids, but give 'em to my bathing bonnet—it's the new SAVA-WAVE* by Kleinert, and the patented inner-rim saves a gal many a dollar —'Water Stays Out —Wave Stays In'."



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BATHING CAP

All sizes, rafts of colors. Only one dollar at your favorite store!
*U.S. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Kleinert's*



The old house in which Joe lived with his mother, stepfather and seven brothers and sisters before he became champion is in the heart of Detroit's black belt. Joe's stepfather is now dead. The rest of the family have moved to far pleasanter surroundings.

JOE LOUIS (continued)

ing room, hurried him to the 11th Street Police Station, and there grilled him on a charge of murdering his wife in Gary, Ind. in 1929. Louis, who had been only 14 at the time, had no difficulty in proving this to be a frame-up but not before the bout in which he had been scheduled to appear was over. Roxborough later found out that a group of Chicago fight enthusiasts who had seen Louis train had trumped up the accusation in order to get Joe out of the way so that their own men would have a chance to win.

When Joe turned professional on Independence Day, 1934, Roxborough and Black, who was later cut in by Roxy as Joe's co-manager, went to call on Jack Blackburn, a famous Negro ex-fighter turned trainer, to ask advice about their protégé. Blackburn shook his head. "Take him away," he said. "A colored boxer who can fight and won't lie down can't get any fights, and if he lies down he's called a stumble bum." After long persuasion, however, Blackburn agreed to look Louis over. At the end of the week he was convinced he had a champion. Louis soon corroborated his judgment by winning 46 fights, 38 of them by knockouts.

When Louis knocked out Carnera in six rounds, it was obvious that he was in line for the world's championship. After disposing of a second ex-world's champion, Max Baer, by way of practice, he acquired the title in 1937 at the expense of Jim Braddock (whose manager, incidentally, had the foresight to insist upon having Braddock granted a percentage of Joe's future earnings as a condition for letting his man enter the ring). Before beating Braddock, Louis was knocked out by Max Schmeling, for whom he had scornfully neglected to train and to whom, in retaliation, he gave a severe beating the following year.

Louis' defeat by Schmeling was partly due to the fact that the German, after studying Louis as German generals studied the Maginot Line, had detected one glaring weakness in his style: a tendency to drop his left hand, leaving himself undefended against a looping right. It was also due partly to the fact that Louis, overconfident, had failed to get into proper condition to weather the surprise of being hit hard and repeatedly for the first time. Louis' feeble state was revealed just before the bout, as the result of a commotion among his sparring partners. During an impromptu blackjack game someone introduced a marked deck of cards. News of the brawl that ensued reached Louis and his managers. Since it is a standing rule of Louis' training camps that Louis must punish all sparring partners in the ring whenever any of them breaks a rule, it was decided the champion should give all the brawlers a severe thrashing the next day. The next day Joe failed to hurt them and instead experienced a severe cuffing from his own employes. Even more than the fight itself, this incident convinced Louis that, in order to do himself justice, he had to work hard at his profession. He has done so ever since.

Marva Trotter finds him a bashful suitor

Louis' marriage to Marva Trotter, a pretty young Chicago stenographer, took place the day of his fight with Max Baer. He had met her shortly after his arrest in Chicago had brought the whole subject of matrimony forcibly to his attention. He proposed to her soon after his fight with Carnera. Miss Trotter's description of the courtship is explicit.

"I had heard tell a lot about this new, great fighter," she says, "so, of course, I wanted to meet him. I knew one of Joe's friends,



The new house, where Joe now spends most of his time, is on a 477-acre farm at Spring Hill, 21 miles outside of Detroit. The land and buildings cost \$100,000. The farm was at one time a station on the underground slave railway from the South to Canada.

Gerry Hughes. Gerry took me to the gym where Joe was training and I gave the big man a once-over. It was love at first sight."

Joe, however, proved a bashful lover. "When Gerry introduced us, Joe didn't say much. I saw him in the gym a week later and he invited me to come to his house to play cards. My mother wouldn't let me go alone, so I took my sister, Novella, as a chaperon. We arrived about 1 p.m. and Joe wouldn't come out of his room until about 5."

In the end Marva's persistence resulted in a romantic proposal. The young couple went for a drive in Joe's car. It was a rainy evening. "I couldn't see his face," says Marva, "so I don't know how he looked when he popped the question. But he told me my mother had just died and that he wanted to protect me against the cruel world."

Married by the bride's brother, the Rev. Walter Trotter, Joe and Marva have never had a rift serious enough to endanger Louis' position as an example to his race. Their marriage has been less than idyllic though, principally because they dislike each other's friends. Socially ambitious, Marva Louis enjoys formal gatherings in Detroit, Chicago or Harlem. Her husband finds these obnoxious. On one occasion during a soiree on Sugar Hill which is to Harlem what Sutton Place is to midtown New York, Louis became so bored listening to the broad A's used by socialite Negroes that he slunk into his hostess' bedroom and shut the door. Half an hour later, when his hostess found him there, Louis was lying with his feet on the bedspread making a long-distance call to a friend in Chicago and chortling at a joke he had just made about the party in the next room.

Marva Trotter's opinion of her husband's favorite companions is scarcely higher than his of hers. Louis has maintained touch with most of his childhood playmates, few of whom are any more prosperous now than they were in the days of raiding fruit wagons. Consequently, they constitute a serious drain on the champion's income and Mrs. Louis estimates that her husband has spent about \$200,000 on the entertainment of a group that she regards as parasites. Mrs. Louis is currently living in an expensive eight-room apartment on Chicago's South Side, where she keeps a \$35,000 wardrobe composed largely of mink coats, silver-fox jackets and diamond pins. When Joe is at home the Louises usually retire early. They sleep in twin beds. Joe rarely bothers to say goodnight when he goes to bed. Even in the daytime he will fall asleep in a chair or sofa whenever the mood strikes him.

Joe is bored by fighting

Louis' expression never changes when he is fighting. He appears to be immune to either fear or anger and administers the knockout punch to a half-conscious adversary with no more apparent emotion than a stockyard sledge hammer displays when falling on the head of a prairie-fed cow. Actually, far from being ferocious, Louis is bored by fighting. He does it because he has been told to and does not know how to do anything else.

Instead of directing his sympathy to other human beings, the champion directs it toward animals. One of his favorite diversions in training camp is the ancient device, a perennial favorite among pugilists, of the hot seat. Visitors who come to a Louis camp are placed in this apparatus with as much regard for ceremony as is shown in the more polite seating arrangements of guests at a diplomatic dinner, and the host enjoys the discomfiture of each one as if the spectacle were a complete novelty. Once, thinking to amuse Louis further, a sparring partner tried to put a live chicken in the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Tall, COOL and the very Soul of Moderation — says *Kay Williams*



Vermouth and Soda

The hotter it gets, the more sensible it is for you to keep on the moderation side. And here's a moderate drink with the added advantage of being deliciously cool and good tasting, too!

You know how fine Martini & Rossi Vermouth makes Manhattans and Martinis taste. Just imagine then the full-flavored, delightful taste of a tall, cool Vermouth highball made with this world-famous brand!



TRY VERMOUTH AND SODA— with or after meals. Simply pour highball glass $\frac{1}{3}$ full of Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth. Add ice generously and seltzer to taste.

Count Rossi Cocktail
Straight Vermouth, chilled or iced, slice of orange, twist of lemon peel.

Exquisite Vermouth Glass— designed by Count Theo Rossi. 6 for \$1.25; 12 for \$2 —postpaid. U.S. only. W. A. Taylor & Co., 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.

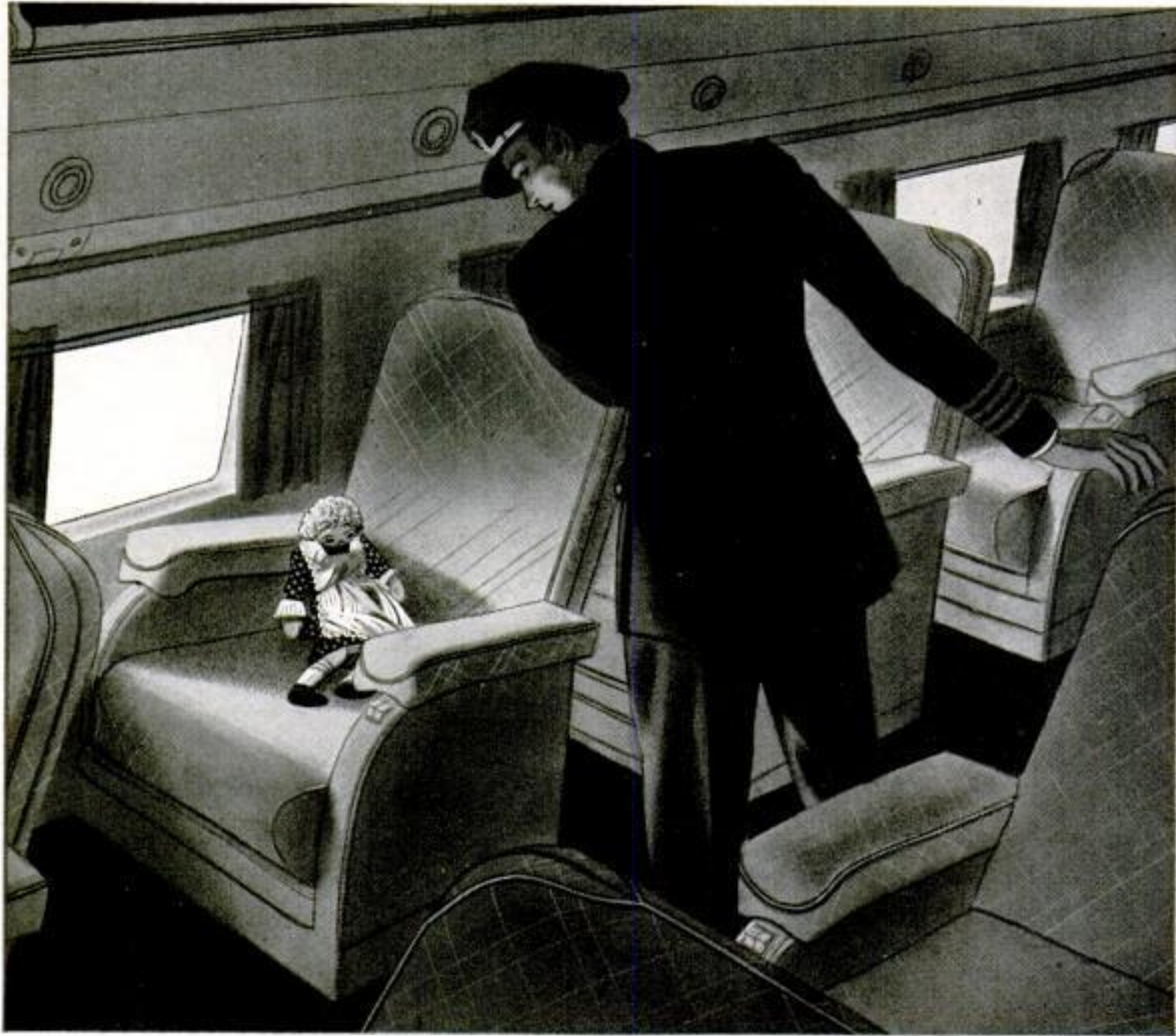
Alcohol 15.95%
by volume



America's Favorite Vermouth

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

SOLE AGENTS IN U. S. A. W. A. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK—IMPORTERS SINCE 1888



JUST A LITTLE RAG DOLL

ALL the passengers had left when the pilot started through the empty cabin of his big Mainliner. Empty? Not quite. In one of the seats, forgotten, lay a little rag doll.

He picked it up. It had that floppy, well-squeezed look dolls get when they're really loved. So the pilot went to work to trace its small owner—and all United Air Lines joined him. Days later, with the help of willing people thousands of miles apart on United's coast-to-coast system, she was found. And a grateful mother wrote: "This is the only doll dear to her heart. I cannot tell you how much your returning it means to her, and to us."

• No company rules could have told that pilot, and all who helped him, that finding the owner of a frayed little doll is important. Their action sprang from something far deeper—the spontaneous desire to contribute to people's happiness.

You will find this same attitude in every one of United Air Lines' 2600 employees: in the reservations clerk who arranges your flight, the representative who calls at your office, the stewardess and pilots aboard your Mainliner. It is equally true behind the scenes—among ground crews, meteorologists, communications men and all the others.

It produces team-work, helpfulness, initiative, all to a single end—that every detail of your flight anywhere on United Air Lines will contribute to your enjoyment. United could not be satisfied with less. It is the most important thing United Air Lines has to offer. We call it "Mainliner service."

OVERNIGHT SLEEPER and scenic daylight flights between the East, Mid-West and California-Seattle. 12 flights between Chicago and New York; San Francisco and Los Angeles. Fast, frequent flights linking the East with "Everywhere West." For reservations call your travel agent, hotels, or the United office in your city.

UNITED  **Air Lines**

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY—COAST TO COAST

JOE LOUIS (continued)

chair. The chicken jumped into the air, gave a squawk and walked off ruffling its feathers in a rage. Louis' response was like that of Queen Victoria to an improper story. In a bigger rage than the chicken, he explained that, while men are suitable objects for practical jokes, birds are not.

When not in training for a fight, Louis currently spends most of his time on a 477-acre farm at Spring Hill near Detroit which he bought last year. Here he keeps his pedigreed flocks and his horses, Jocko and Flash, which won prizes at last year's Detroit colored horse show. He also has plans for turning the establishment into a combined colored dude ranch, tourist camp and picnic grove while running it as a model dairy farm and breeding stable. In this project Louis has the support both of his business managers and his wife, who have not approved wholeheartedly of some of the champion's other ventures.

Most of Louis' extracurricular money-making schemes have so far been inspired by the same crowd of old friends, augmented in turn by their friends, who inspire Mrs. Louis' concern for the household's financial future. Typical was the Joe Louis Soft Ball Team made up of 22 of the champion's cronies who, outfitted with red and gray uniforms, toured the U. S. in a brightly painted bus. The bus broke down. Louis bought another but the expedition ended by collapsing anyway when the team simply disbanded near Los Angeles, leaving Louis \$30,000 out of pocket.

Except for the mishap in his bout with Schmeling, Louis has never been defeated or even greatly extended by any of his professional opponents. Consequently the stagnation that existed in pugilism before he appeared, owing to the lack of an outstanding fighter, has now been replaced by stagnation owing to the lack of outstanding opponents for Louis. Schmeling has disappeared into the vortex of the European war, Baer and Galento appear hopeless, and all the rest of the current heavyweights would hardly last a round if they were put together into the ring with Joe. Louis is the one fighter the public will pay big money to watch, but his complacency about his financial future—which incidentally is not shared by his wife—is misplaced. If in their second engagement he beats Godoy, who managed to last 15 rounds with him last winter, as badly as other opponents, it may be necessary to retire the champion until someone else of comparable stature can be unearthed.

The concern of Louis' advisers for his future is increased by the fact that probably no one, including the champion himself, knows how much of his money he has managed to keep. Roxborough insists that Louis has enough to maintain himself in luxury for the rest of his life. Mrs. Louis, however, fears that her husband may have to go back to the assembly line at the Ford plant in order to get the wherewithal for three meals a day. Louis himself is now brooding about the advisability of starting a ballroom in Detroit like the Savoy in Harlem, in addition to the dude ranch at Spring Hill.

On the farm at Spring Hill the champion feels even more secure and comfortable than in the smoke-filled cabarets where his gang likes to hang out. As soon as he arrives there, he visits in turn the stables where he keeps Jocko and Flash, the pens where his Poland China hogs root contentedly and the barns where he helps with the milking of the white-faced Hereford cows. Provided his cronies will allow him to do so, Louis may well spend his post-retirement years there, leading the life of a country squire. It may be impossible for any Negro to be altogether happy in the U. S. but Louis probably comes as close to this ideal as any other member of his race. In one of his extremely rare periods of self-interrogation he has expressed his feelings on the subject: "I been terrible lucky," the champion says, "and I don't want nothing to change."

Swinging in a hammock, wearing rumpled old clothes, with a sunshade over his eyes and nothing to do all day long, is Joe's idea of what he would like to find when he finally gets to heaven. Next to sleeping, Joe likes to fish and ride horseback.



State

These birds, painted for LIFE by Roger Tory Peterson, are the official birds of 46 States and the District of Columbia. They were chosen by legislatures, bird lovers, Audubon Societies. Most of them are songbirds. Most popular is the Western



Western Meadowlark

KANSAS, MONTANA, NEBRASKA,
NORTH DAKOTA, OREGON,
SOUTH DAKOTA, WYOMING



Flicker

ALABAMA



Goldfinch

IOWA, MINNESOTA,
NEW JERSEY, WASHINGTON



Carolina Wren

SOUTH CAROLINA



Wood Thrush

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



Lark Bunting

COLORADO



Black-capped Chickadee

MAINE



Bluebird

MISSOURI, NEW YORK



Cactus Wren

ARIZONA



Purple Finch

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Birds

Meadowlark, the choice of seven States. Massachusetts and Connecticut alone are without State birds. The Massachusetts legislature once considered the Veery but rejected it because that disloyal bird left Massachusetts each fall to winter in Florida.



Tufted Titmouse

WEST VIRGINIA



Brown Thrasher

GEORGIA



Baltimore Oriole

MARYLAND



Mockingbird

ARKANSAS, FLORIDA, MISSISSIPPI, TENNESSEE, TEXAS



Hermit Thrush

VERMONT



House Wren

OHIO



Carolina Chickadee

NORTH CAROLINA



Cardinal

DELAWARE, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, KENTUCKY

Robin

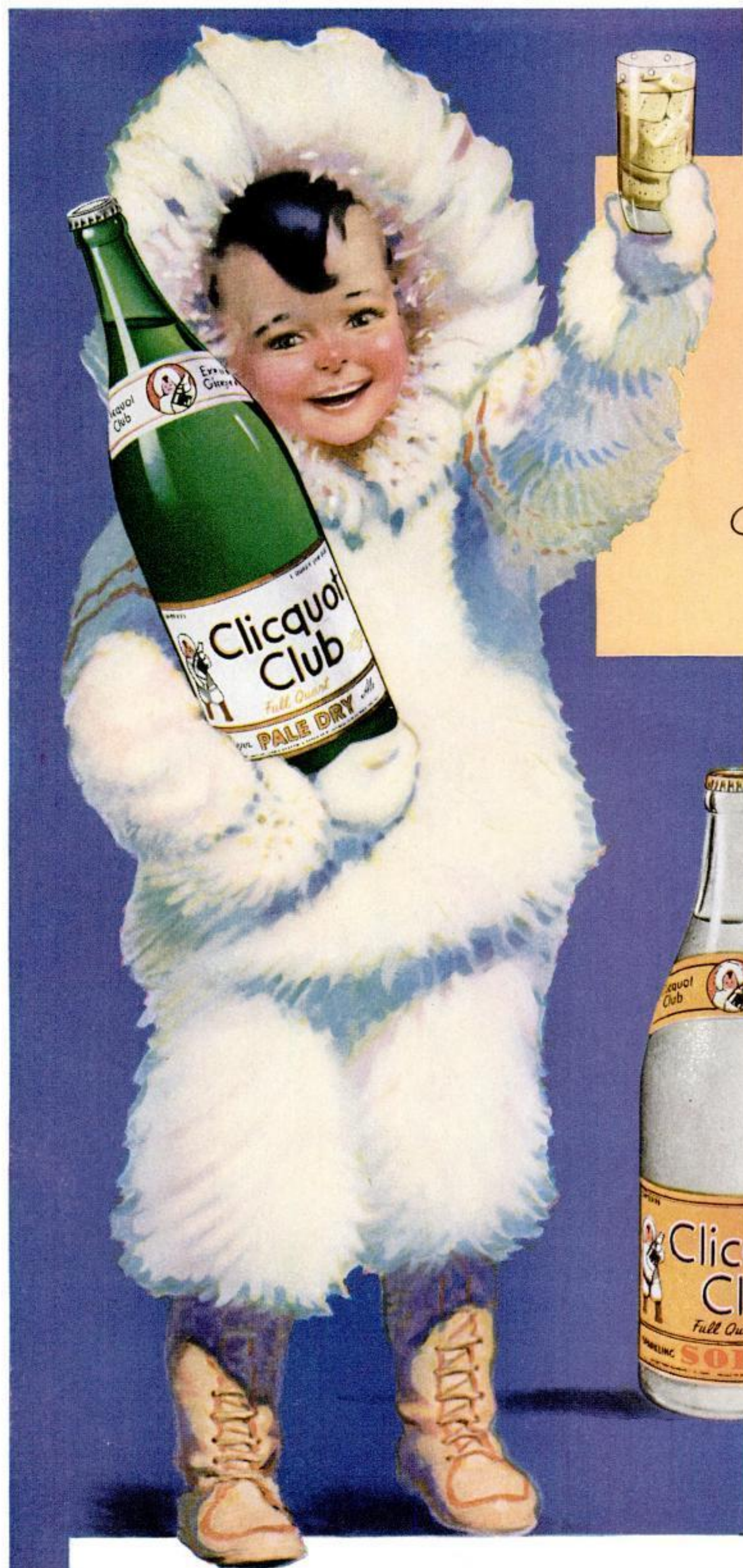
MICHIGAN, VIRGINIA, WISCONSIN



ROGER TORY PETERSON

Mountain Bluebird

IDAHO, NEVADA



50 YEARS
A Favorite!



IT'S SPARKLING . . . IT'S DIFFERENT . . .
IT'S FLAVOR-AGED!

Down the years from long ago comes a way of making ginger ale that's unique. Clicquot Club is *flavor-aged*! Its unvarying goodness and pure refreshment have brought a sparkle to the eyes of young and old for over fifty years. Watch its gay bubbles frisk in the glass. Taste its subtle flavor-blend. Enjoy the economy of its top quality at average price. There's no other ginger ale like it . . . and no mixer like Clicquot Club Sparkling Water (Soda).



This Sparkling Water has bonded carbonation. Bonded carbonation makes Clicquot Club Sparkling Water (Soda) a splendid mixer. Clicquot's method of regulating carbonation assures complete infusion of tiny bubbles in this pure, crystal-clear water. That's why Clicquot Club Sparkling Water (Soda) keeps a drink fresh and lively right down to the very last sip.

It's flavor-aged. The flavor-ingredients of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale—choice Jamaica ginger and fine flavorings for its rare bouquet—are blended and allowed to age *at least six months* before water and sugar are added. The result is a uniform taste of wonderful delicacy and balance. You'll like it!

Clicquot Club

PALE DRY GINGER ALE • GOLDEN GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER (SODA)





Bob-White
OKLAHOMA, RHODE ISLAND



California Quail
CALIFORNIA



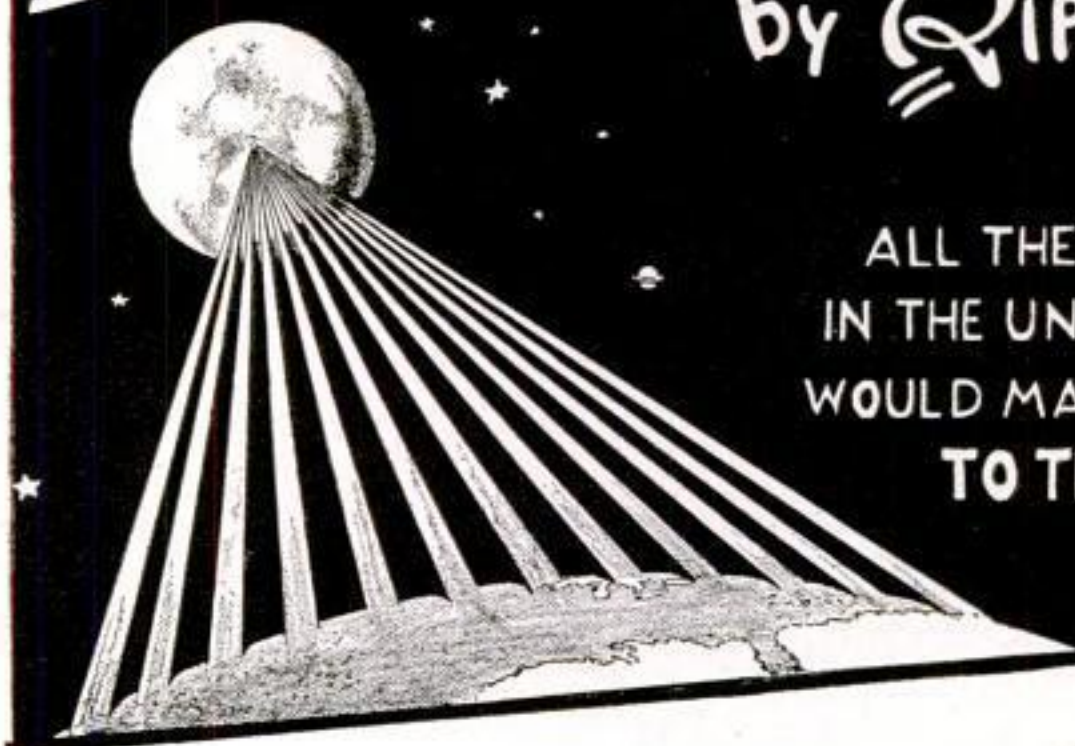
Ruffed Grouse
PENNSYLVANIA

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Believe It or Not!

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

by *RIPLEY*



ALL THE HIGHWAYS
IN THE UNITED STATES
WOULD MAKE 12 ROADS
TO THE MOON!

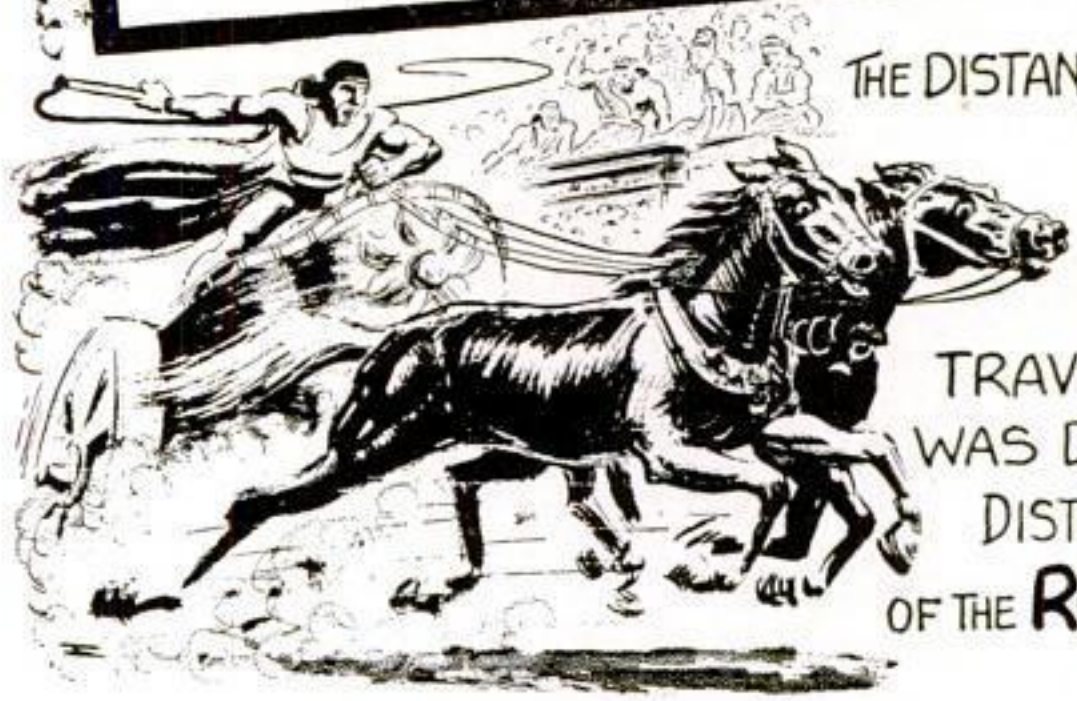
BOTH
THESE AUTOMOBILE
PISTONS
TRAVELED OVER
27,000
MILES!



BUT—
LOOK AT THE
DIFFERENCE!

31,323 MILES
THIS ONE USED
RING-FREE!

27,000 MILES
THIS ONE DID **NOT**
USE **RING-FREE!**



THE DISTANCE-BETWEEN-RAILS
ON WHICH THE
MODERN
STREAMLINER
TRAVELS (4 FT., 8½ IN.)
WAS DETERMINED BY THE
DISTANCE-BETWEEN-WHEELS
OF THE **ROMAN CHARIOT!**

LOOK again at the two tell-tale pistons above. The one at the right was lubricated with a well-known brand of oil. Result? Carbon-choke. Piston-paralysis. Power-loss. Excess oil and gas consumption.

Now look at the other piston. This traveled an even greater distance: 31,323 miles. Notice how clean and free the rings are; only a paper-thin layer of soft carbon on top. Result? More compression. More power. Less gas. Less oil.

Remember that Ring-Free is, first and always, a pure lubricant. It is all oil! But ... Believe It or Not! ... it has this unique quality: it removes carbon as it lubricates.

Ask for Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil at your service station, garage or car dealer. If he hasn't got it, he can get it for you.



35¢
A QUART
IN U.S.A.



*The Thrifty
Lubricant*

DISTRIBUTORS: A few choice territories in the United States are still available to live distributors who can qualify. Write for particulars.

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*Registered U.S. Patent Office

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The Hood Red Man Says:



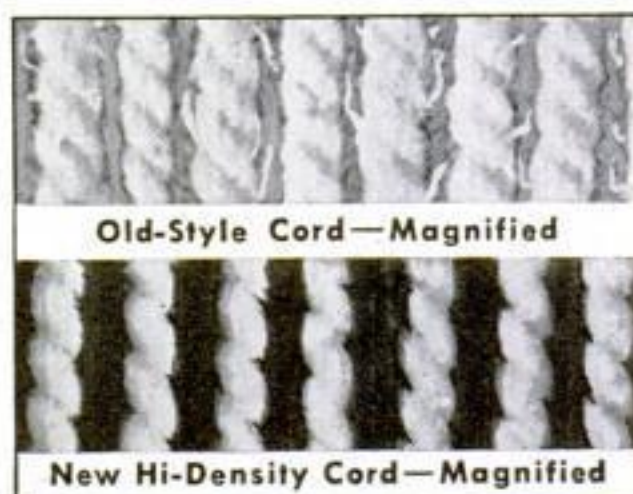
"This new Hood Tire—unlike ordinary tires—has *zigzag* center ribs for nonskid, and *continuous* outer ribs for long wear and quiet running. It makes starting and stopping easy, even when roads are wet. Tough rubber, too, for extra mileage."



"And see how the exclusive Hood Speed Shield gives you extra protection! This heavy cushion of live red rubber—between tread and tire—acts like a shock absorber—to guard against bumps, bruises and dangerous blow-outs."



"This newly developed Hi-Density cord helps too. It is stronger, more compact and permits more heat-resisting rubber between cords. That means cooler running, longer life, and the greater flexibility that gives you a softer, smoother ride."



TAKE A HOOD LOOK before you buy. Let your Hood dealer show you these extra-value features—they give you so much more safety, so much better mileage. His prices are especially attractive for the premium protection he offers. See him today.



Brown Pelican

LOUISIANA

California Gull

UTAH

Road-Runner

NEW MEXICO

R.T.P.



"A fire here would grow faster than your flowers"

COMMUNICATING with a large greenhouse were three auxiliary buildings . . . boiler house, packing shed and a combination office-dwelling. While the easy access from each building to the greenhouse had its advantages, it had the serious disadvantage of making the four buildings one unit so far as fire was concerned. A fire in one could quickly communicate to the others.

The North America White Fireman* suggested an inexpensive remedy to the owners . . . a brick fire wall separating the greenhouse, with fire doors at the points of communication with the other buildings. When this was done, each building was safer against a communicating fire from the others, thus earning lower fire insurance ratings . . . and a saving to the owner of 31% in fire insurance cost.

*THE WHITE FIREMAN symbolizes the loss-prevention engineering service maintained by this Company to the advantage of policyholders. It is available through any North America Agent or your insurance broker.

North America Agents may be found in the Classified Telephone Directories under the name and identifying "Eagle" emblem of . . .



Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA



This oldest American fire and marine insurance company and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life • FOUNDED 1792 • LOSSES PAID: \$444,000,000

DOG GONE GOOD



BILLY LEE WITH HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GLAMOUR DOG CO-STARRED IN "THE BISCUIT EATER"

In one thrilling reel after another, this pair is capturing hearts from coast to coast in Paramount's great new hit picture "The Biscuit Eater." The superb hunting style, poise and stamina of "Promise," the dog, have been declared one of the country's finest examples of canine achievement—and his famous trainer gives much of the credit for this fine condition and vitality to "Promise's" high-vitamin, meat-rich diet of super Ken-L-Ration.



ACT... HUNT... POSE!

Hollywood dog stars like "Promise" lead a strenuous life in studio and out. It's one role where there's no "make-up" to take the place of rugged, buoyant health. So a dog has to have the finest food and all his vitamins to keep him in movie trim.

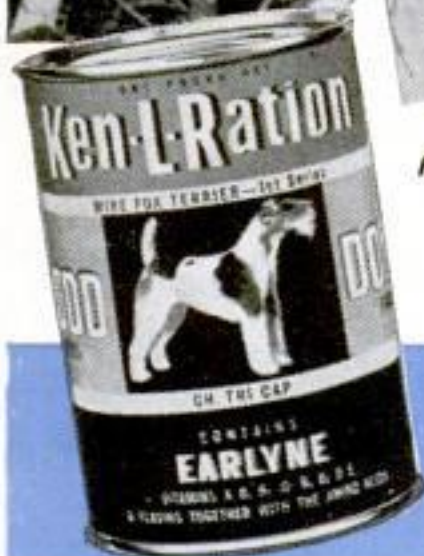
Famous Trainer Tells How Ken-L-Ration Keeps Great Dogs Fit

"Promise," says Earl Johnson, "grew up on Ken-L-Ration. It's got the extra meat a dog needs for good, sound muscle—besides an extra amount of that important Vitamin B₁ for healthy nerves. 'Promise' is no 'Biscuit Eater'—he's a Ken-L-Ration eater, like all Hollywood dogs I train."

Your dog, too, will benefit from Ken-L-Ration's extra fresh, lean meat and extra Vitamin B₁. It is a complete, scientific dog diet—with all seven vitamins—and everything dogs need for rugged health. Yet Ken-L-Ration costs no more!



EARL JOHNSON,
Famous Hollywood
Dog Trainer



Ken-L-Ration

The Food of Champions

State Birds (continued)

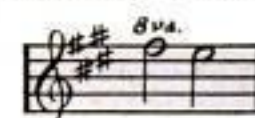
They Are Sweet Singers

Among the State birds are some of the sweetest singers of the feathered world, chosen not because they are pretty to see but because their songs are ravishing to hear. The notes below describe some songs but that of the popular Western Meadowlark, probably the most beautiful in the U. S., is virtually indescribable in notes. It starts with a flutelike phrase of six to twelve notes, is then embroidered with a series of endless variations. A musical meadowlark has a repertory of over 100 songs.

Songbirds produce their warbles and whistles because they have a more complicated syrinx than other birds. Individual birds of the same kind have songs that vary in interval and rhythm but they follow the same pattern. The notations below give a good idea of eleven songs. They are from F. Schuyler Mathews' *Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music* (Putnam's, \$3.50). Another good book is *A Guide to Bird Songs* by Aretas A. Saunders (Appleton-Century, \$2.50), which describes songs in diagrams.

Black-capped Chickadee

A whistled "dee-dee"



Hermit Thrush

Clear, bell-like, greatly varying in pitch



Goldfinch

Clear and high twittering, somewhat like a canary



Bluebird

Soft warble: "churw-wee"



Bob-White

Whistled "bob-white"



Purple Finch

A clear and lively warble



Flicker

Loud "wick-wick-wick"



Brown Thrasher

Sometimes clear and musical, sometimes harsh



Baltimore Oriole

Series of rich, piping whistles



Robin

Clear carol. "cheerily, cheerily, cherrup"



Wood Thrush

Flutelike, separate phrases

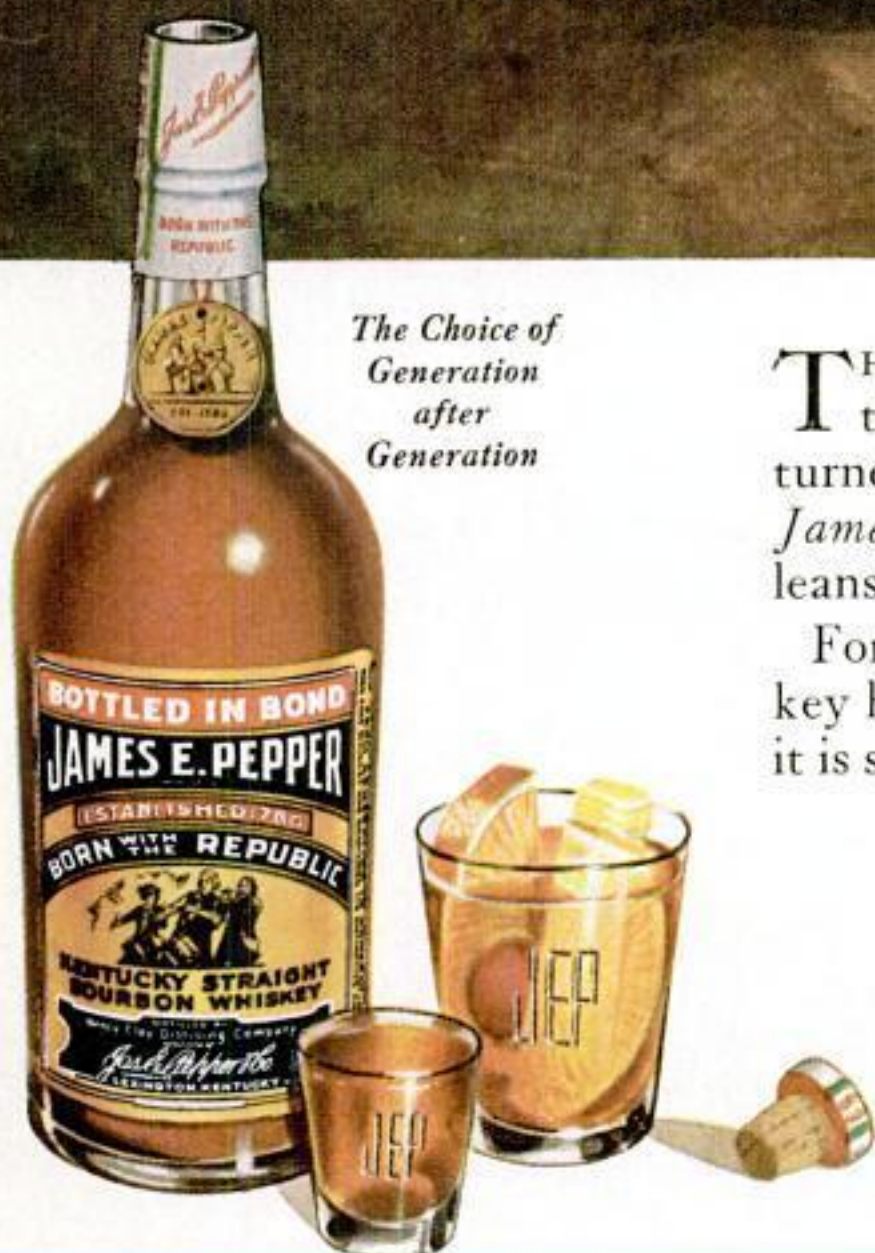


The Midnight Ride

APRIL THE 18TH

1775

Paul Revere made History that night. During that Same Generation, the Family of *JAMES E. PEPPER* Founded its Distillery!



The Choice of
Generation
after
Generation

THE MEN PAUL REVERE called out that April soon won their freedom, then laid down their arms and returned to work with new energy. The grandfather of *James E. Pepper*—known from the seacoast to New Orleans as a maker of fine whiskey—founded his distillery.

For generation after generation, *James E. Pepper* Whiskey has been *traditional* in America. Today, as always, it is served in our finest homes and clubs. Every drop is

made and aged in the heart of Kentucky's Bluegrass-limestone region. It has the mild, delectable flavor that made the brand famous for 160 years!

A limited supply of beautiful 9" x 12" collectors' prints of the above illustration (Subject No. 3) by Artist Norman Price is available in full color without advertising. Also No. 1—"The Spirit of '76" and No. 2—"The Declaration is Signed." Send requests to Jas. E. Pepper & Co., Inc., Dept. L, Lexington, Ky., enclosing 25¢ for each print.

JAMES E. PEPPER

Bottled in Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—100 PROOF



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Now...a new NIGHT WATCH



NEVER FAR AWAY...ALL NIGHT LONG

across America

Texaco Dealers Announce *All-Night Service* along every National Highway during the Summer Touring Season

Midnight! One o'clock . . . two . . . three! The lights go out over the countryside.

One light shines on—all night long—an oasis of cheer and safety on the dark highway. A Texaco Dealer keeps watch, waiting to serve you, at any hour you choose to drive.

He is ready with motoring products famous for quality—*Sky Chief* and stepped-up **FIRE-CHIEF** gasolines . . . *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils . . . water for your radiator . . . air to bring your tires to correct driving pressure.

Or it may be the favor of a swiftly cleaned windshield to make night driving easier . . . the convenience of clean *Registered* Rest Rooms . . . the many other courtesy services Texaco Dealers are always glad to render . . . day or night.

All across America, along every national highway during the summer touring season, you'll now find Texaco *All-Night Service* waiting for you and your car. There you'll find quality motoring products. And there you'll find, always, courtesy from the gentleman who serves you.

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originators of
REGISTERED REST ROOMS

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.



For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF The 10th Royal Hussars

(Prince of Wales's Own)

From its success at Warburg, in 1760, to its action in France and Flanders in 1914-18, the Standard of the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with Twenty-two Battle Honours for Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF Dewar's "White Label"

Grand Prize, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.



If reconnaissance reports your Scotch reserves depleted, enlist DEWAR'S White Label and soda . . . highball of the highlands. Seasoned veteran, it has won more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. That's why, to gentlemen the world over, the order of the day . . . and night . . . is DEWAR'S White Label. Company . . . at ease!

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8 years old

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The Medal SCOTCH of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



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SPORTS



At start of training, dog is worked on a leash. He must sit quietly while the leash is placed on him. Because a poodle is naturally smart, it is easy to teach him manners.

HOW TO TEACH A DOG GOOD MANNERS

Most dogs, especially house pets, are badly behaved. They run away, bark all night, jump into visitors' laps, chase the neighbors' children, chew up the new damask curtains, wet behind the dining-room door. They are a nuisance to everybody except their sentimental owners, who do not seem to care what they do provided they are cuddly and affectionate.

Such behavior, of course, is inexcusable. Dogs are smart. Like most human beings, they will get away with everything they can. Too much petting and too much kindness make them unbelievably headstrong. But with a little patience any dog can be taught good manners. He should learn to mind his master, to walk quietly by his side, to come immediately when called. He should know how to heel, lie down, turn left and right. He should not fight strange dogs.



How to sit is taught by pulling up on leash, pushing down fast on dog's rump.



Dog sits quietly, looking up eagerly at trainer while awaiting next command.



How to walk is taught by holding leash in right hand, using left to urge dog along, correct or pat him. Dog should stay as close as possible to left knee of his master.

IS SHOWN BY PRETTY GIRL TRAINER

chase cars, growl at strangers. He should even be able to do a few simple tricks like sitting up, speaking, retrieving a ball or jumping over a hurdle.

The pictures here show how to teach a dog some of these good manners. The poodle learning is Champion Courage, owned by Mrs. Whitehouse Walker of Bedford Hills, N. Y., one of the best-known American breeders of French poodles. The pretty dark-haired trainer is Blanche Saunders, who has taught more than a hundred dogs how to behave. Says she: "You have to understand and love a dog before you can successfully train him. You have to bring out his natural abilities and instincts rather than impose on him a kind of sullen obedience. The most important thing is not to lose your temper. I believe the old saying, 'He who kicks a dog kicks his own soul toward hell.'"



How to turn right is taught by turning sharp, pulling on leash. Dog bumps leg.



How to turn left is taught by bumping into dog, jarring head, making him turn.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"So we compromised."

-and took both vacations
for the cost of one..

by GREYHOUND!"

"Said I to Walt (coaxing)—'But we're going to the Fair—you know you promised!' Said Walt to me—'You're wrong! We're going fishing, up in the tall hills...'"

"Right there Greyhound stepped in to save our tempers—and our summer! Now we're going to *both* of the World's Fairs (I can hardly believe it), *plus* one of the great National Parks, *plus* Walt's favorite fishing lake 'way up in the

mountains—and all for the cost of *one* vacation as we had originally planned it!"

Fantastic? Don't say that until you have compared Greyhound's extremely low fares with the cost of driving your own car—or with the rates of any other public transportation. And don't even *guess* at the comfort of a 1940 bus ride until you have traveled in a fully air-conditioned Greyhound Super-Coach.

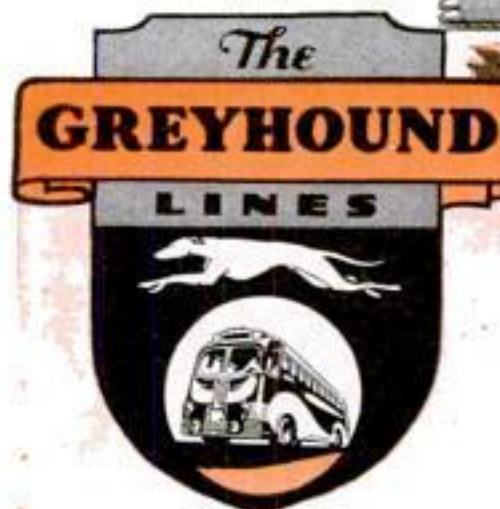
Summer fun planned in advance—with EXPENSE-PAID TOURS!

Take the guesswork out of vacation, and fill it with extra fun, extra sightseeing—at a big saving—with Greyhound Expense-Paid Tours to your favorite beach, mountain resort or big city. Dozens to choose from, including both World's Fairs, Washington, D. C., New England, the National Parks, California and the West. Ask nearest Greyhound agent or Travel Bureau.

Mail the coupon to nearest address shown here—

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Memphis, Tenn., 527 N. Main St.
Lexington, Ky., 801 N. Limestone

San Francisco, Cal., Fine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 905 Commerce St.
St. Louis, Mo., Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Charleston, W. Va., 155 Summers St.
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—for pictorial booklet, full facts on summer trips

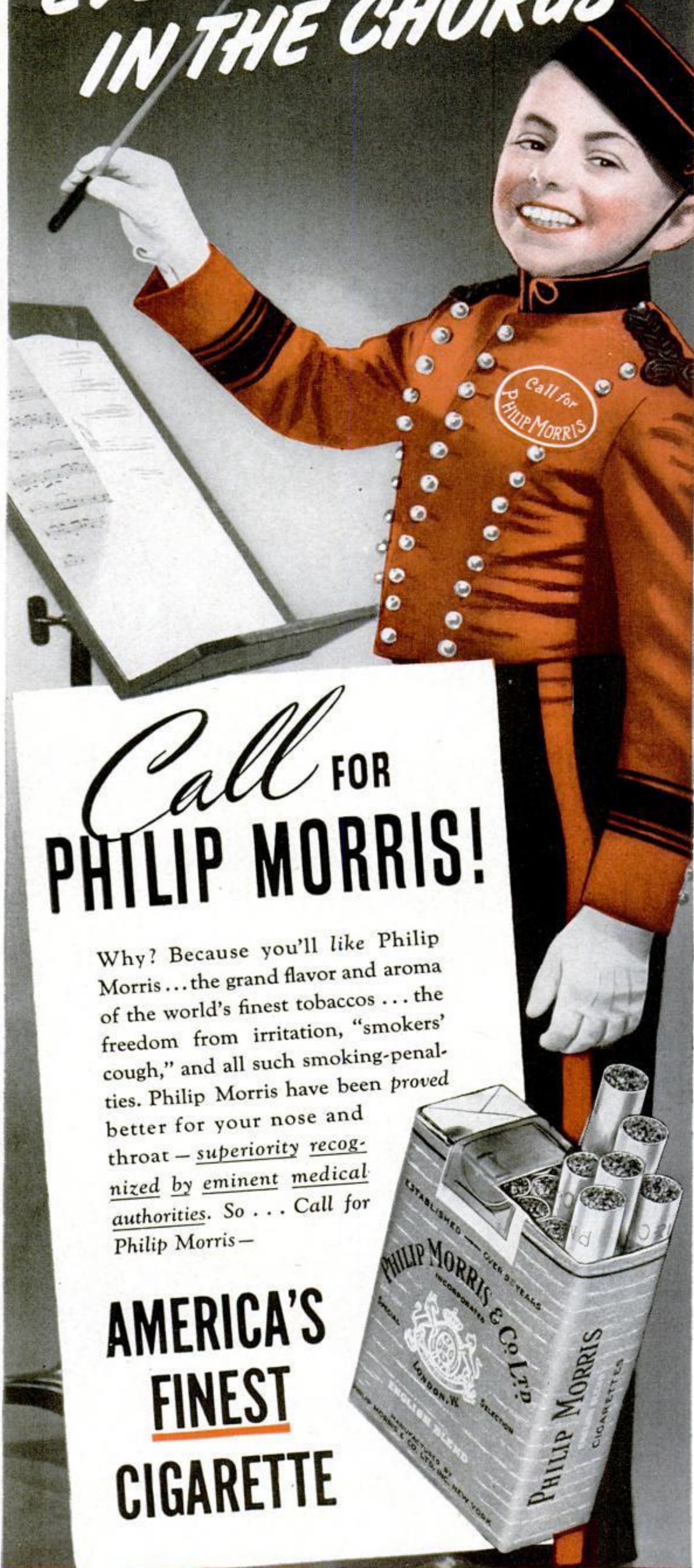
Mail this for an attractive pictorial booklet all about: NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ☐ SAN FRANCISCO'S GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION ☐ NEW ENGLAND VACATIONS ☐ MICHIGAN VACATIONS ☐ CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST ☐ COOL NORTHWEST ☐ GREAT SMOKIES AND SOUTHERN BEACHES ☐ CANADIAN VACATIONS ☐ EXPENSE-PAID TOURS to _____

Please check only the one you desire.

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How to train a dog (continued)

RETRIEVING IS INSTINCTIVE WITH A DOG



How to hold an object, here a dumbbell, is the first step in teaching retrieving. Actually, retrieving is a natural instinct. The dog must merely be taught good manners while doing it. He must sit quietly, go get the object only when ordered.



Dumbbell is picked up with firm grip. It must not dangle out of mouth. Below: the dog returns to trainer, sits in front of her, holding dumbbell in his mouth. He must never drop dumbbell or run away when the trainer tries to take it from him.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

Every house needs
Westinghouse



IRONERS

WASHERS

WATER
HEATERS

DISHWASHERS

RANGES

IRONS

ROASTERS

TOASTERS

VACUUM
CLEANERS



**"With Betsy, it's
always 'Bottoms up'!"**

CALLER: I wish I could get my infants to
drink their milk with that much en-
thusiasm.

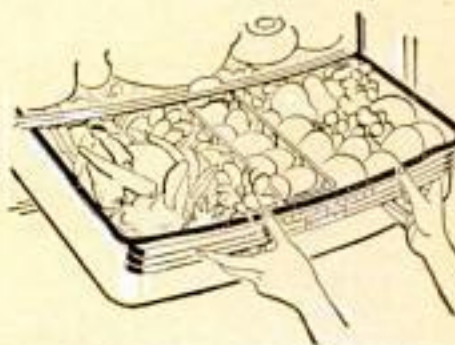
MOTHER: I'll have to give most of the credit
to my new Westinghouse refrigerator.
There's nothing like sure, steady cold to
keep milk tasting fresh and good.

Food tastes better when it's
kept fresher. Laboratory tests show
that at 55° milk bacteria increase
1600% in 96 hours, while at 40°
there is practically no bacterial
growth. 40° is NORMAL on the
Westinghouse True-Temp dial.



Meat needs *sure, steady* pro-
tection even more than milk.
Westinghouse Tru-Zone cold gives
it. The improved Meat-Keeper,
with crystal clear window-front,
provides just the right cold and
humidity to keep meat fresh, SAFE—4 to 6 days or more!

Fruits and vegetables come out
garden-fresh even after a week
or more in the roomy glass-top
Humidrawer. No "ups and
downs" in Tru-Zone Cold—its
steady temperature is com-
bined with correct humidity
for a perfect crisping effect.



See the beautiful new 1940 Westinghouse Refrigerator at
your dealer's. Find his name in your classified telephone
directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse
Electric & Manufacturing Co., Dept. 69, Mansfield, Ohio.

TRU-ZONE COLD

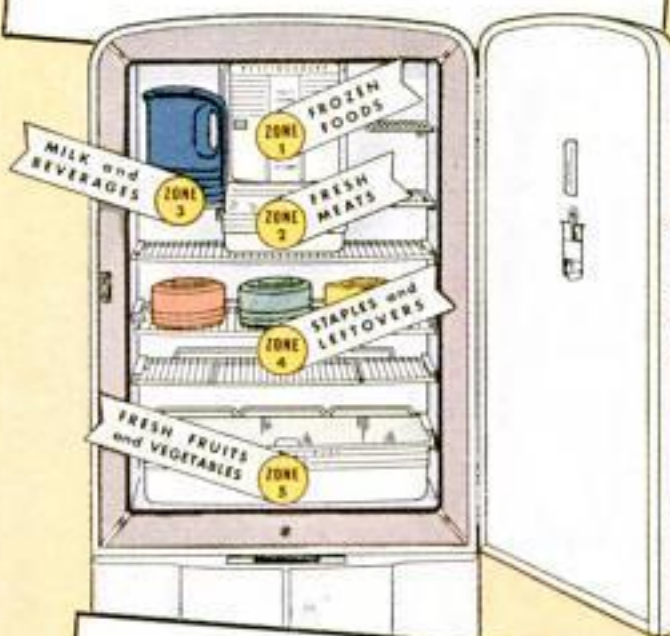
...for *SURER, STEADIER,*
food protection

WHAT IT IS ... a definite tem-
perature in each zone for each
True-Temp control setting.

HOW IT WORKS ... True-
Temp Control lets you dial
main food compartment tem-
perature; holds temperatures
true regardless of changes in
kitchen temperature.

FIBERGLAS INSULATION im-
proves cold-keeping efficiency
10%; keeps its original effi-
ciency for life.

HUMIDITY for meat in the
Meat-Keeper, for fruits and
vegetables in the Humidrawer
—keeps fresh foods fresh.



5 ZONES OF COLD are

Zone 1—below freezing, for
storage of ice cubes, frosted
foods, desserts; Zone 2—hu-
midified, extra cold but not
freezing; for meat; Zone 3—
extra cold but not freezing; for
milk and beverages; Zone 4—
standard cold for staples and
leftovers; Zone 5—crisping
cold, with correct humidity, for
fruits and vegetables.

Westinghouse Refrigerators

Tune in "Musical Americana," every Thursday Evening, N. B. C. Blue Network



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JUMPING IS REQUIRED IN OBEDIENCE TESTS

Since 1936, a very important part of many American dog shows has been the obedience tests. Dogs are judged not on physical beauty or on ability to do circus tricks but on obedience to spoken commands. One command they must obey is "jump!"



How to jump is first taught by running alongside dog on leash and jumping over one or two short hurdles with him. This gives him confidence and a sense of direction.

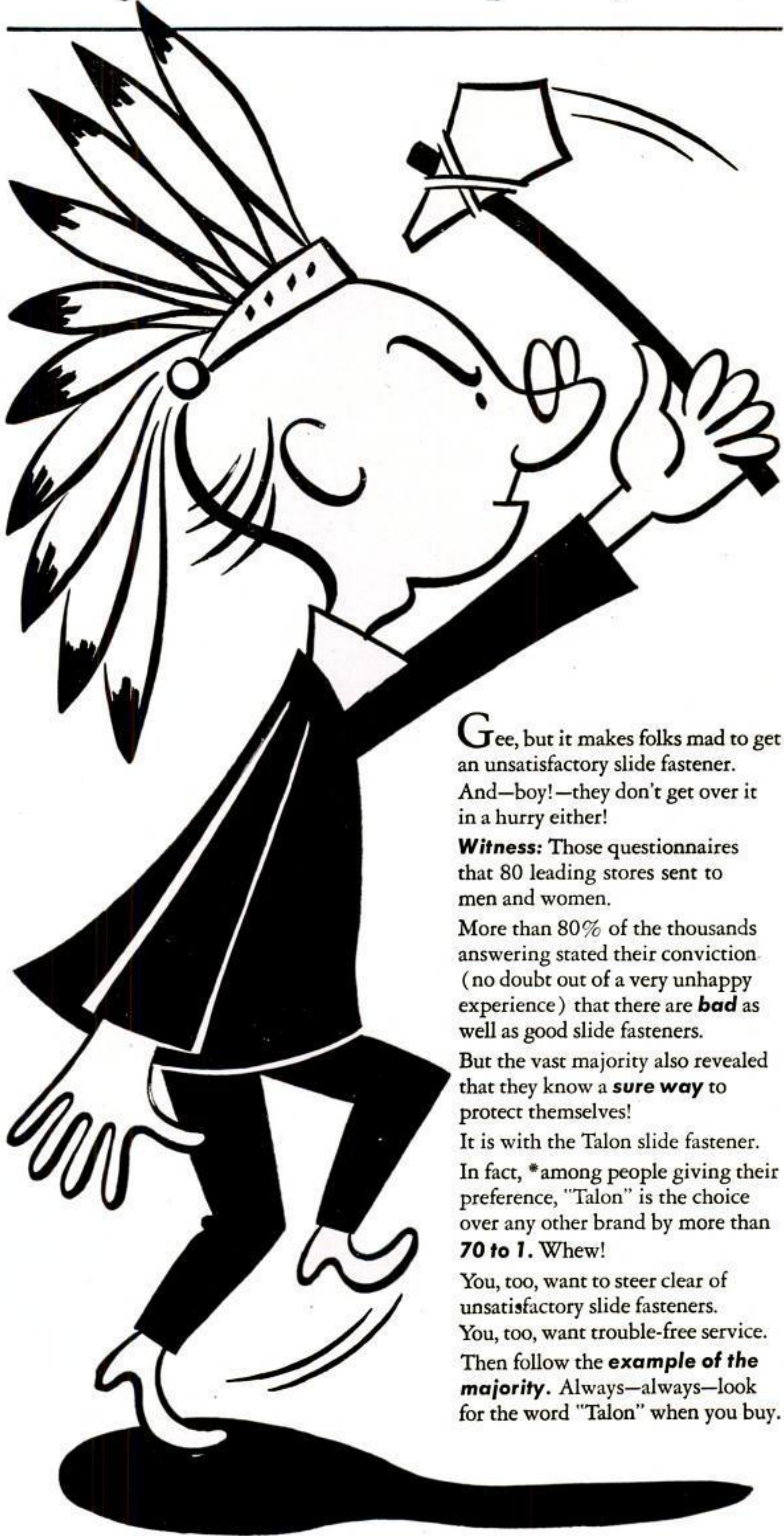


Next step, with dog still on leash, is to run along with him, then step quickly aside as he comes to the hurdles. If he is quick to learn, he will continue on over alone.



Last step is to make dog jump alone. Even when the dog is well trained it is helpful for the trainer to stand at side and give encouragement. This dog is jumping 6 ft.

"Are you on the warpath, too?"



Gee, but it makes folks mad to get an unsatisfactory slide fastener. And—boy!—they don't get over it in a hurry either!

Witness: Those questionnaires that 80 leading stores sent to men and women.

More than 80% of the thousands answering stated their conviction (no doubt out of a very unhappy experience) that there are *bad* as well as good slide fasteners.

But the vast majority also revealed that they know a *sure way* to protect themselves!

It is with the Talon slide fastener. In fact, *among people giving their preference, "Talon" is the choice over any other brand by more than **70 to 1**. Whew!

You, too, want to steer clear of unsatisfactory slide fasteners. You, too, want trouble-free service. Then follow the **example of the majority**. Always—always—look for the word "Talon" when you buy.

BECAUSE IT'S THE DEPENDABLE SLIDE FASTENER, PEOPLE PREFER

"TALON" 70 to 1*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



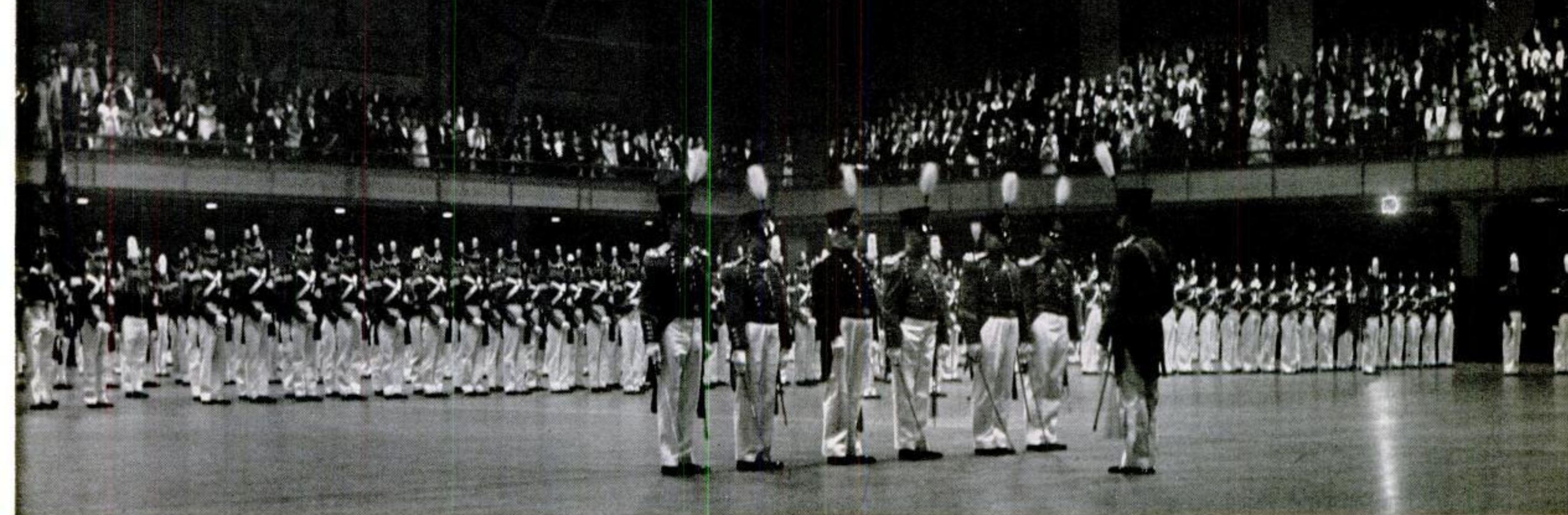
TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



NATIONAL GUARD

IF YOU WANT TO HELP U.S. DEFENSE, THIS IS ONE WAY



OPPOSITE PAGE: A WEST VIRGINIA NATIONAL GUARDSMAN IN THE FIELD. ABOVE: NEW YORK'S FAMOUS SEVENTH REGIMENT IN FULL DRESS FOR SOUTH AMERICAN DIPLOMATS



New recruits, enlisting at Indianapolis in a field-artillery battery of the National Guard's 38th Division,

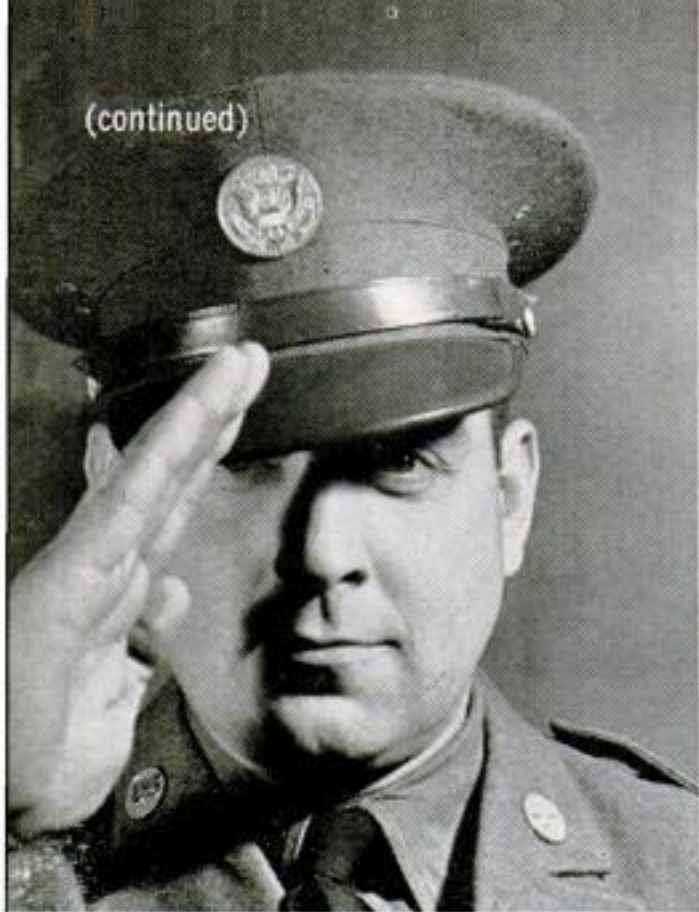
take oath to obey commands of both the President of the U. S. and the Governor of their State.

In the fat years of peace, many complacent Americans came to think of and treat their National Guard as an outfit of grown-up Boy Scouts who liked to play at war. On May 31 they were abruptly snapped out of that illusion and made to realize that the National Guard is exactly what its name implies. In his second defense message, President Roosevelt asked that Congress "grant me the authority to call into active service such portion of the National Guard as may be deemed necessary to maintain our position of neutrality and to safeguard the national defense."

This proposal brought the first objections that have been raised against the President's defense program. Some Congressmen feared he was secretly planning to send troops to France. General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, immediately offered assurance that no such intention existed and that there was no immediate prospect of the requested authority's being used. Though the full explanation was given to Congress behind closed doors, it was understood that the real reason for the request was the prospect that Regular Army troops may have to be sent to some Latin American trouble spot, in which case National Guardsmen would be needed to bat for them in home defense.

Americans, no longer complacent, may now thank God that some 230,000 of their fellow citizens have been willing to sacrifice spare time and effort, give up their vacations and risk their jobs, in order to learn how to defend their country. To other citizens who in the present crisis want to do more than talk about strengthening their country, the National Guard now offers a chance to help. It needs men, some 20,000 of them, to fill up ranks to its present authorized strength of 250,000. But the chance to help is not limited to the physically qualified men of 18 to 35 who are eligible to enlist in the Guard. The greatest obstacle to recruiting new Guardsmen, and to keeping old members in service, has always been the reluctance of employers to give their workers time off for the two (now three) weeks of field training and occasional extra duty required of Guardsmen. The employer who will not only permit but encourage his men to join or remain in the Guard—and to small employers that is frequently a hard sacrifice—can now render his country real service.

(continued)



PRIVATE THEODORE JOHNSON, 34
ELECTRICIAN



PRIVATE RAY HANKINS, 21
NEWSPAPER PRESSMAN



SERGEANT MAX BRAUSTETTER, 27
SCHOOLTEACHER



PRIVATE WILLIAM HITCH, 22
GROCERY CLERK



CITIZEN PATRIOTS DO OWN JOBS AND THE NATION'S TOO

The National Guard," says the War Department in a newly published booklet, *The Army of the United States*, "is made up of citizens of the United States who are so interested in national defense that they desire to take an active part in military affairs in addition to managing their own private ones." Here you see pictures of representative National Guardsmen in Darlington, Ind.

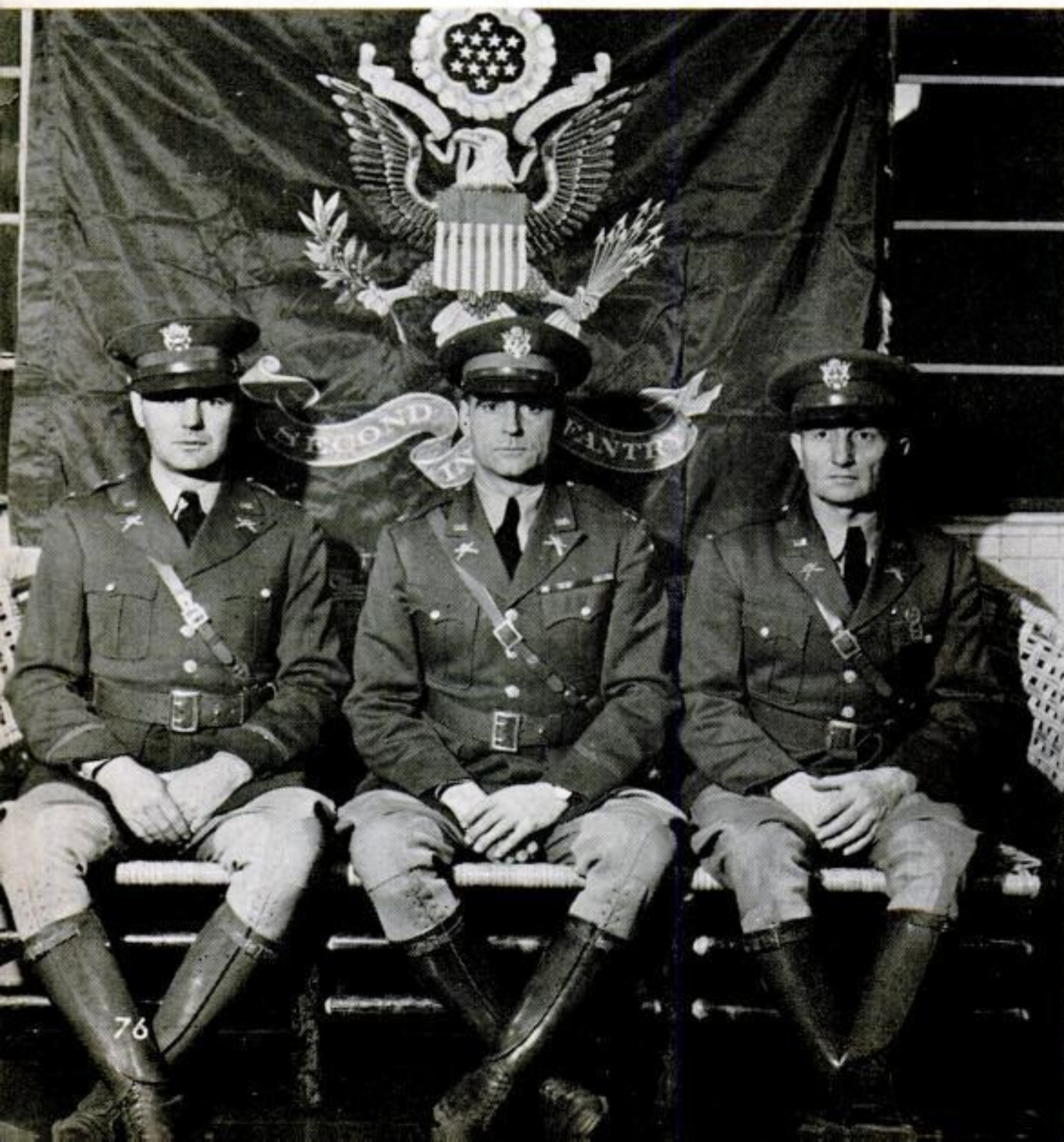
Descended from the volunteer militia of Colonial America, the National Guard since 1903 has gradually become an integral part of the Army of the U. S. The Federal Government supplies its equipment and ordinary pay (which begins for a private at \$1 per drill night, \$1.50 per day of field training). States furnish

extra pay when it is called out for local disorder or disaster and in co-operation with cities and counties furnish its armories. As distinguished from the National Guard proper there has been since 1933 a "National Guard of the U. S.," to which nearly all Guard officers belong. For not more than 15 days per year without their consent, they may be called into active service by the President. Otherwise, each State unit of the Guard is under the command of its Governor, and may be ordered into defense service by the President only after Congress has expressly declared a state of national emergency.

Two out of every five divisions that went to France in the World War—comprising nearly half a million

Officers of Darlington's Company E are (l. to r.): 2nd Lieut. C. Reese, school superintendent; Capt. A. C. Warren, Maytag dealer; 1st Lieut. K. L. Cox, Ford dealer.

Guardsmen study first aid (below), articles of war, defense against chemical and mechanized warfare, map reading, camouflage, sanitation, musketry, riot duty, communications, scouting, many other subjects.





PRIVATE NORMAN HIATT, 20
SHOEMAKER



SUPPLY SERGEANT WARNER COX, 55
FARMER



PRIVATE ROYDEN PADDACK, 18
FARMER



CORPORAL MARTIN COX, 21
LUNCH COUNTERMAN



men—were National Guard units augmented with new recruits. If America fights again, the Guard will, under present plan, comprise 60% of the nation's first-line defense Army (Initial Protective Force).

Organized at 1,500 stations in all 48 States, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, District of Columbia and (now in formation) Alaska, the National Guard contains units of infantry, artillery, cavalry, anti-aircraft and all other arms of the Regular Army. The unit in Darlington, Ind. (pop. 700) is an infantry company: Company E of the 151st Infantry, 76th Brigade, 38th Division, Indiana National Guard. Darlington, like many another town especially in the Midwest, takes great civic pride in the company. The fine new armory (right) is the

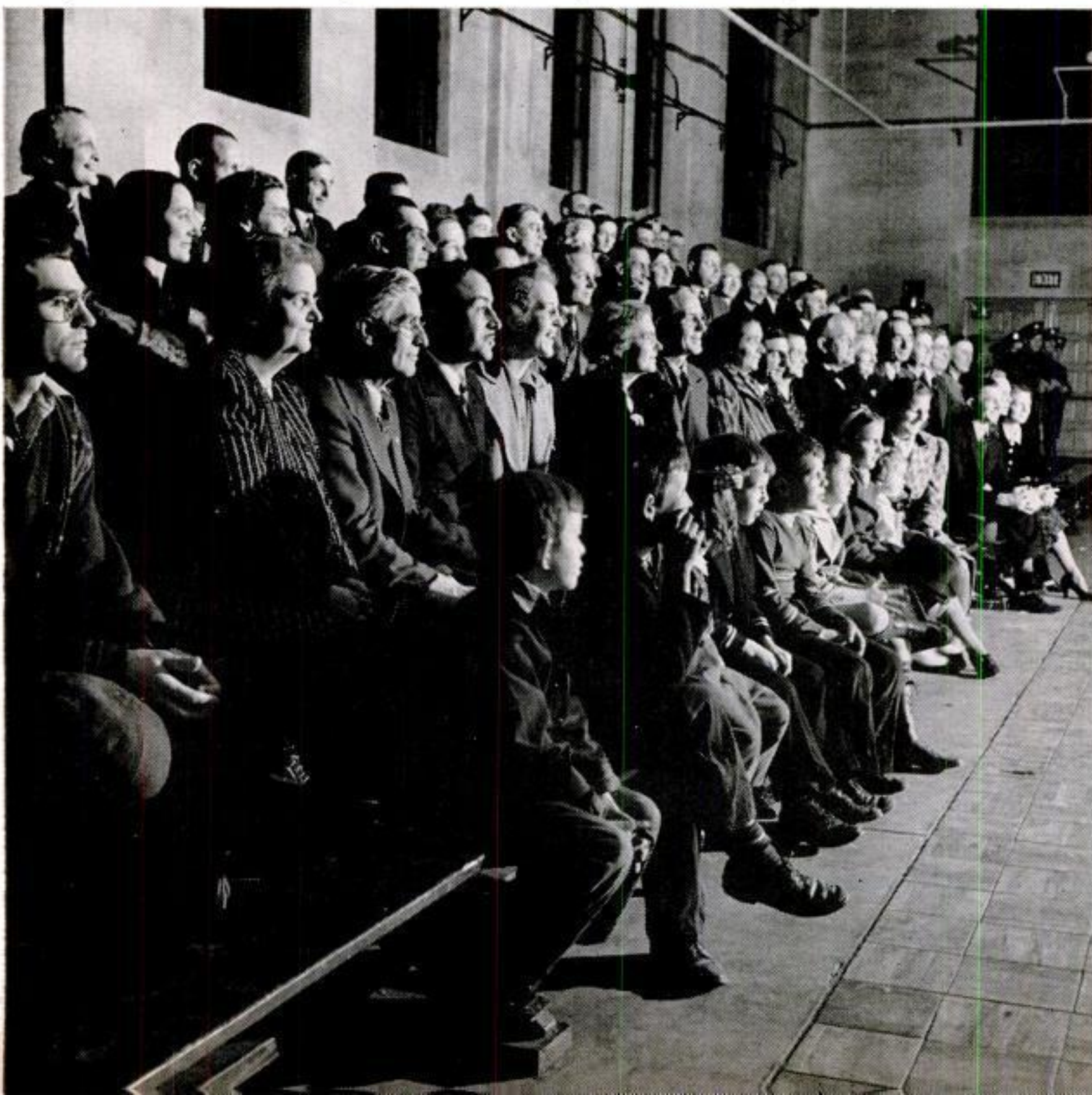
main community center. After a recent recruiting drive, the company is now up to its full authorized strength of 84 men. Organized in 1921, it has seen State service in two mine strikes, the Terre Haute general strike of 1936, the Ohio River flood of 1937.

Like other Guardsmen, Darlington's meet once a week [Monday night] for drill and study. Last year, in addition to the regular two weeks of field training, Company E put in seven days at the Frankfort, Ind. rifle range to make up the new third week in the field. This year, Aug. 11-31, it will have a full three weeks in the Second Army maneuvers near Sparta, Wis. Guard officers report unusually little trouble in persuading Darlington employers to give their men time off.



ARMORY AT DARLINGTON, IND. IS COMMUNITY CENTER

Townpeople turn out on drill nights to watch the fun. They subscribed \$2,700 to furnish the new armory, use it for dances and games, have an Armory Club sworn to uphold National Defense Act.



Officer peers down rifle barrel during inspection. In addition to the Monday night drill, non-commissioned officers of Darlington Guard meet Friday evening for study.





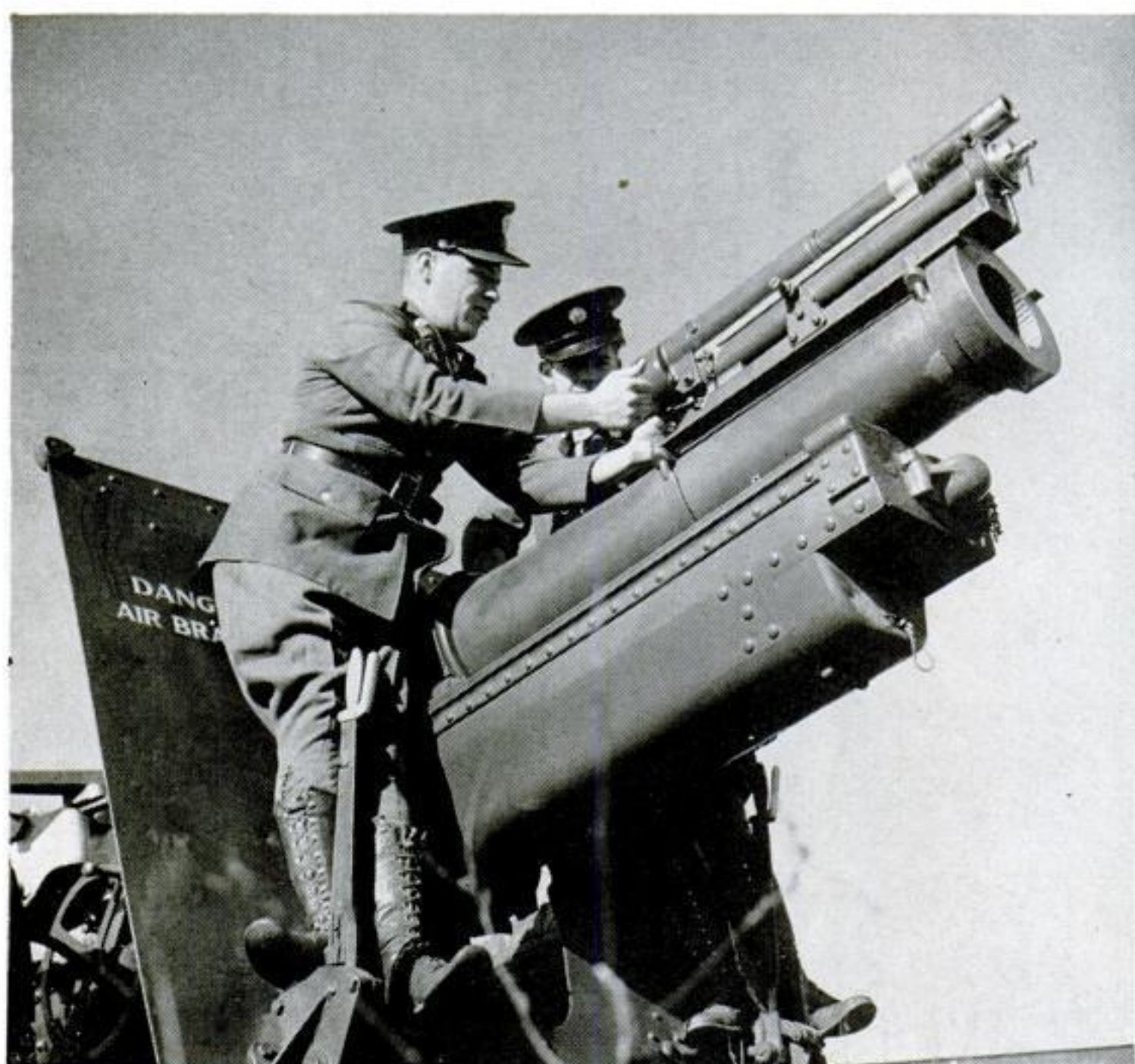
Fundamentals take much of the Guard's time. Here Corporal Joe Sganbelluri drills Rookie Joseph Feistling in "hay foot, straw foot." Both men work in Carnegie Steel mill, Gary, Ind.



Field training and equipment are the National Guard's greatest needs. Above: an Indiana machine-gun section prepares to defend itself against airplane strafing. No amount of book study and armory drill can make up for lack of experience in the field. The Guard's

U. S. WAKES TO GUARD NEEDS

People who complain because there is not more to show for the billions that the U. S. has spent on defense in recent years often fail to realize how terrifically expensive it is to keep up an army. Every week, the combined drill nights of the National Guard cost the U. S. some \$350,000 in pay alone. Millions more are spent each year on equipment and maintenance. Even so, the results obtained in number of men and amount of training are paltry when compared with those of peacetime Germany and France, where every able-bodied youth was conscripted for two full years of military training. Hitherto the U. S. has let its National Guard drift along in makeshift fashion, getting insufficient field training, totally lacking in modern weapons, target-practicing with .22 rifles instead of high-powered Springfields or Garands, skirmishing through make-believe barriers on cramped armory floors. Only now is the Guard beginning to get modern weapons and more of the field training it needs.



Making believe they are firing their big 155-mm. howitzer, these Guardsmen at Marion, Ind. fire 37-mm. gun attached on top. Guard has always been cramped in ammunition supply.





increase to three weeks per year in the field instead of two is a help but makes the employer and time-off problem all the harder. Below: curious Guardsmen swarm over tanks

during the maneuvers at Fort Knox. Tanks are a rarity in the Guard. These two are the sole possessions of the 38th Tank Company at Harrodsburg, Ky., which according to

standard should be equipped with 17. The National Guard now has only a fraction of the 306 it should have for regulation strength. But the rest are ordered and on the way.





THE GUARD HAS A GREAT TRADITION

New York City's "Seventh Regiment," which like other old and famous Guard outfits retains its popular name despite the fact that since 1917 it has been listed in Army files as 107th Infantry, traces its origin back to an artillery troop organized to stand off a threatened British naval attack in 1806.

This picture was taken in its Park Avenue armory after one of its full-dress reviews for foreign dignitaries. It may now become an anti-aircraft regiment. Other crack Guard regiments with proud old battle flags include New Orleans' Washington Artillery, the Richmond Blues, Boston's First Corps of Cadets.



George M. Chescheir (*right*) is Louisville agency manager of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. He is also a National Guard lieutenant colonel and second in command of Louisville's 138th Field Artillery. A veteran of the Mexican campaign and the World War, he averages two nights per week at drills,

staff conferences, gunnery study, plus three weeks in the field every summer, plus weekend maneuvers. Glad and proud to serve his country thus, this representative National Guard officer is passing on his tradition to his sons. Bill (*left*) is raring to join the Guard. Tom (*center*) is working toward West Point.

FATHERS HAND IT ON TO THEIR SONS

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Tidal wave of American feeling sweeps away Isolationism as Battle of France begins

At 3:51 on the morning of June 5, the first rays of a bright French sun flashed over the long battlefield, from the mouth of the Somme on the Channel to the northern end of the Maginot Line at Montmédy. In the brief two weeks that the Germans had taken to clean out the Flanders pocket, General Weygand had organized a masterful "defense in depth," designed to slow down and halt the blitzkrieg tactics. But against this Weygand system the Germans marshaled a far superior strength of men and steel. Nine minutes after sunrise the grand attack began.

Seeking a break-through point for motorized columns, the Germans launched the first assault along the classic lines of World War I: artillery fire followed by waves of tanks and infantry. Against the specific blitzkrieg weapons—Stukas (dive bombers) and Panzer columns—the French had found effective counter-tactics. Troops attacked by Stukas discovered that, by lying low in ditches and holding fire until a plane was over them, they could usually escape and often bring down the plane. The Germans, having lost the power of surprise in their new weapons and tactics, flung the sheer weight of steel against the Weygand Line, holding the Panzer divisions for later use.

At first it was called the Battle of the Somme. But on the second day General Weygand gave it the only name worthy of its wide field and vital importance—the Battle of France. In his order of the day the Generalissimo said: "Let the thought of our country, wounded by the invader, inspire you to the steadfast resolution to hold where you are. . . . Hold tight to the soil of France!"

At the western end of the front (von Schlieffen's "strong right wing") the Germans opened a hole in the French line through which early this week the Panzer divisions were plunging deep into the Rouen region. Another strong salient was driven west from Soissons. If both thrusts succeeded, they might create a giant pair of pincers driving down on Paris.

Steadily through the hot sunny weekend the armies of France were beaten back. On Monday, June 10, speaking from a balcony of Rome's Palazzo Venezia, Benito Mussolini broadcast to thousands of cheering Italians jammed in the Piazza below and in the squares and market places of all Italy that their country had entered the war against England and France. To Mussolini's shout "Our conscience is perfectly tranquil" the mobs roared approval.

In London, Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* predicted that "this coming week will be the greatest in the history of the world . . . before this week is out fresh continents may be shaken by these terrific convulsions and perhaps themselves engulfed."

England was all but cut off from France. Less than 30,000 troops of the B. E. F. were fighting beside the French Army, while the rest stood idle in England, helpless without the equipment they left in Flanders.

While King George squinted along a machine-gun sight, which he found "surprisingly steady," England armed her home army of Local Defense Volunteers whose job is to spot any enemy landing, by sea or air, and fight a delaying action until the arrival of regulars. These are now known as "Iron-sides" after Cromwell's shock troops and their own commander, General Ironside. Under the whip of tough little Lord Beaverbrook, England's airplane factories raised their weekly output 62%.



KING GEORGE INSPECTING MACHINE GUN

Help for the Allies. A tidal wave of American feeling burst last week through the dikes of Isolationism and swept the U. S. far down the road of Intervention. It was no news that the people wanted to help the Allies. But the desperate eagerness to help them quickly and the willingness to take grave national risks was tremendous news indeed.

It was one of the most violent shifts of feeling in American political history and it left most of the politicians far behind. Only two weeks ago young Senator Pepper of Florida was a voice crying in a Congressional wilderness when he introduced a resolution to sell American Army and Navy planes to the Allies. Last week surprised Mr. Pepper looked around to find almost the whole nation behind him. While Congress fumbled the ball, President Roosevelt picked it up.

The President empowered the Army and Navy to sell obsolete planes and World War equipment back to the manufacturers for resale to the Allies. Within 24 hours 50 Curtiss dive bombers, flown



PEPPER

to the Buffalo airport from bases all over the U. S., were being tuned up for shipment to Europe. "Obsolete" in that they lack the latest self-sealing gasoline tanks and seat armor, these planes are nonetheless far superior to many in use by the German Air Force. They ranked as first-line U. S. planes and were only one or two years old. Under the President's plan they may be followed by several hundred more planes, plus quantities of rifles, machine guns and 75's left over from World War I. Against all this there was scarcely a



NAVY PLANES BEING TUNED UP FOR ALLIES

peep of objection from the press. One plane we send to Europe now, the people plainly felt, will do more to protect the U. S. than many kept at home for use later.

Conscription and Armament. The wave of feeling for quick help to the Allies was even surpassed by the wave of feeling for swift and mighty Rearmament. Last week the *New York Times* made a proposal which, in any other of the 7,928 weeks since the Republic began, would have met with national indignation. The *Times's* proposal was for universal compulsory military training in peacetime. That afternoon President Roosevelt said he "liked the *Times* editorial" and the Hearst papers hotly insisted that they were the first to propose it.

Another proposal that has always been shunned by politicians, though reformers love it, is that of lowering the income-tax base. Last week in the Rearmament fever this too looked like a sure thing. The House Ways and Means Committee, getting up a tax bill of more than \$1,000,000,000, approved a plan to lower the exemption for unmarried persons to \$800, that for married persons to \$2,000.

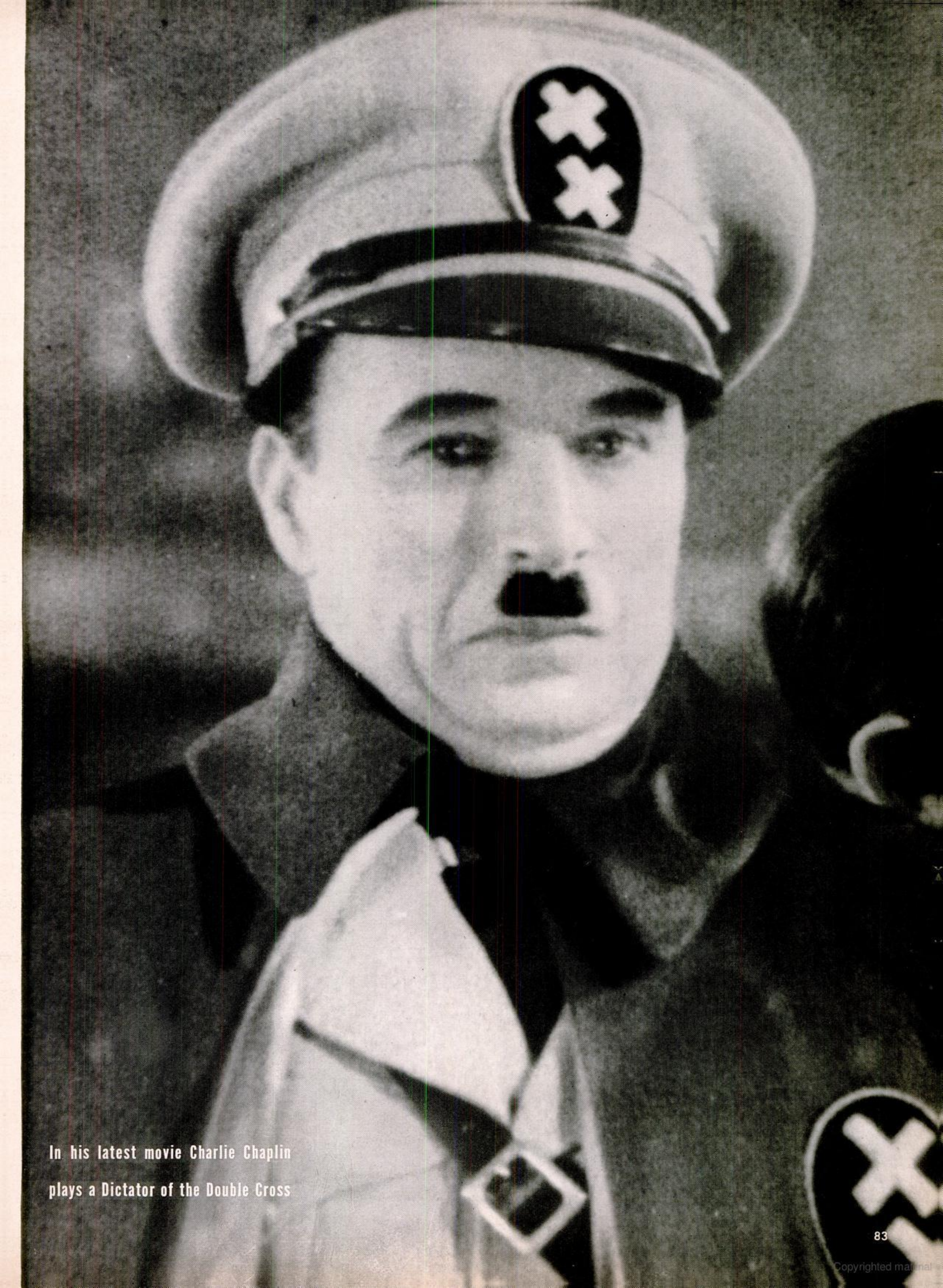


FORD

Equally significant was the sudden, serious interest in Henry Ford's casual remark of two weeks ago, that, given six months to get an assembly line ready, he "could turn out 1,000 planes a day." At Mr. Ford's request the Army sent a sample plane to Detroit for him to study. In Florida the *Orlando Morning Sentinel* addressed an open letter to Mr. Ford proposing that he lead the way by turning over his entire plant at once to the manufacture of war machines. Wrote the *Sentinel*: "Of all the men in the world, you, Mr. Ford, are perhaps the one man able to stop Adolf Hitler. . . . Rockefeller finally turned his wealth to medical research; Carnegie put his in books and marble porticos bearing his name; Frick left beautiful pictures. But what value are books or pictures or medical cures in the face of an invader who levels all these things before him? You, Mr. Ford, have the answer to Hitler and the answer to liberty."

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

This is the first picture published anywhere from Charlie Chaplin's much-discussed, much-guarded dictator movie known now only as "Production No. 6." In it the pathetic little tramp who is the world's most beloved cinema figure is hoisted by mistake from a Berlin ghetto barbershop into the Führer's shoes. He talks a gibberish astonishingly like one of Hitler's frenzied radio speeches, though no German is spoken. Sydney Chaplin plays Göring, Jack Oakie Mussolini, Paulette Goddard a shopgirl. The film is finished in rough form. Chaplin has still to compose music, assign orchestration, make a few retakes, dub in sound. Late August or early September he will exhibit it, in the conviction that "at a time like this laughter is a safety valve for our sanity."



In his latest movie Charlie Chaplin
plays a Dictator of the Double Cross



Authority is divided among the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense as follows (l. to r.): Federal Reserve Board Member Chester C. Davis, agriculture; University of North Carolina Dean Harriet Elliott, con-

sumer protection; ex-General Motors President William S. Knudsen, industrial production; ex-U. S. Steel Chairman Edward R. Stettinius Jr., raw materials; William McReynolds, secretary; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Chair-

man Ralph Budd, transportation; SEC Member Leon Henderson, price stabilization. Absent: Amalgamated Clothing Workers President Sidney Hillman, labor. When Knudsen asked, "Who's boss?" President Roosevelt replied, "I am."

WILL U.S. MOBILIZE ITS INDUSTRIAL MIGHT IN TIME?

Forty years ago a gangling, 20-year-old Danish immigrant named Signius Wilhelm Poul Knudsen ambled down an Ellis Island gangplank, stopped to gawk at the sights and was promptly bumped by an impetuous deckhand who roared: "Hurry up, you --- -- --." The boy, who shortly Americanized his name to William S. Knudsen, has been hurrying ever since. By way of bicycle building he rose to become production manager of Ford Motor Co. during its great expansion period. Last week, world-famed as a production genius, he took indefinite leave from the presidency of General Motors Corp. to give his services to the nation at a time when it needed as never before to produce arms in a hurry (see front cover).

President Roosevelt's choice of Businessmen Knudsen, Edward R. Stettinius Jr. and Ralph Budd to be members of his Defense Advisory Commission was a heartening indication that the answer to the question in the headline above will be: Yes. Equally encouraging were his promise and action to free these experts from Cabinet domination and back them with his own authority.

But much remained to be done. Items:

- 1) The appointment of a new Secretary of War;
- 2) The appointment of a new Secretary of the Navy;
- 3) The appointment of a single businessman-administrator to be undisputed chief, under the President, of industrial mobilization.

The need for the first two actions is obvious. Indisputably, America now needs the ablest executives it can summon to administer the affairs of its Army and Navy. Whatever his virtues, no one has ever marked Secretary of War Woodring as one of the nation's top executives. The stultification of the War Department caused by his jealousy, secretiveness and obstructionism, centering in his feud with the Assistant Secretary of War, has long been notorious. There is even less room for argument about replacing Secretary of the Navy Edison. He has

already disqualified himself by becoming a candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

The proof of the third move's necessity lies in the nation's own experience. This is not the first time that modern America has faced the gigantic problem of gearing its industrial might to maximum arms production. In 1916, President Wilson's first move to meet it was the same as President Roosevelt's has been to date. He appointed a Cabinet Council of National Defense, with a similar Advisory Commission of civilian experts.

By the force of circumstances and their own abilities, the civilian experts gradually came to supersede their Cabinet superiors; their advice came to have the weight of commands. But still industrial mobilization floundered. One major obstacle was that almost no advance planning had been done. Nobody knew how much of what supplies were needed, or what factories could produce them. The other great trouble was that authority over industrial supply was divided among scores of men and bureaus. Inevitably, they often worked at cross purposes. As a result, America, instead of fulfilling the Allies' wish for vast quantities of munitions

which they would do the fighting with, had to send vast quantities of troops to fight in large part with Allied arms. In January 1918, nine months after the U. S. entered the war, confusion had become so great that the chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee declared publicly: "The military establishment has . . . almost stopped functioning."

On March 4, 1918 President Wilson, naming Bernard M. Baruch to be chairman of the War Industries Board, delegated to this one able businessman dictatorial powers over U. S. industry. Only then did industry get into gear and begin to turn out the vast quantities of which it was capable. When it did, it was the wonder of the world.

America already has a far better start than it had in 1917. For years the War and Navy Departments have been making studies of the supplies needed for war and the specific factories that can produce them. But there is no reason to suppose that divided authority will work any better now than it did in 1917. For the moment, the President is active boss of industrial mobilization. But the job cannot long be a sideline for any man, even Franklin Roosevelt.

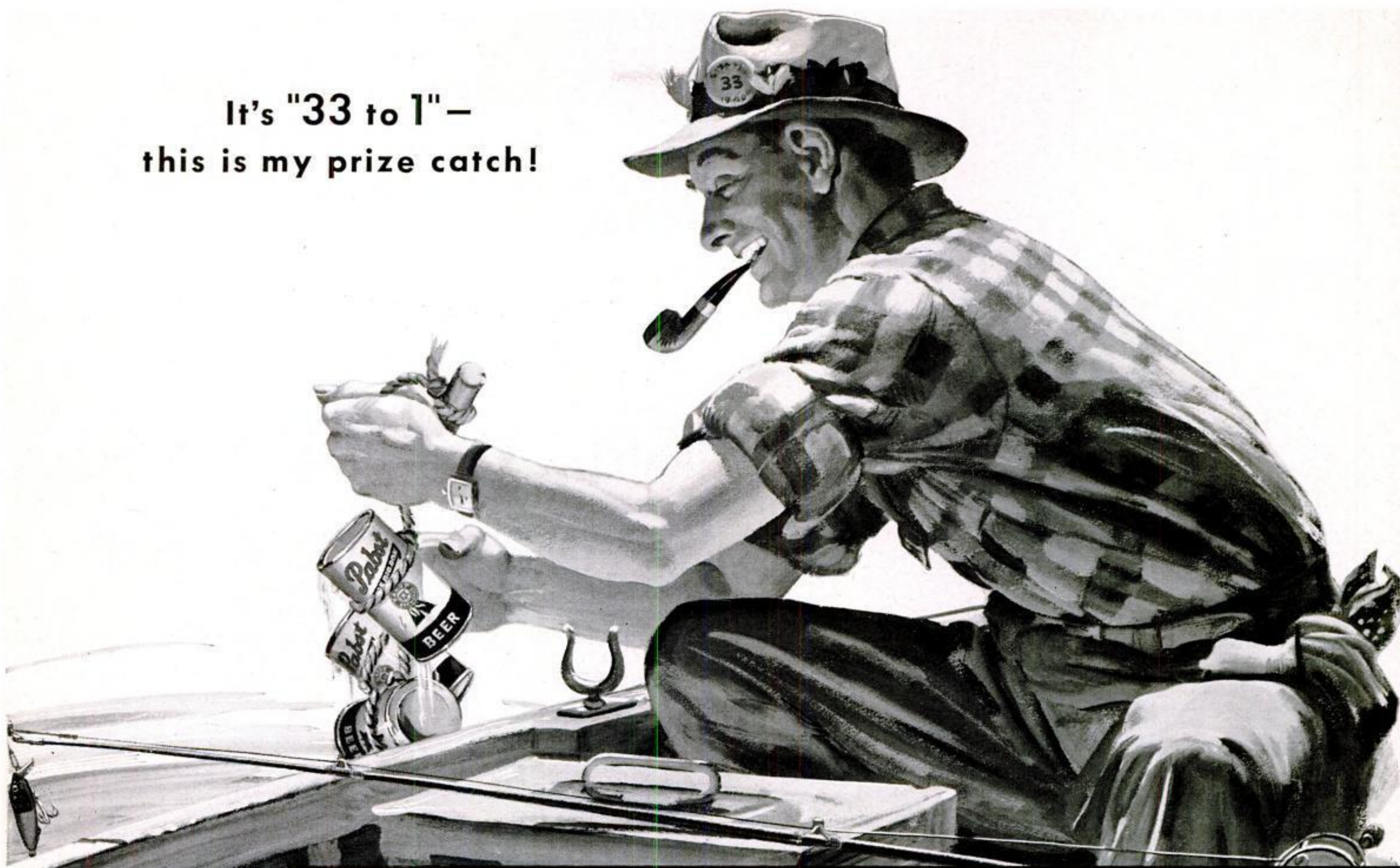
General belief in Washington last week was that the President, after the present organizing stage is over, will proceed to appoint a single, all-powerful Administrator of War Resources as called for in the Industrial Mobilization Plan. Few choices could be more vital to the nation than the one he makes of the man for the job. Bernard M. Baruch, though he had the power to coerce, rarely used it. As a member of the business fellowship, speaking its language and understanding its problems, he called on and won American businessmen's enthusiastic co-operation. The miraculous results, declared Wartime Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, "would have been quite impossible if there had simply been a fiat from Washington."

The disqualification of any business-wary New Dealer to attempt to repeat this performance is manifest. The qualifications of such top-notch businessmen as Knudsen or Stettinius are equally plain.



Authority was centered in Chairman Bernard M. Baruch (seated, third from left) in the War Industries Board of 1918.

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*GRIPPERS

***THE SNAP FASTENERS THAT END "BUTTON BOTHER"**



Scovill Manufacturing Co.
Waterbury, Conn.

21 DAYS (continued from p. 23)

(continued from p. 23)

We debussed there shortly before dusk into more orchards and then saw something of the German Air Force. They were coming over, medium dive bombers at no great height, in droves of 30 at a time. What beats me is why they didn't plaster the main road, which by this time was packed with traffic, military and refugee, going all ways but mostly west.

Watching that traffic it dawned on me then—and on most of us—that, instead of taking part in an advance, we were really taking part in a retreat. All we had done was to get far enough up to become a rear guard. You must remember that we had had no news for days of what had been happening. That day would have been, I think, the fifteenth. One of our chaps who could speak French had learned from some refugees that there was heavy fighting going on around Brussels.

That night we slept in barns round Oomburgen. The cooks had got up and we had the first good hot meal since we started. There were stringent blackout orders and it was just my luck as orderly sergeant to be up most of the night, stumbling round in the darkness to see that the orders were carried out. All through the night I could hear the Jerry aircraft droning about far above in great numbers. Their sound reminded me of the wild geese we'd hear on winter nights crossing the Yorkshire moors.

Guarding the route of retreat

In the morning we learned what our job was. The whole battalion was to line up at intervals along this main road to keep traffic going, keep refugees off the roads and in the fields and adopt such action against advancing enemy as became necessary.

We got our anti-tank guns in position by 5 a. m. The refugees were a big problem. Speaking mostly Flemish, they could not understand us nor we them. If they were ordered off the roads by gestures they pretended not to understand and dully plodded along or else started wailing and just sat down. You can't push women and kids about and we scarcely knew what to do till one of us hit on the idea of seizing the leaders, pointing skyward and then to the road and saying with horrible grimaces: "*Una bombe.*" Then we'd point to the fields, smile, and wave cheerily. That worked all right.

As we were getting the road clear, the rumble of gunfire in the distance was growing nearer. Early that morning we let a Guards Battalion through—or what was left of them. They had been in some heavy fighting, we were told, trying to stem the German advance across the Albert Canal. But they were cheerful and swinging along as if they were moving up Buckingham Palace Road.

At midday, having had no actual contact yet with the Germans, we also were ordered to withdraw. The traffic down the road was now a mere trickle. It was disheartening but we were told that there were not enough of us to do any good and besides our position was "in the air." We marched—the first of a lot of marching—till 1:30 a. m. We had covered about 25 miles, when some of the battalion got rest in an old abandoned farmhouse. I slept in a hencoop on the floor under the perches — and glad of it.

The next day we covered another 20 miles and found an empty village to rest in. As soon as it was light the Germans began bombing and machine-gunning the village. Though the raid went on for a couple of hours and the village street was packed with our transport, there were no casualties. A fire spoiled their aim and drove them off. Throughout all the days afterward I never saw Jerry aircraft press home an attack against any opposition. They don't like reasonably accurate fire and I've seen the appearance of a single Spitfire clear the sky like magic of half-a-dozen German bombers.

Again it was marching—20 miles the next day and 20 the next, always with the German bombers coming over in droves, bombing and machine-gunning. We kept together and pressed doggedly on. Now and then we'd see a great pillar of smoke in front or behind as bombs landed, and we'd hear the shout, "Stretcher bearers!" passed along the line. On the whole we had few casualties. By now we were good at getting to cover off the road as soon as the raiders approached.

That second day we were beginning to tire badly under the long forced marches in full kit and the continual bombing, but in the afternoon we passed the Guards Battalion who had passed through our lines on the Brussels road three days before. They were eating by the roadside and they must have done 75 miles in those three days. They gave us a bit of a cheer as we went past and I'm afraid that we, knowing that we were the youngest battalion in the British Army, showed off a bit in front of those Guards, pulling ourselves together and practically marching at attention.

That night we got to Seclin—back to where we had started five days before. There transport picked us up and rushed us through the night to a point seven miles from Douai. We could see the city burning on the skyline. Some of the men fell asleep where they stood as we waited in the darkness for orders. There was a continuous roar of artillery fire and



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TODAY!



21 DAYS (continued)

bombing towards Douai and the sky was ablaze with "contact" lights sent up by the Germans. At last orders came. We were told to dig in along the canal bank nearby. The opposition was about five miles away toward Douai and we were to hold them.

We got well down by dawn and then for two days got a taste of the real thing in the way of bombing. They bombed us to hell. Every few minutes from dawn till dark the dive bombers came over in relays. They'd come in flocks overhead and then form a line. The leader would turn over and come down. You'd hear the high screaming crescendo of his motor and then the sound of the bomb that seemed to be coming right at you. The terrific "whump" of the explosion made you gasp and seemed to split your skull. Soon we learned to distinguish between bombs. A whistling sound meant that it was some distance away. A sheet-ripping sound meant nearby.

Personally I didn't do much thinking about anything but it did me good to keep my thoughts on my platoon and go along the section posts. If you have got the wind up [are afraid—ED.], having something to do helps. I had the wind up a lot, especially during the first day of concentrated bombing along that canal-bank trenchline. I had the real taste of it in my mouth. Somehow it tasted like a penny I once popped in my mouth when I was a kid. But when you are an N. C. O. you mustn't show it.

Once, crouching under a huge salvo of bombs that sent showers of trench parapet down on top of me, a phrase of the commander-in-chief flashed through my mind. He had said that war was days of intense boredom mixed with moments of acute fear. I suddenly realized how true it was and burst out laughing—until I saw the next man along looking at me queerly.

After two days in this position, with no Germans yet in sight, we were moved farther to the right and told to dig in again by the canal bank, covering two bridges that were ruined. Jerry was a mile away, hidden behind a knoll over which he lobbed mortar fire. He came no nearer but the same bombing went on and now shells began to arrive. Still we had comparatively few casualties—because of the way we looked after ourselves, I suppose.

After three days there, we were hurriedly moved out as the enemy were past our flanks. We marched from 10:30 at night till 4:30 in the morning when our transport picked us up deadbeat and brought us into Armentières. The town was being heavily bombed but they didn't stay long when our fighters turned up. Our convoy went through. Unfortunately nearly half of it was misdirected and went on toward Mount Cassel instead of toward Steenvorde. Going down the valley they ran bang under Jerry's guns placed along a bridge. They got hell and lost a lot of men. I only heard that afterward, when the remnants rejoined us for the last stand in front of Dunkerque.

The battalion gets its heaviest bombing

My convoy of about half the battalion went on toward Steenvorde. Near there we went through the most intensive bombing we had yet experienced. The afternoon sky seemed black with dive bombers. Before we could get to field cover, a salvo hit some of the lorries in front, killing and wounding every man inside. A company sergeant major who had got it badly in the side and arm was lying on the road when I got up, shouting: "Leave me, leave me!" Some of his company carried him off the road through the machine-gun spray and the bomb blasts and they were getting a dressing on him in a field bombhole within a minute or two.

We just stuck it there till night came and the bombers cleared out. Then we went into the village. No sooner were we settled down than I was sent for and detailed to take a section out to a forked road at midnight and set up anti-tank guns covering one of the forks. The company dug in in the darkness and my officer told me that we were now covering a main line of retreat for other troops through to Dunkerque. Their road lay off somewhere to our left. We had to stop anything coming in from the right to cut them off.

We lay there till dawn. Though Jerry was shelling heavily I nearly fell asleep at the guns once or twice. What kept jerking me back each time I drowsed was a little stray dog we had picked up. He was cuddled under my arm and kept on shoving his cold nose against my wrist. It was a funny thing about those dogs. Scores of them followed us through the retreat. We used to think it was because they knew we were English. At night they slept with us in barns, huddled up against the men they had picked out. There was one we called our "air-raid warning," a little black-and-white mongrel. He could spot the difference between dive bombers and any other. When we were in a village he would come pelting into the billet as they came over and bury his nose and shiver against the man he had been following.

Before that dawn broke we got another set of orders. We were told that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

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21 DAYS (continued)

our battalion had been selected to make a last stand along the right flank of what they now call the Corunna Line and to hold the last gate open for the troops to get through to Dunkerque. We knew it was an honor for the work we had already done, because we were to hold this last line with some remnants of the Guards and a picked battalion of the French Army. There were also some of the Green Howards who, on the left of us at Douai, had smashed up a German mass attack and then, like the Camerons, had gone in with the bayonet. They had killed thousands. I had watched the Germans coming over on our left at that place and they struck me then like chaps who were being driven on from behind. They went into machine-gun fire all night though they were being mowed down. That struck me as being just plain silly, in men who are supposed to be soldiers. But they couldn't stand cold steel. That's what broke them—when the Green Howards and the Camerons smashed up nearly a division. We were longing for the same chance.

We went back two miles and were now seven miles from Dunkerque. There we dug in on the banks of the Bergues Canal, facing west and south. Water from the smashed locks was helping to form another barrier on our right. On our left were the roads, the gateway through which thousands of troops were pouring to the beaches. Our neighbors, the French, were also digging in. I thought they were marvelous chaps. Our artillery, battery after battery, was forming in the pocket between us, having passed through the gap we had kept open.

Stopping German wave attacks

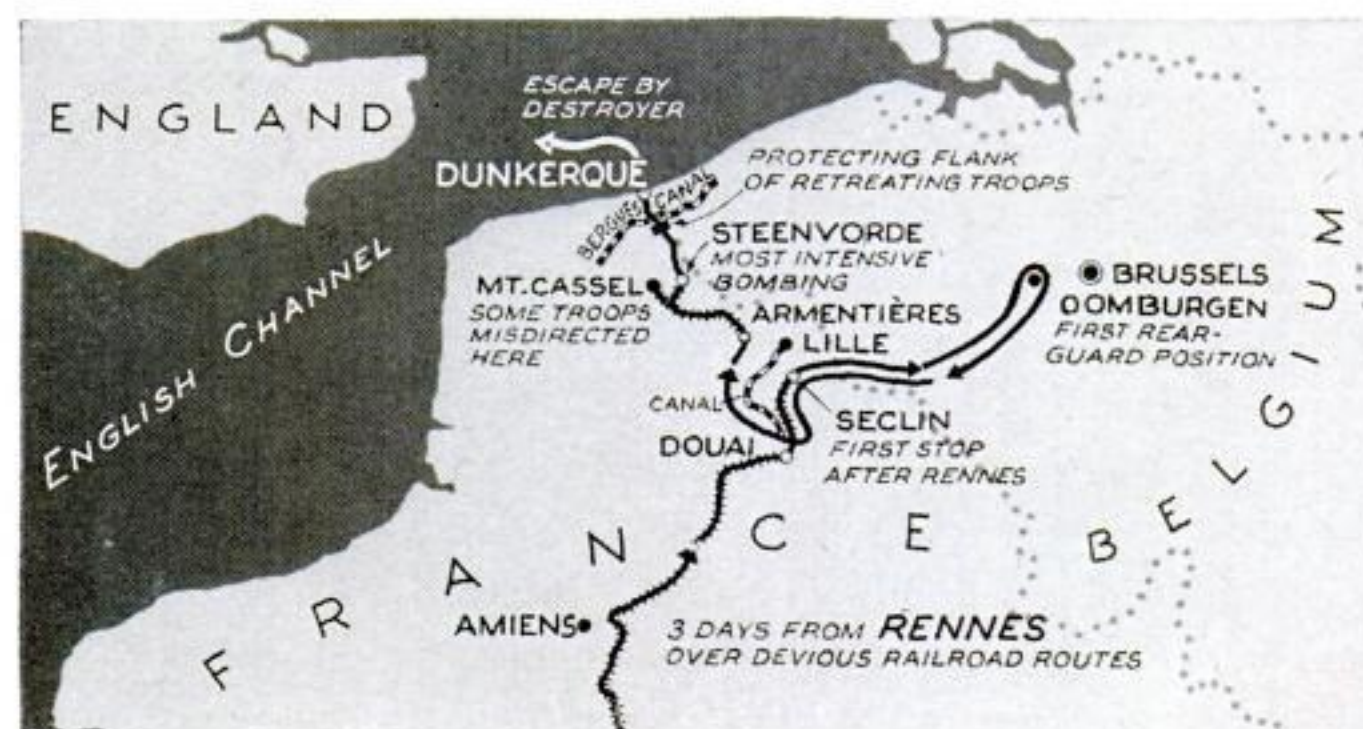
We had just got chin down in the trenches when it started. First came endless relays of dive bombers, then the shelling from the guns we had brought up behind the retreating army. Those two days were the worst and we had heavy casualties. The second day Jerry got up to the woods in front of the trenches but we kept up such a barrage of machine-gun fire in the woods that nothing came out of them. Over our heads, our guns behind were keeping up drumfire into the enemy positions. Attack after attack was smashed and he must have lost a lot. It was an inferno; but I think our stuff was heavier than his.

At night the stream of troops through the gap died down and we were ordered to retire on Dunkerque. But the Germans had the road ranged and we turned off three miles to rest. It took us twelve hours to cover the six miles into Dunkerque.

We found Dunkerque a mass of ruins, with fires everywhere and thousands waiting on the beaches. On the right was a mile-long jetty, badly bomb-torn. We queued up and walked along it in our thousands in the darkness. I did think that it wouldn't be nice to be caught here when daylight and the bombers arrived. So did lots of others, I suppose, but everything was orderly and quiet as we moved along, the less tired ones holding the others up.

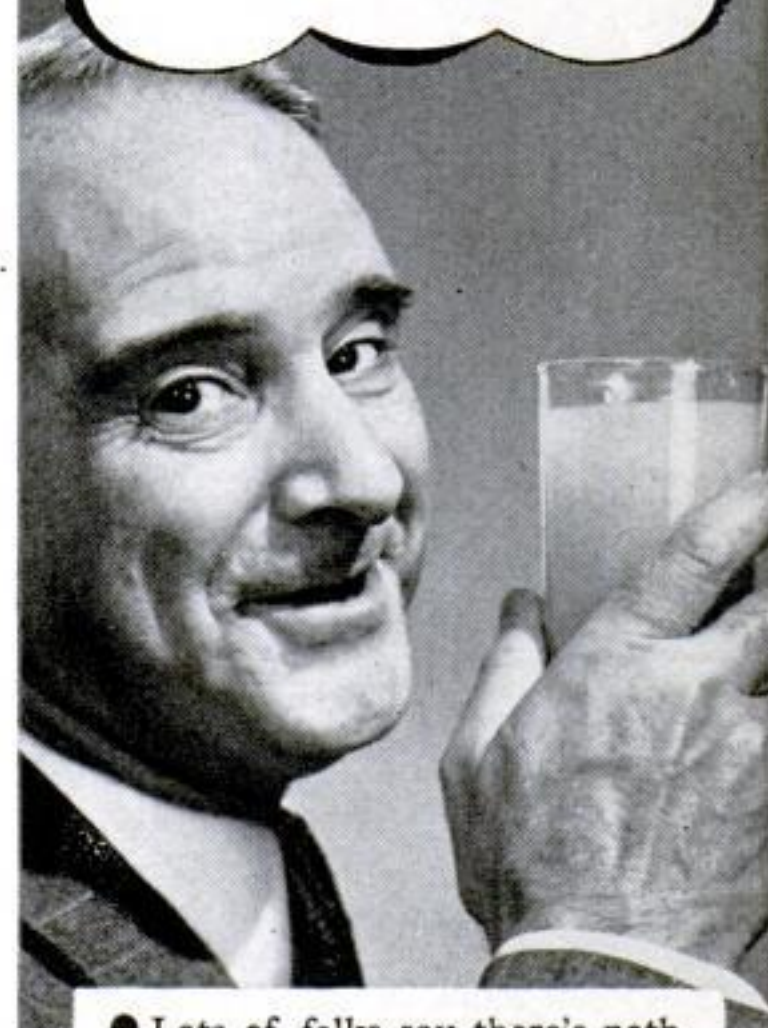
When my batch got to the end we found two destroyers there. The way the Navy got us on board in that pitch darkness, lit only by shellfire, was a miracle of speed and coolness. The whole destroyer seemed to be loaded in less than half an hour. We slid out to sea leaning over with the weight of men aboard. Daylight was just breaking when we cleared the harbor. Along the coast I could see the glare of fires in villages and towns all the way down to Calais. The skies inland were ablaze with Verey lights and bursting shrapnel. That was the last thing I saw or heard before we got to England, because I fell asleep. I did hear alarm bells and a shout of "man action stations forward," but I didn't care.

Looking back through all those 21 days, the queer thing is that not once did my company have a real go at Jerry. That's all I want now. In a few days we'll be okay and ready again. . . .



Sergeant Wadsworth's route began near Rennes, off map at bottom left. His battalion moved up to Oomburgen by train and truck, then at once began a retreat on foot. The troops dug in at Douai for three days, were heavily bombed at Steenvorde, then held the Dunkerque gate while the rest of the B. E. F. passed through.

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"Boys have less toleration than an older person for the faults that go with Grade B Health—a poor skin, low vitality, inertia. To me, Grade B Health in a young girl seems nothing short of a tragedy."



Mrs. Oliver Eaton Cromwell



Grade B Health can do this to a girl . . . Poor skin



—and this . . . No sparkle No magnetism—Little attraction for boys



—and this . . . Headaches Nervousness—Poor digestion



To help win charm and happiness—fight Grade B Health with Fleischmann's Yeast

Learn the common cause of Grade B health—and get away from it!

A poor skin, low spirits, lack of vitality—these marks of Grade B Health have spoiled, for thousands of girls, what should be the happiest time of their lives—made them painfully self-conscious and unsocial—in many cases thwarted their chance of happy marriage.

Grade B Health is not a disease. It's not even an illness in the common sense. But it can cause more misery, more failure in life, than many an acute malady.

Three things—in fact, any one of them—can cause Grade B Health. These three things are Sluggish Digestion, Incomplete Elimination, Exhausted Nerves. They can give you headaches, stomach upsets, jumpy nerves. They can rob you of charm.

To help get out of this condition, thousands of young people today are turning to Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, which in addition to being a great natural food is one of the world's greatest sources of the Vitamin B Complex.

Fleischmann's Yeast, in test cases, so improved the flow of sluggish digestive juices that the speed of digestion was very greatly increased.

Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten regularly, helps to increase the activity of sluggish intestines. It is not a cathartic, but a mild conditioner.

Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in the Nerve Vitamin B₁—helps restore nerves exhausted by lack of this vitamin.

Today, in this country, thousands of girls and boys have been helped to greater pep and vitality simply by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their diet. You, too, should benefit by eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly twice a day. Get it from your grocer.

How to get the full benefits of Fleischmann's Yeast

1. Eat 2 cakes a day, plain, or in milk or water. 2. Eat it first thing in the morning and a half hour before supper. 3. Keep it up. 4. Keep it up. 5. Keep it up.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast should be eaten as regularly as bread, to get its full, lasting benefits. It has something your system needs and should have every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a remarkable natural storehouse—one of the greatest known—of all the parts of the amazing Vitamin B Complex, made up of perhaps as many as 10 different B vitamins.



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FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS

(continued)

ens—bitter, desperate, but calm.

For France there is now no retreat. It has not an ally on the continent of Europe and its great British ally is itself beleaguered until the Empire can send its full help. Frenchmen must say to themselves, "ourselves alone."

The factories and the farms, the tenements and the chateaux are sending everything they have. France has no need to pass laws mobilizing industry and material wealth, for when the Germans stepped over the frontier that law become automatically operative. French individual liberties are a thing of the past, but French collective liberty is the entire issue of the present struggle and, if France can win, the old liberties will be restored not only to Frenchmen but to Slovaks and Moravians and Pomeranians and Bohemians and to lots of curious people who hardly understand what liberty means. If France can win, even the Germans, as Giraudoux put it, may be freed of the slavery they have made for themselves.

In the Geneva talking-shop they used to say, "Peace is indivisible." Today war is indivisible. Tomorrow democracy and liberalism may well discover that defeat is indivisible, and make the discovery too late to realize that victory as well might have been indivisible.

RICHARD de ROCHEMONT

Reds in the Baltic

Vilna, Lithuania

Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania have grown accustomed to the presence of the Soviet garrisons that were rammed down their throats in October. There are no banquets, speeches or parades and the fraternization that took place at first was stopped by the Soviet authorities. But the conduct of these Red garrisons is exemplary.

In eight months' travel I have not seen a single Bolshevik soldier noisy, unruly or drunk. Their discipline is good without being stiff. I have heard a Bolshevik colonel address a private as "tovarisch" and I have seen officers standing in a train refuse to accept seats offered them by non-coms and privates.

To join the 80,000 Red troops garrisoned in the three countries, large mechanized forces are now reported moving westward through Soviet-occupied Poland. I can personally vouch that the uproar of Soviet tanks and planes made sleep impossible in Vilna the night of June 2.

RONALD GIBBEY

Filtered Sunshine! BLACKOUT Irritating Infra-Red Rays



SOLAREX SCIENTIFIC SUN GLASSES

Prevent Strained, Bloodshot Eyes

For Men, Women and Children . . . 39c up to \$2.25

BACHMANN BROS., INC.
1420 EAST ERIE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA

HEAR EASILY

...with Western Electric HEARING AID Ortho-technic Model

Thousands say the Audiphone—a product of Bell Telephone research—helps them to hear in group conversation—at greater distances. After Audiometric tests, your dealer will recommend the Audiphone best suited to your needs. Service available in all principal cities.

Accepted by Council on Physical Therapy, American Medical Association.


GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO. LI-55
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone (Ortho-technic Model) and name of nearest dealer.

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Address

City State



THE U. S. NAVY 1940

OTHER ISSUES CURRENT IN U. S. THEATRES



"It is clear-cut and concise, and like all of the March of Time issues, it is a document of great value, throwing light on one of our most poignant problems."

—Washington Star.



"There is no editorial service today which so consistently puts the finger on the 'hot spot' of world affairs with the master's touch as does The March of Time."

—Tacoma Times.

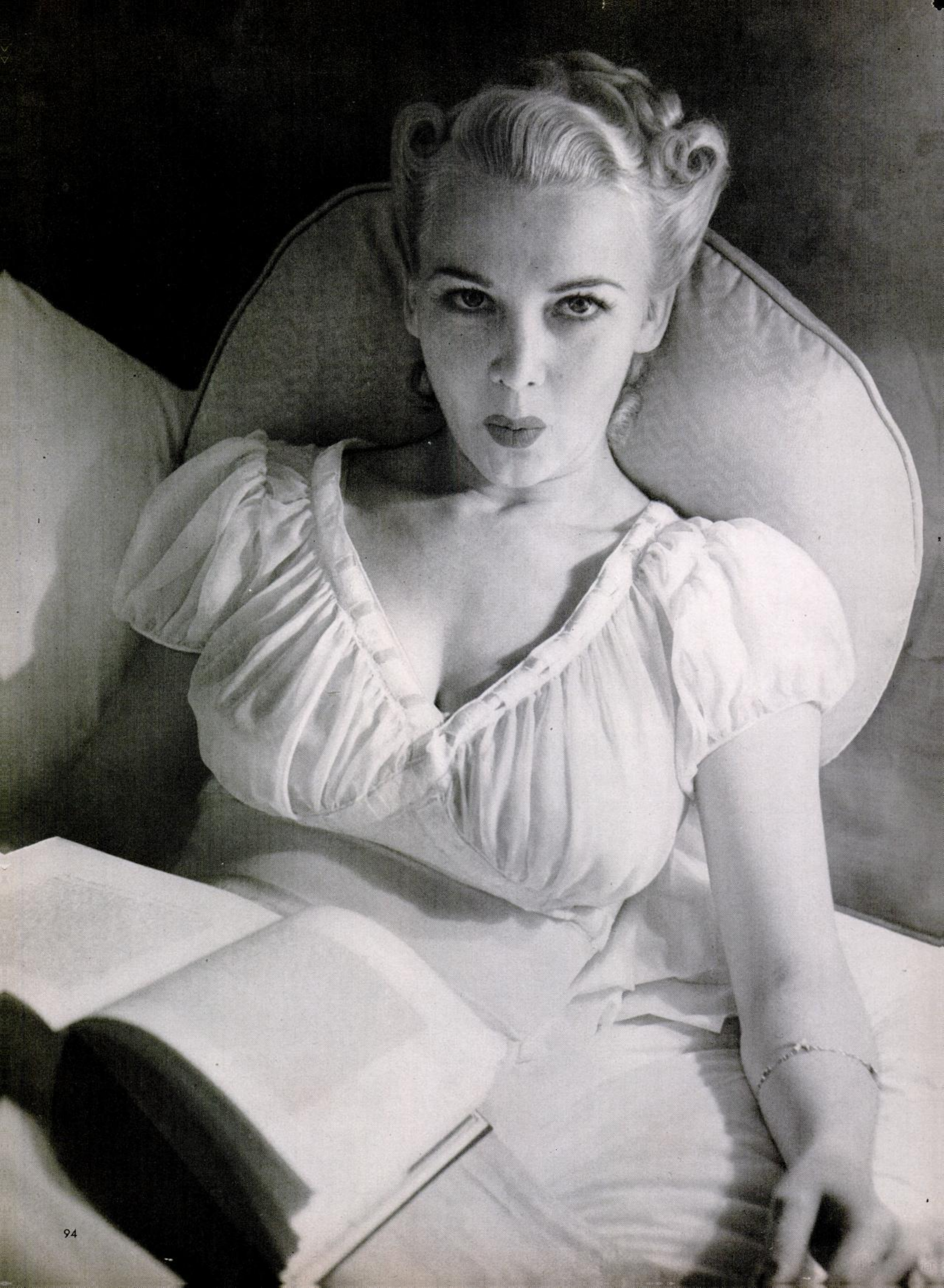
As the greatest National Defense program in U. S. history gets under way, the nation's biggest theatres this week are showing one of the most significant issues ever produced by The March of Time—"The U. S. Navy - 1940." In this film American movie-goers are seeing for the first time the full story of their Navy today, yesterday, and tomorrow!

Thus, The March of Time adds another to its long list of achievements in film journalism. And because The March of Time is the one motion picture feature that compounds the world's significant news into complete, understandable, sense-making stories, more and more people make it a point to see each new issue at their favorite theatre—every four weeks!

YOUR THEATRE MANAGER CAN TELL YOU NOW WHEN HE WILL PLAY HIS NEXT ISSUE OF

THE MARCH OF TIME

PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF TIME

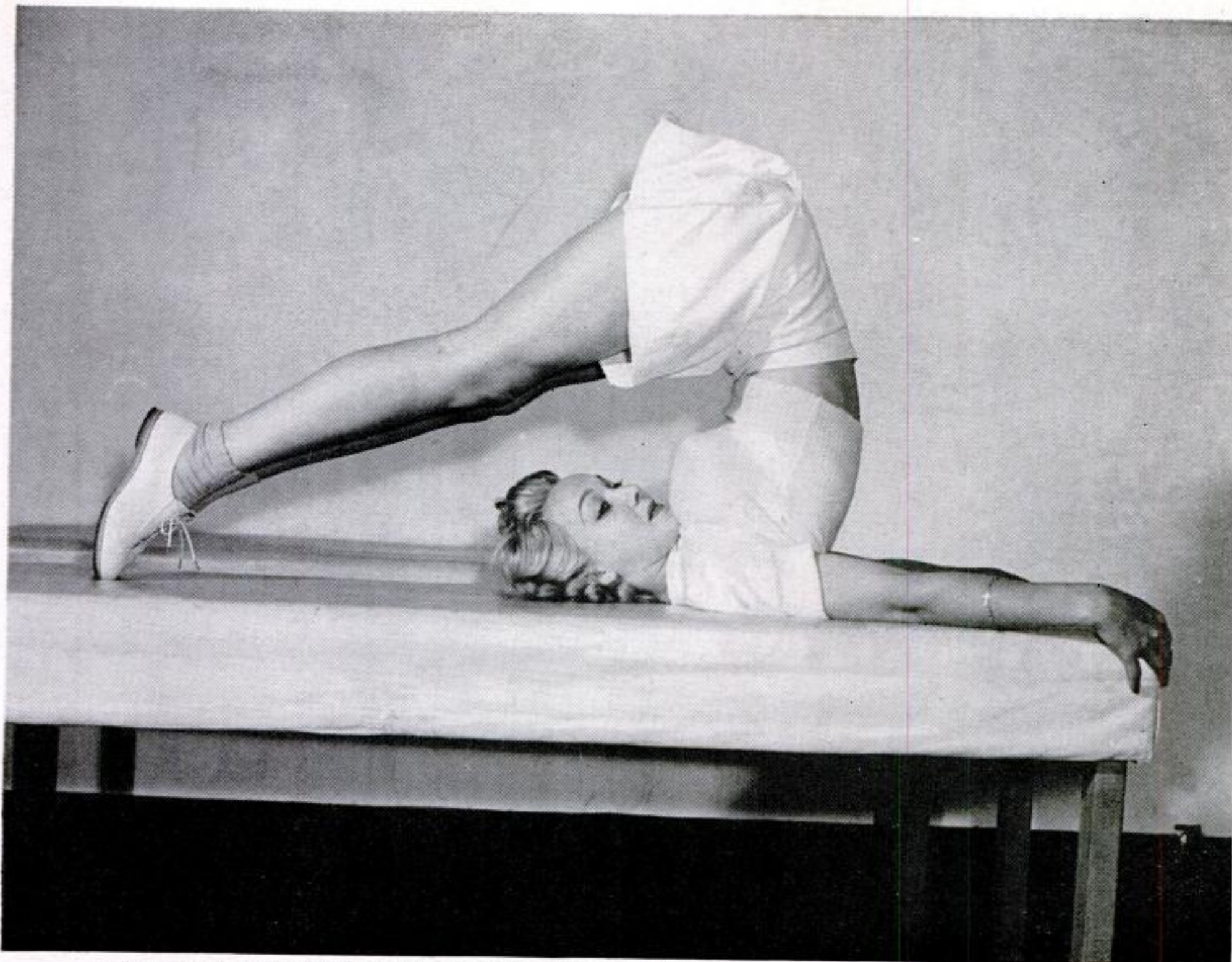


CAROLE LANDIS DOES NOT WANT TO BE "PING GIRL"

Carole Landis is a tall, blonde young lady to whom nature has been very kind. This year she achieved moderate fame by capering through two Hal Roach movies. But what really made Carole Landis a cinema name was a Hollywood reception planned to present her to the U.S. press as "the Ping Girl of America—because she makes you purr."

Thoroughly aroused, Miss Landis bought quarter-page ads in trade papers to protest against "this mental blitzkrieg" by her publicity directors and to proclaim that she would "not be present at my own reception to ping, purr or even coo."

Instant result was a flock of two-column stories in U. S. newspapers quoting Miss Landis' lament and labeling her "a fugitive from leg art." LIFE is fully aware that Actress Landis and Publicity Director Frank Seltzer have thus pulled out of the dustbin one of the hoariest of publicity gags. LIFE nevertheless agrees with Miss Landis that "Ping Girl" is a silly successor to "It Girl" and "Oomph Girl" and publishes these delectable portraits by Staff Photographer Peter Stackpole (opposite and below) in the hope that LIFE readers will invent for her a more fitting appellation.



SPINAL-ROLL EXERCISES KEEP CAROLE LANDIS' VERTEBRAE STRAIGHT AND HER STOMACH FLAT



"Now I can really SEE what I'm getting!"

BRILLIANT VIEW-FINDER SHOWS THE SCENE LARGE AND PERFECTLY CLEAR.

Picture size 2 1/4 x 2 1/4

Designed to make it extremely easy to take good pictures, the Falcon "Magni-Vue" introduces an extraordinary new value in low-priced cameras. Its brilliant view-finder enables you to see exactly what you are going to get in your picture — clear and large — and you snap it in that split-second when you have just the facial expression you desire, without having to lift your head to get a good look at your subject.

Equipped with Twin-Lens, Brilliant large View-Finder, Focusing Mount (marked 6 ft., 10 ft., 15 ft., 25 ft., Infinity) and collapsible Light Shield. Handsomely styled Neillite case with chrome-finished fittings. Hinged back for easy loading. Takes both snaps and time exposures.

Entirely Made in U.S.A.

Falcon Magni-Vue
REFLEX STYLE CAMERA

Uses Eastman or Agfa films.

Sold everywhere with 12 months guarantee. **\$3.98** Complete

FREE Write for free catalog of all latest Falcon models.

UTILITY MFG. CO., INC., 40 W. 25 ST., NEW YORK

5¢

A LIFT at 5 o'clock

Hires
ROOT-BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
PHILA.

12 OZS.

Everybody's favorite



"The national rub-down"



MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL
RUBBING COMPOUND

• AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT
AND 5c AND 10c STORES

"Ping Girl" (continued)

CAROLE FINDS HER GLAMOROUS BODY

Half-Norwegian, half-Polish Carole Landis came to Hollywood in 1937 because she thought movie stars were "the nicest people in the world." Her real name was Frances Ridste, her hair was brunet and her full-bodied figure became the biggest delight to photographers since the demise of Jean Harlow. She played extra parts in movies but was used mainly for publicity stills known technically as "leg art" or "cheesecake." Cameramen found her so glamorous that it was almost impossible to take a bad photo of her figure.

Her exceptional physical attributes, however, proved an initial Hollywood drawback to Miss Landis. Her boyfriends objected to her widely distributed leg art. Her fans on occasion became so fervent that one had to be put in jail for writing too impulsive letters. Her directors sometimes complained that her curves interfered with their

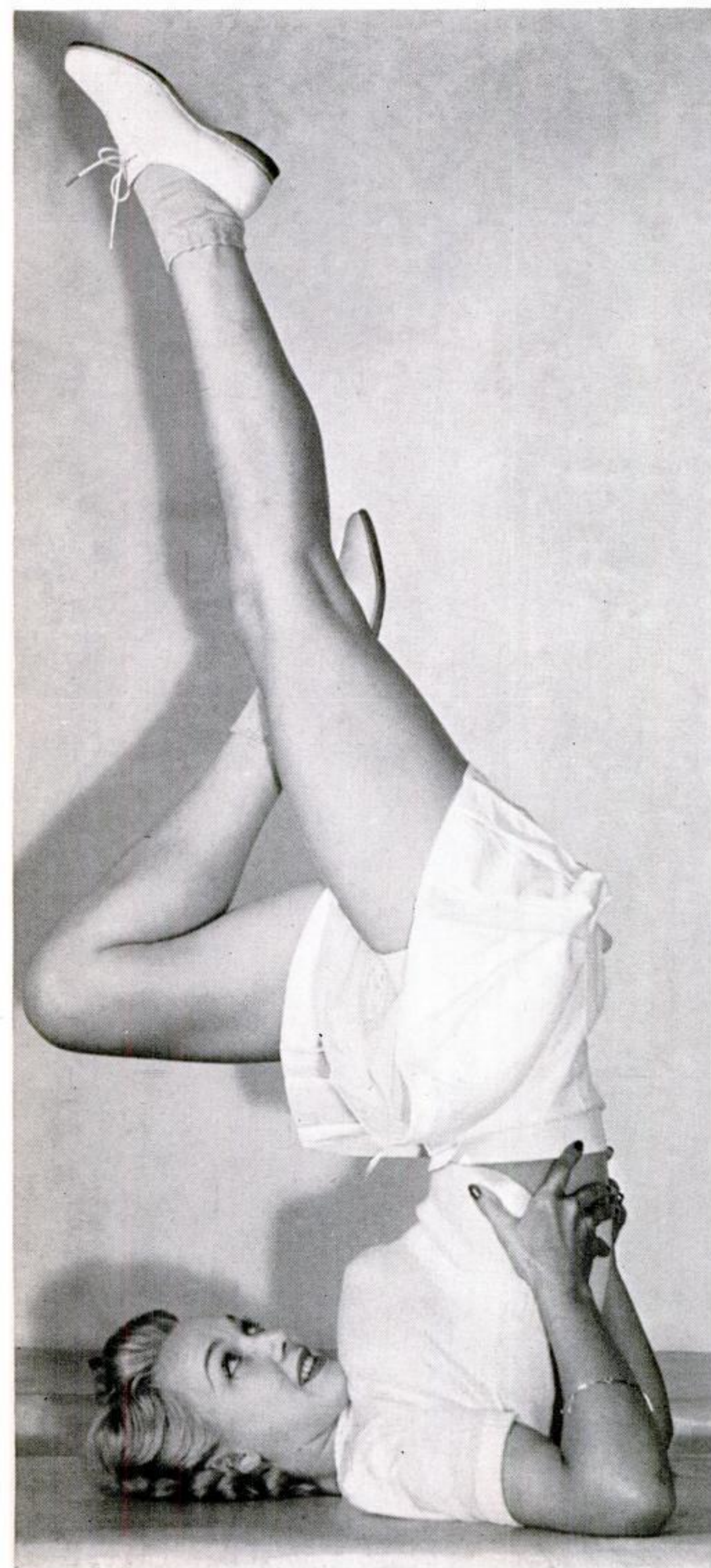


A photographer's delight is the tall (5 ft. 6 in.) slender figure of Carole Landis. She weighs 118 lb., has a 36-in. bust, a 25-in. waist, 36-in. hips and a 13-in. neck.

A DRAWBACK TO ACTING AMBITIONS

stories. And besides, Miss Landis wanted to be admired not for her legs or bust but for her talent.

So she went to night school, studied singing, piano, French and Italian to improve her mind, played only an occasional game of tennis or badminton to preserve her form. Her big chance came this winter when Hal Roach dressed her in a scant leather tunic as woman's prehistoric civilizing influence in *One Million B.C.* Having acquitted herself well as the belle of the Pliocene Age, she was next clothed in striped pajamas, diaphanous negligees and clinging evening gowns in Roach's current *Turnabout*. Though Miss Landis is not averse to making the most of an indifferent publicity stunt, there is some truth behind her advertised revolt from leg art. Well equipped with physique, courage and ambition, she should be a star within a year.



Bicycle exercises are done by Carole at Terry Hunt's Health Club to keep her legs and abdominal muscles tuned up. Her thighs measure 21 in., calves, 13, ankles 8.

WHERE THERE'S PEP THERE'S *IRON



"If you had told me I wasn't feeding Jimmy and Sarah properly, I would have laughed.

"Suppose they couldn't play hard as some children? Weren't they growing fast?

"Then one day a dietitian told me how often diets of children and grown-ups lack iron. Iron helps build good red blood.

"I reeled off all the iron foods I did feed the youngsters.

"Know about Bosco?" she asked. "It's rich in iron and children love its chocolate flavor."

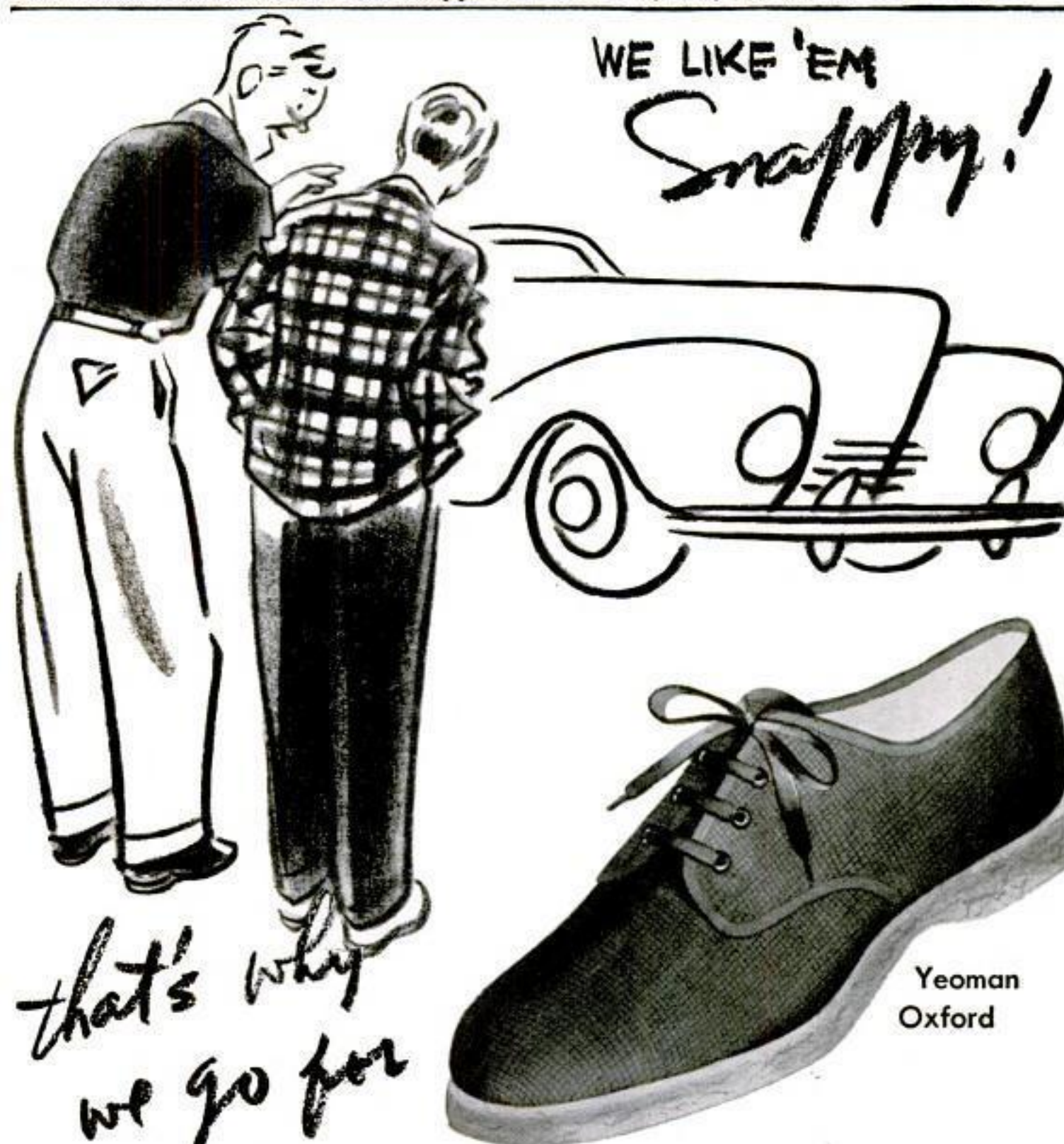
"Now it's Bosco and milk every day. Easy to mix! Economical!"



***IRON:** Relative available amounts in

SPINACH	=====
RAISINS	=====
BOSCO	=====

Buy Bosco today from your milkman or grocer. If he does not handle Bosco, mail us his name and address. We'll see he's supplied. Bosco Co., Inc., 180 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.



that's why
we go for

Keds

United States Rubber Company
Rockefeller Center, New York

Scientific Last
Shock-Proof Insole

They are not Keds
unless the name Keds appears
in the shoes.

In every Keds type there are styles with arch cushions if you want them.



The class president, Tom Wells, improves his exchequer by riding circuit for the *Columbus Dispatch*.



Valedictorian Mary Grube, 18, is the daughter of a dairy farmer. Here she bestrides fence in barnyard.

H
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THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE HARTFORD CENTRALIZED

Life Goes to Washington, D. C.

Ohio high-school graduates make a reverent pilgrimage to America's capital city



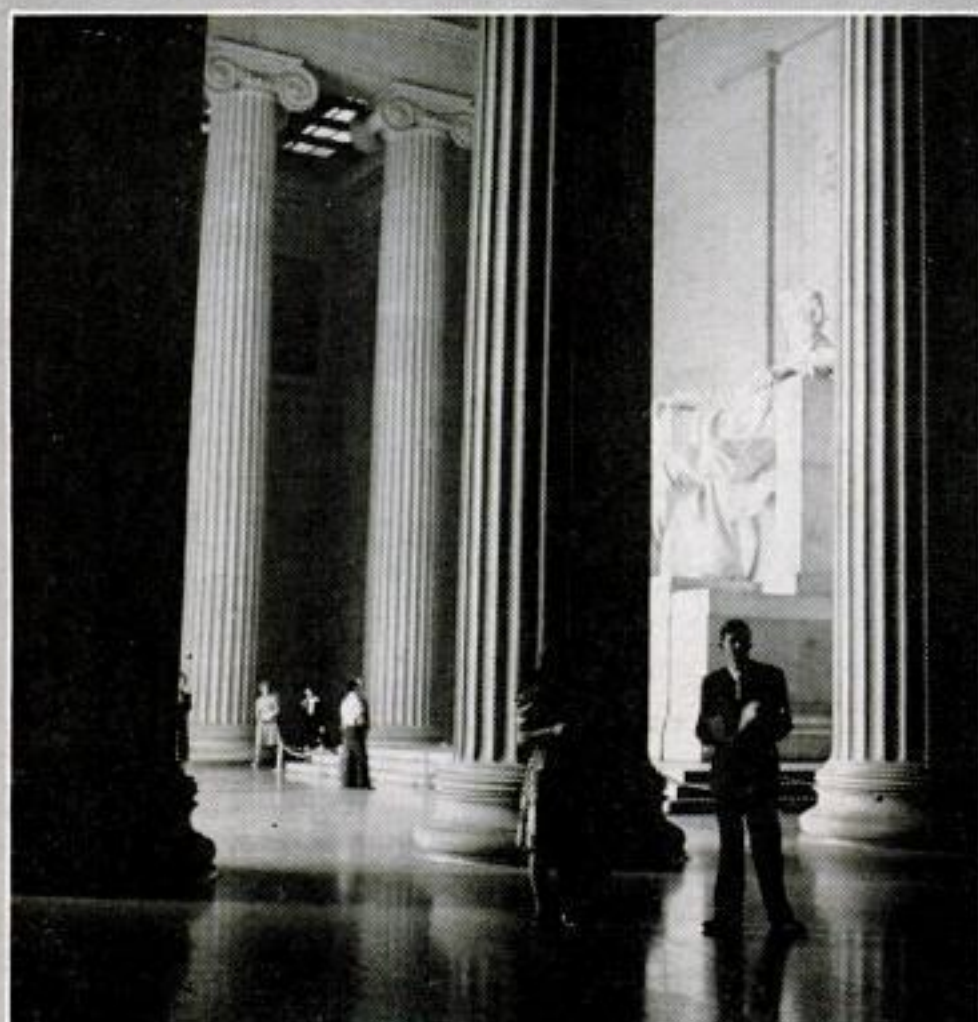
At Lookout Point Grand View in the Alleghenies, en route to Washington, the pilgrims pause for a 20-minute rest.



2,464 ft. up, the children of flat Ohio gaze out upon mountain peaks of Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia.



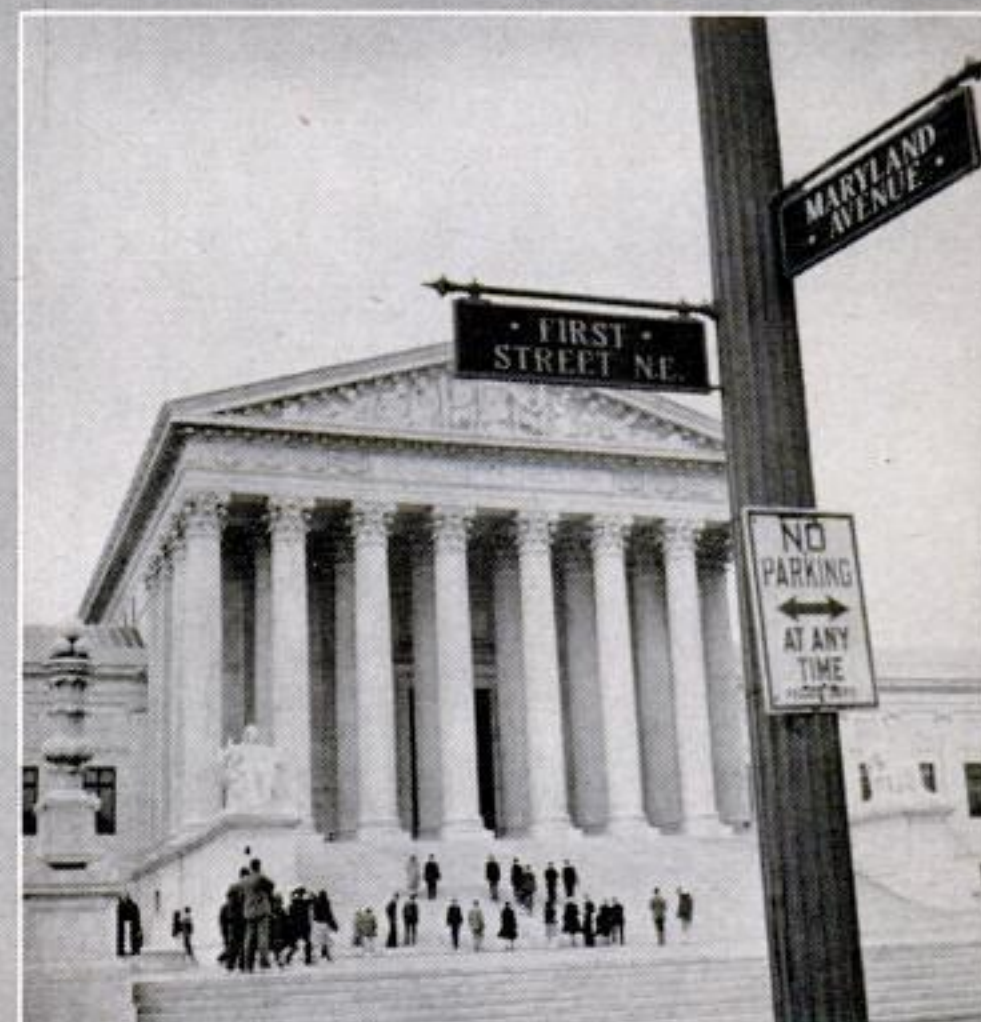
The Washington Tourist Camp was their dormitory for the three nights of their stay in the capital. Rates: 60¢ a night.



Inside the Lincoln Memorial they are overwhelmed by the infinite melancholy of Daniel C. French's great statue.



At Department of Justice, G-men exhibited their famous dummy, Oscar, used for training rookies in deduction.



The Supreme Court awes them with the immensity of its Corinthian colonnade, the solemnity of its echoing halls.

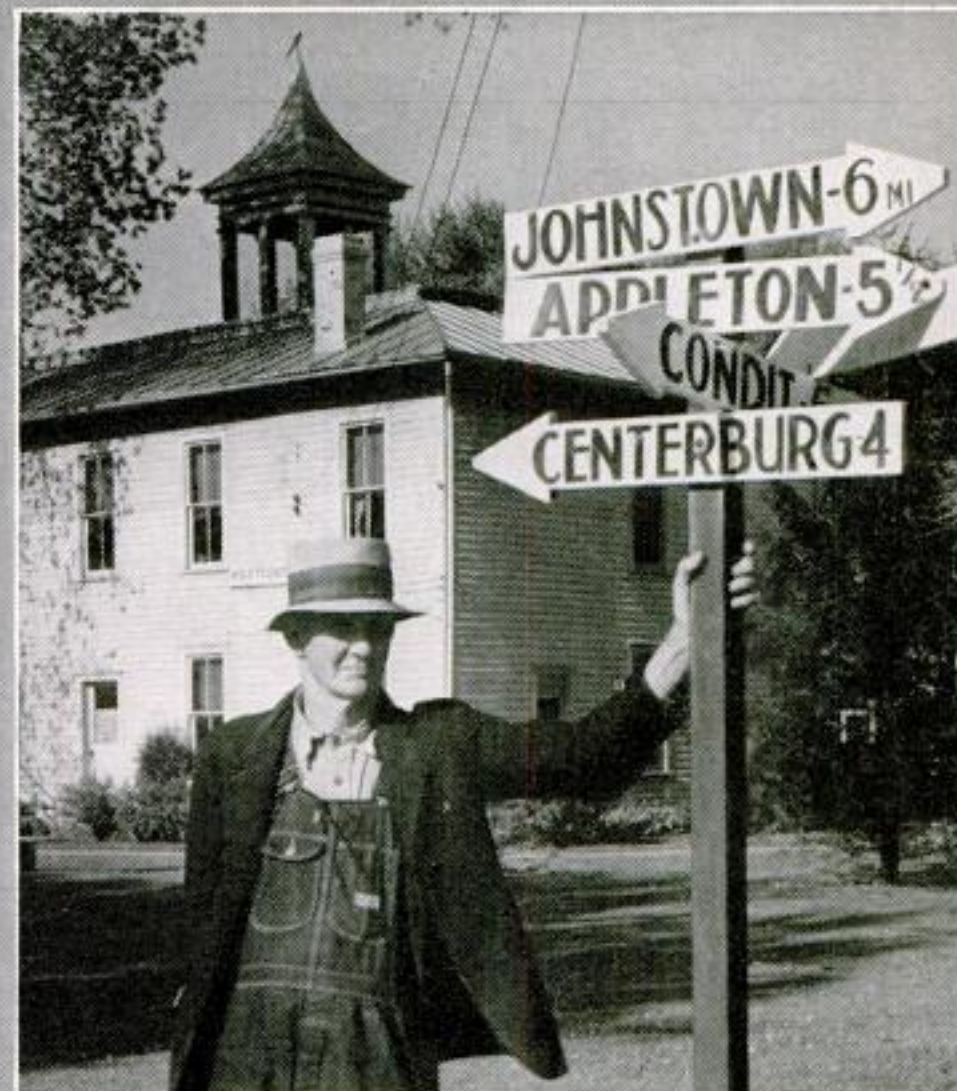


SCHOOL SITS FOR ITS GRADUATION PICTURE

1940



Cloise Jones, voted "representative senior," drives a team to the barn. Behind him stands his home.



Croton's town hall slumbers in the spring sun. Guidepost points to Centerburg, nearest passenger rail stop.

Early on May 21, the senior class of the Hartford Centralized School of Croton, Ohio piled into a big bus and set out for the nation's capital, 400 miles away. A few hours earlier they had received diplomas marking their escape from the chrysalis of formal education. Farm born, farm bred, they might never again travel from their Ohio fields. But while

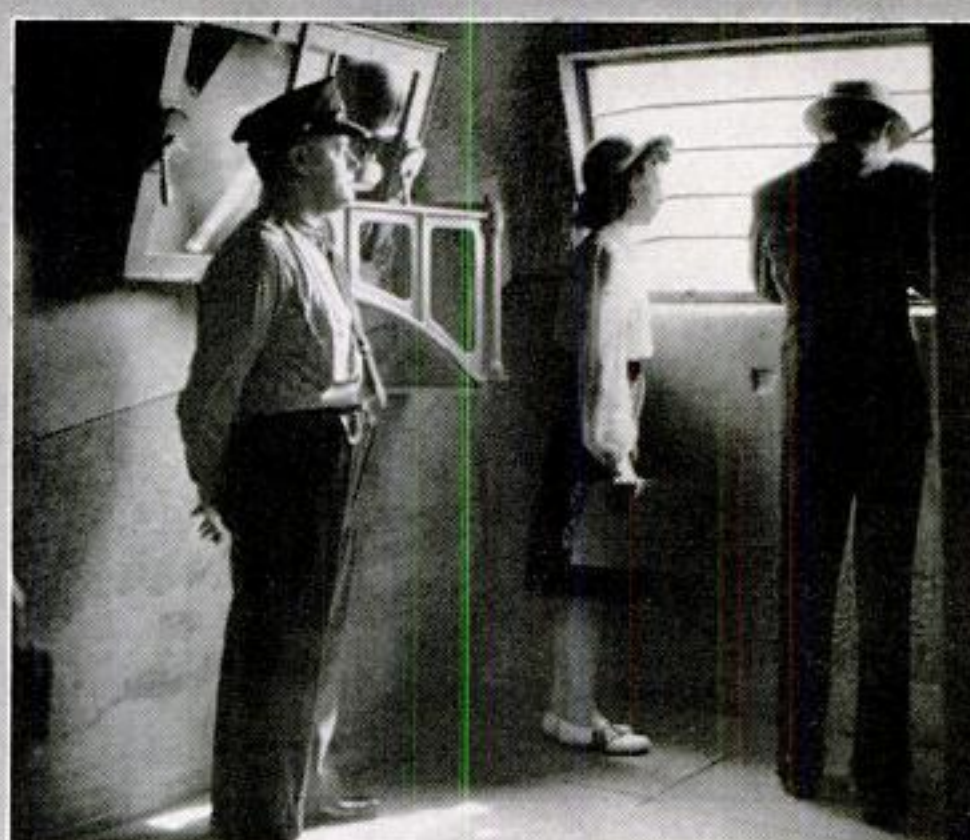
they lived they would remember Washington's white corridors and colonnades, the architectural distillation of America's proud past and present power.

Today the city of Washington is a 20th Century Canterbury, goal of pilgrims, month in, month out, from every State in the land. Alone among world capitals, it was reared purely as a seat of govern-

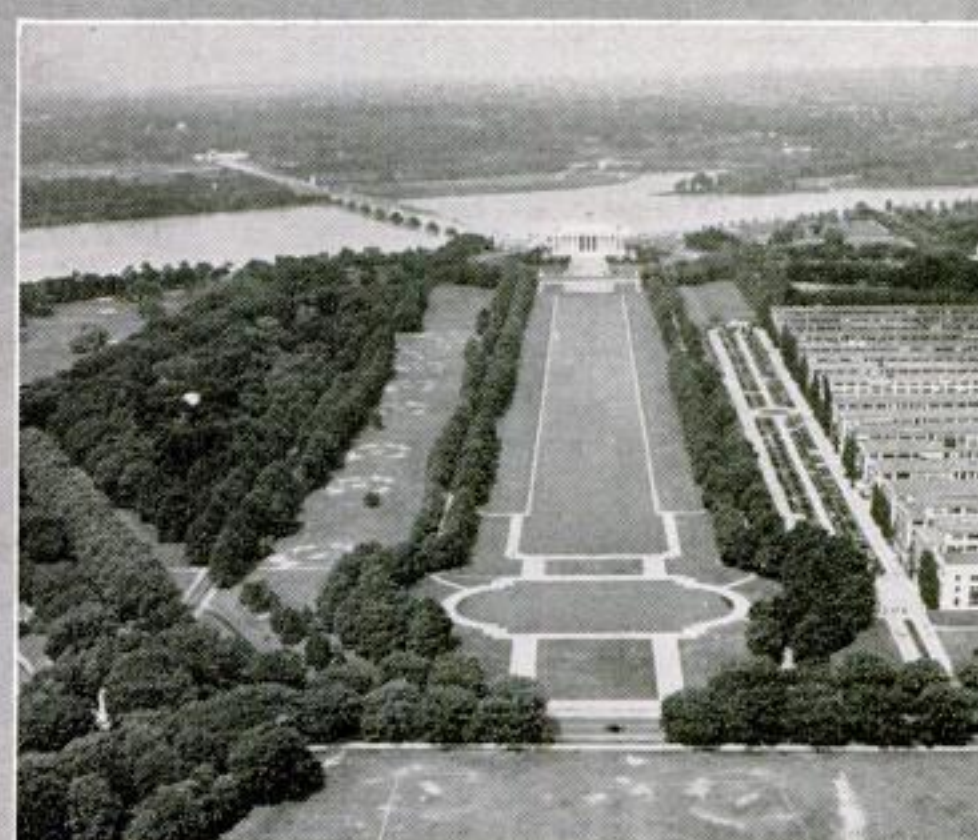
ment. It is not, like London, a center of commerce or, like Paris, a cultural center. It is the bright living shrine of American political democracy. Here you view it with the boys and girls of Croton, Ohio, for whom in months to come its image will endure as a symbol of something infinitely precious, agleam in a world where no precious thing is now secure.



From the colored fountain they gaze across at the Capitol, floodlit, immense, pointing its cupola at the stars.



Atop the Washington Monument, their first point of call, they peer from the high windows at the city 555 ft. below.



From the west window they saw this panorama of the Lincoln Memorial, Potomac River and distant Virginia hills.



The White House shines behind its encompassing fence. Inside students saw Red Room, Blue Room, Green Room.



At Arlington, Genevieve Spearman and Earl Hawkins park in the President's chair in Memorial Amphitheater.



At Mt. Vernon they wandered in gardens. Boys liked room where Washington died. Girls were amused by kitchen.

KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET BATH-FRESH



NONSPI CREAM FOR WOMEN WHO PERSPIRE FREELY

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

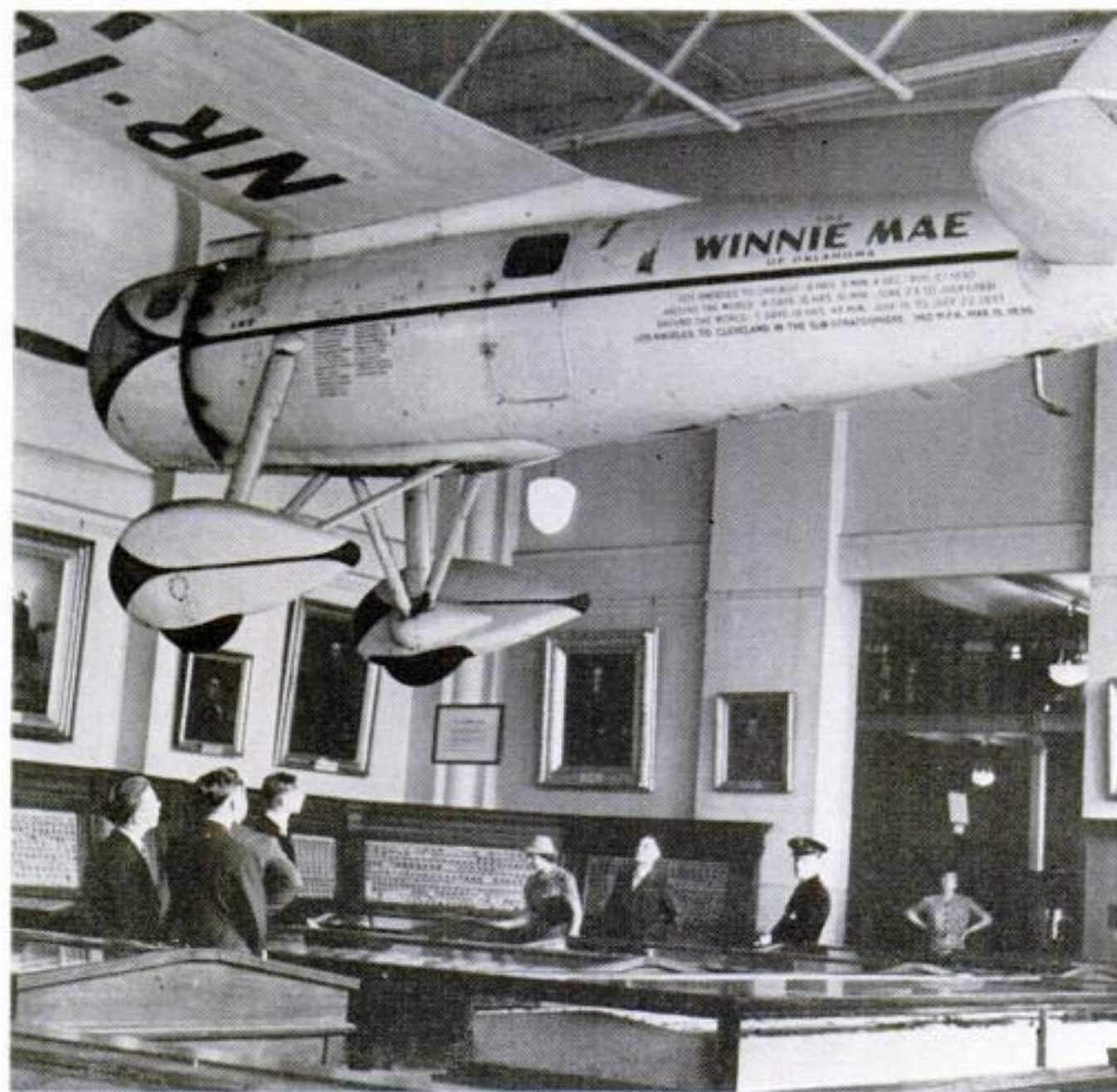
SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 139 West 18th Street, New York City.



There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—at drug and department stores.



At the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Fred Orsinger, director of the Aquarium, gives Joe Engard a young alligator, while Genevieve Spearman suffers an attack of "creeps." Joe named his pet Orsinger and brought him back to Croton in a cardboard box.



At the Smithsonian Institution boys respectfully examine the Winnie Mae, the stout little monoplane in which Wiley Post circumpolarized the globe in 1931. The girls were more interested in the exhibition of dresses worn by the Presidents' wives.



Tom Wells and Bill Hall nightly indulged their Narcissus complexes in a dime photography booth at the Washington Tourist Camp. Much of their pocket money went into a collection of wonderfully ghoulish portraits like the one shown (above, right).



Mows and Trims Lawns in One Simple, Easy Operation



Tired backs and aching arms just don't happen to users of Montamower. All the drudgery and noise of lawn mowing is done away with. No dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of live mechanism that first gathers then cuts the grass closely, smoothly, and to the correct height; no matting; no streaking; no clatter; no rattles. Cuts a 16" swath through long grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

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322 HOUSEMAN BLDG. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Protect Your Health--Avoid Tobacco Juices
with the BUILT IN

AMBER TIP * SANITARY MOUTHPIECE

EARL MARSHAL CIGARS

Mild blend of Havana and Domestic tobaccos

If not available in your neighborhood, send 25¢ (no stamps, please) for 5 cigars (postpaid). State size desired: Perfecto or Panetela. Both full size, 5 3/4 inches.

A good 5¢ cigar, plus the "Amber Tip"

* Amber Color Pistole

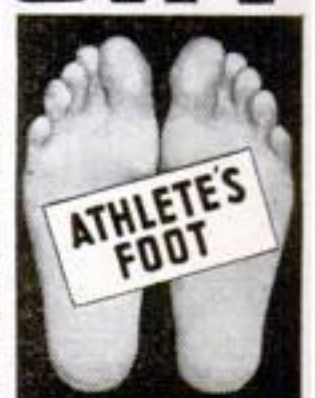


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FEET ITCH?

STOP IT QUICK!

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment, 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.



Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX



At Annapolis they gaze from the windows of Bancroft Hall. Above them is a plaque inscribed with words uttered by James Lawrence during battle off Boston in 1813. That night was their last in Washington. Next morning they headed back to Croton.

SOFT YOUNG LIPS



by Helena Rubinstein

What are soft words if lips are hard? What are bright looks if lips are pale? Helena Rubinstein creates lipsticks of intense colour ready to give you lips that are soft as silk-velvet... smooth and shining as portrait satin. Talk about elections, the weather . . . but your lips—soft and beautiful, will speak of . . . love!

Three Favorites in the wide range of Helena Rubinstein Lipstick Reds:

RED RASPBERRY—all-time favorite. Wonderful, deep-bright red.

LIFE RED—clear flash of true red. Brilliance for an alabaster skin. Vivid highlight if your skin is bronze.

RICO RED—soft, dark tropical red. Marvelous with sun-tanned skins. HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S LIPSTICKS, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00. Junior Lipsticks, .50.

helenarubinstein
715 FIFTH AVENUE



"Heat wave? Nonsense, it's positively chilly...
I'm using **MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED LATHER!**"



Want a **CHAMPAGNE shave**? Then try Icy-Cold Mennen Menthol-iced Lather! Boy, how it cools, soothes...and refreshes! And wilts whiskers. No yank—no pull. Mister...don't let the heat get you down. Get over to your druggist and say—"Mennen Menthol-iced for Mine!"

Mennen also makes a swell Lather without Menthol—and a grand Brushless, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN



The Great RIGHT Way

Buying Bourbon? Do it the *right* way and ask for GLENMORE! Now 4 years old and bottled at 90 proof for mildness, GLENMORE (Silver Label) will strike you as the smoothest, mel-lowest whiskey you've *ever* tasted!

Pour
Glenmore
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Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

BULL'S-EYE

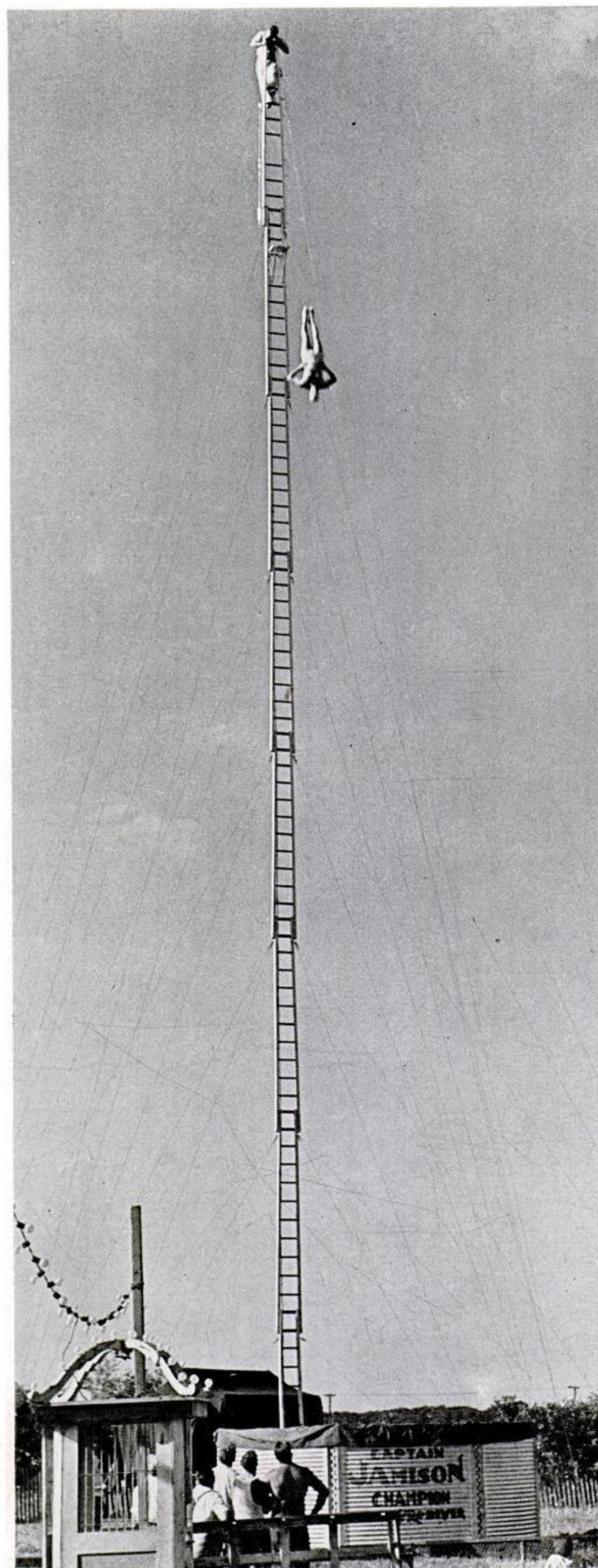
Sirs:

This is a rare view of the daring dive that Captain Jimmy Jamison performs from a height of 110 ft. into a tank of water that is 14 ft. in diameter and only

5 1/4 ft. deep. On the way down he makes a somersault. The success of his daredevil dive depends largely upon cast-iron nerves and flawless timing.

ANDRE LA TERZA

New York, N. Y.



PHOTOGRAPHER ATOP 110-FT. LADDER SEES JAMISON SOMERSAULT TO TANK

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With no soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-12 Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



● Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

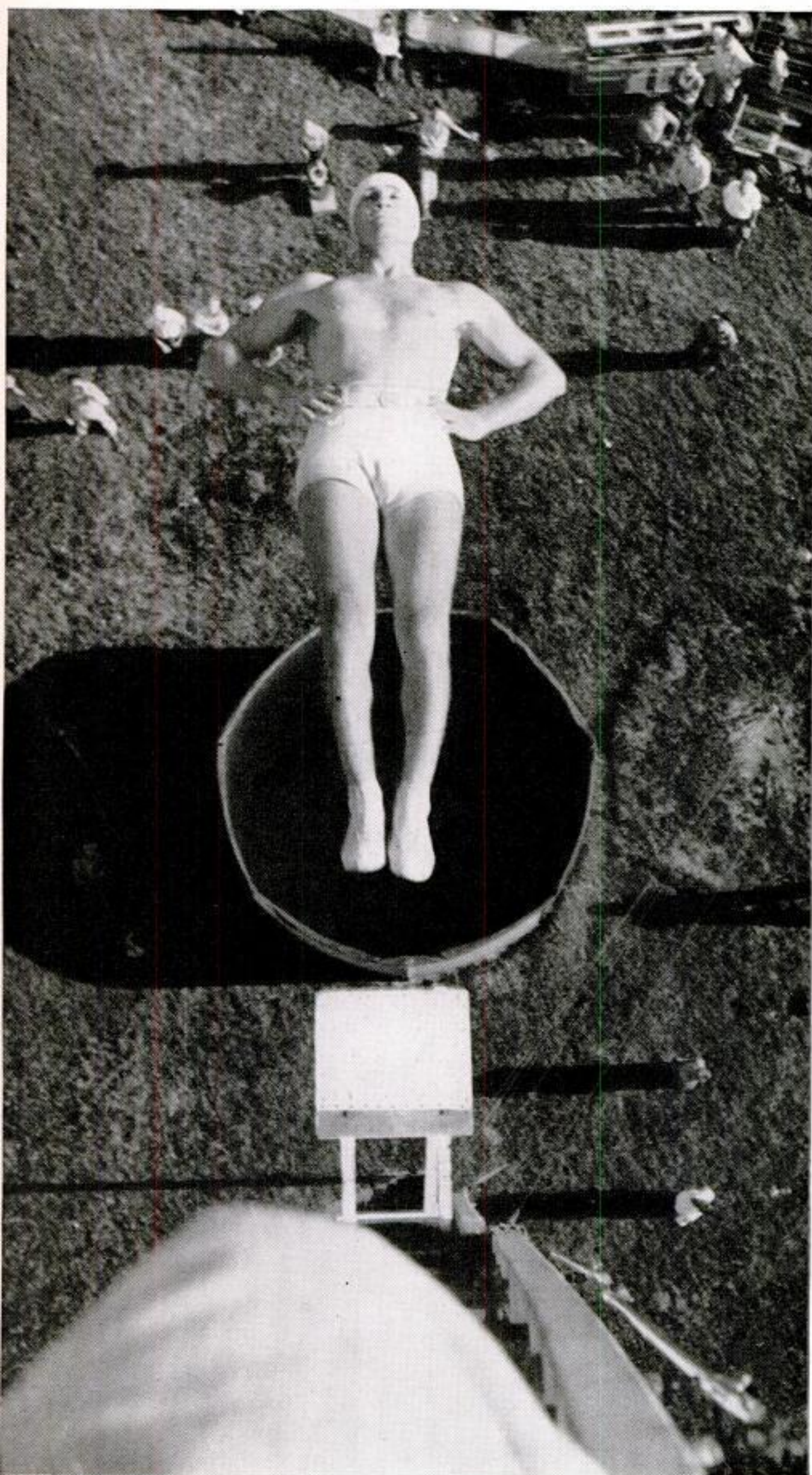
FORTUNE writes of Business as no other magazine can—in the lively realities of plans, policies, problems and people.

How Modern Housewives KILL ROACHES

Bait in tube kills old and young. Cleaner, surer. Guaranteed. Thrifty 15c and 35c packages. Sold by drug, grocery, department and hardware stores. If your store has none, send 50c for package of both sizes. DESOTO CHEMICAL CO. 22 WAY ST. ARCADIA, FLA.



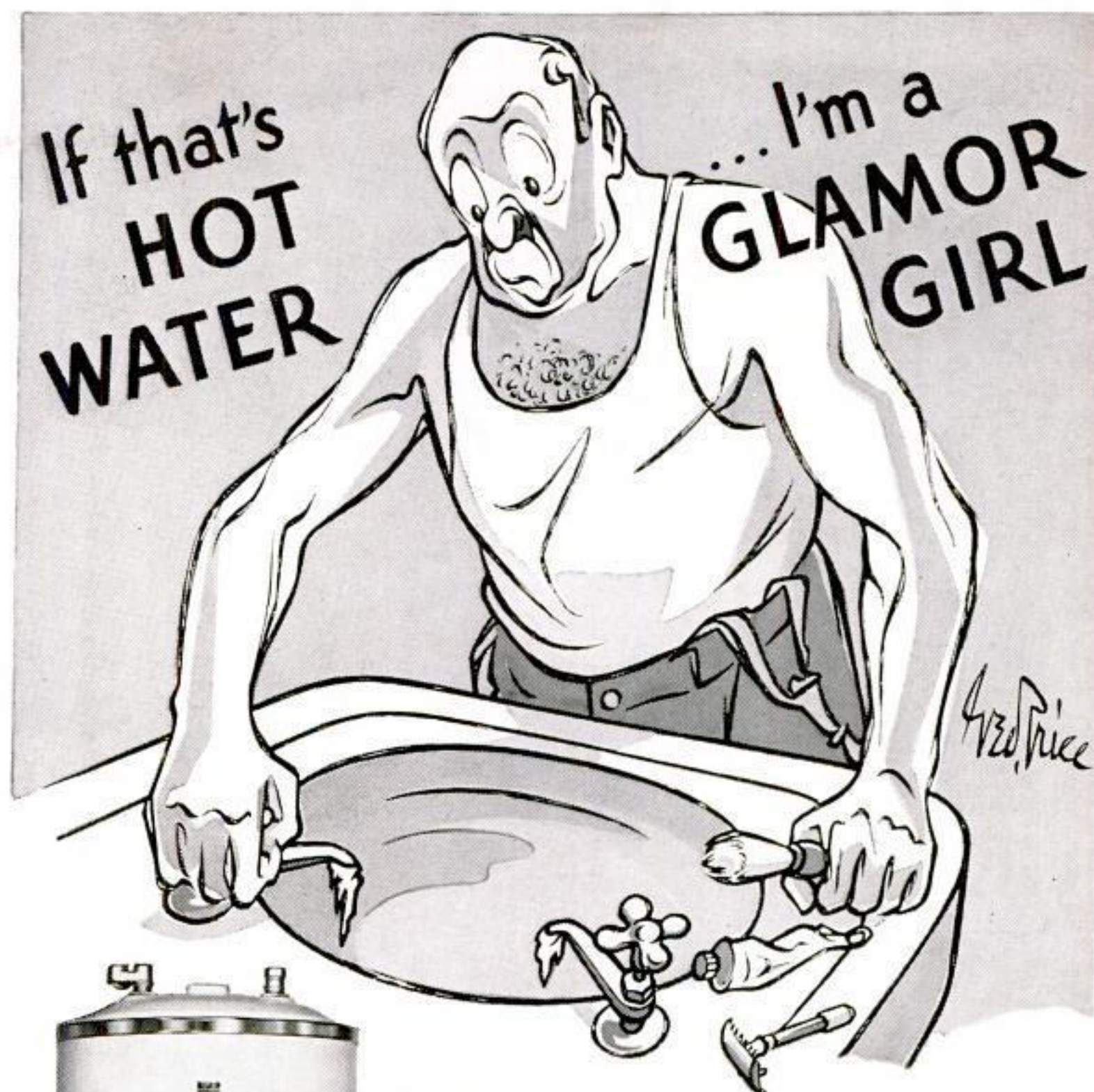
GATOR ROACH HIVES



ON LEAVING PERCH, JAMISON GOES INTO BACK SOMERSAULT



HE HITS NEAR CENTER OF TANK, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED TO BREAK HIS SPEED



Now listen, Mr. Glump, cussing out the faucet won't get you anywhere. Either grow a set of whiskers like your grandfather's or go modern and get Monel-protected Ruud Hot Water.

Your troubles are over, when Ruud Hot Water starts to flow in your home. You get 24-hour hot water service without ever lifting a finger.

Monel-protected means water that is not only hot but clean. As clear and rust-free as if it came from a sparkling mountain stream. That's because the solid Monel tank inside the Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater is 100 per cent rust proof. It carries a 20-year guarantee in writing against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion.

Today—ask your gas company, plumber or dealer in bottled or tank gas to give you all the interesting facts about Ruud Automatic Water Heaters burning gas, the modern money-saving fuel. Write for free booklet, "Go Gas for Hot Water."

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Photographs by amateurs submitted to **LIFE's** Contributions Department are considered on an equal basis with those of professionals. They should be submitted to:

Contributions Editor **LIFE** Rockefeller Center, New York City

TORRID TEST in HAVANA

TEMPERATURE
81°



NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Yes, you can rely on Yodora's protection! Even under conditions that put a deodorant to the severest kind of test! To prove it, a trained nurse in tropical Havana arranged this dramatic "torrid test." She asked Miss R. V. to make the test. After using Yodora, Miss V. danced 4 hours, 30 minutes ... at a temperature of 81°! Yet after this severe test, her underarms remained untainted! ... Amazingly efficient—

Yodora seems as silky, delicate and lovely as your face cream. Will not spoil fabrics—leaves no unpleasant smell on garments. Jar 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢. Tube 25¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

3500 PARTIES A DAY



TELEPHONE OPERATORS plug in an average of 3500 calls a day, answer questions, remember numbers, soothe ruffled subscribers. It's work that plays them out. But when 12 busy metropolitan operators volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days in a certified test made by a qualified research authority...this amazing news broke!



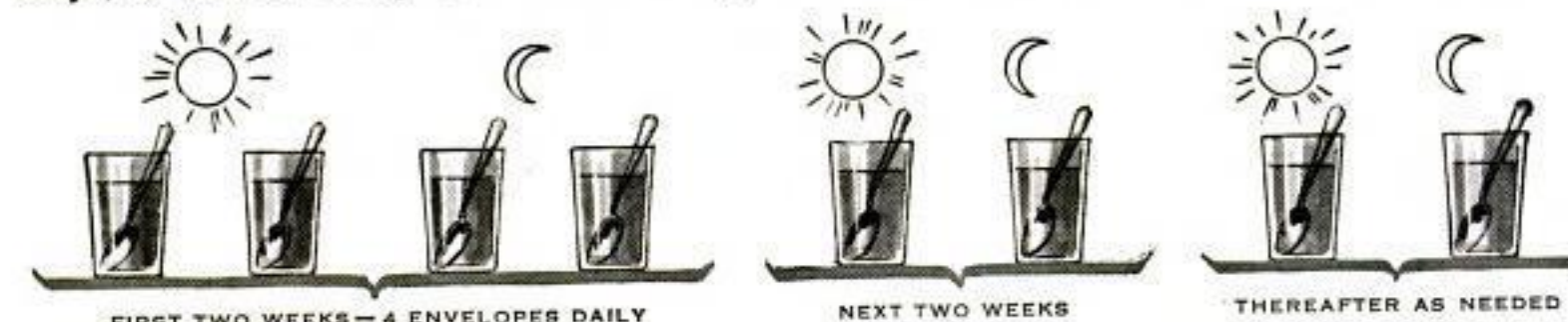
7 LESS TIRED! At the end of 28 days, 7 operators had completed the Knox test and every one of the 7 definitely noticed she was less tired. 4 of them said they felt like new women. Only those who did not complete the test did not report benefits.



5 KEEP ON KNOX. Checking 2 weeks after the test, 5 of the 7 operators who completed the test said they would definitely continue drinking Knox. The 6th operator planned to drink it when needed; the 7th didn't feel she needed the extra endurance.



9 OUT OF 10 LESS TIRED. When over 100 men and women working at all types of jobs (typists, electricians, models, housewives, executives, etc.) drank Knox for 28 days, 9 out of every 10 said Knox gave them *more endurance* for work and play!



TIRED? DRINK KNOX! Build up your endurance this simple way. First 2 weeks: drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine daily...two in morning, two at night. Second 2 weeks: drink 2 envelopes...one in morning, one at night. After that, drink as required.

THE SECRET is to drink Knox Gelatine regularly. And don't forget. Cost? Little more than a pack of cigarettes a day.

BE SURE to drink plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.)...the same gelatine used for over 50 years for desserts and salads. Knox is the only gelatine used in these tests to prove increased endurance. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected *until you use them*.

BUY KNOX'S regular 4-envelope kitchen package, or the new money-saving 32-envelope package. At your grocer's. Or write Knox. Also send for Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 71.

HOW TO DRINK KNOX: Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full of water or of fruit juice, not iced. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Stir briskly. Drink Knox immediately. If it thickens, stir it again.

BEAT TIREDNESS! DRINK KNOX GELATINE



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)

DEATH SPIN

Sirs:

Tragedy marred the Western Championship Soaring Contest at Arvin, Calif. recently when two gliders collided several hundred feet above the ground and both pilots died of injuries. As the wings of

the gliders crumbled, they spun crazily down to earth. The photographer was sitting on a hillside watching the meet when the disaster occurred practically in front of his camera.

OLIVER R. PHILLIPS
West Los Angeles, Calif.



FLAMES OF IRONY

Sirs:

If it's news when a man bites a dog, then Mary Doherty of Roxbury, Mass. made unusual news. When the awning of a store beneath her apartment caught fire, she threw a dishpan of water on the

awning to extinguish the blaze. The irony of the situation was that she was throwing water on the awning of a waterproofing, dampproofing firm.

CHARLES McCORMICK
Boston Globe
Boston, Mass.



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DISCOVERY IN THE SOUTH SEAS

1. "I've been a bold-out," confesses an American now cruising the South Seas. "You see, back home my attitude toward Canadian Club was, 'No whisky can be that good!' So I stuck to Scotch, even when Jack picked up some Canadian Club in Pago Pago, of all places! I might still never have tasted it, if it hadn't been for what happened later. You see, we were determined to visit Borabora, but didn't know how we were going to navigate the ticklish harbor. As we approached the island, we saw an outrigger start from shore.



2. "It held a native, with a very dignified old Englishman who offered to pilot us in. But when we wanted to pay him, he refused the usual trade goods. Then he saw the Canadian Club, and asked if he might have that. It seems he'd been the long-time friend of a writer who lived there, and Canadian Club had been the writer's most prized imported delicacy.



3. "By now, I was ready to believe anything about your whisky. We accompanied the old man to his house, and I broke down and tried it. I now want to say that I only hope other people don't need as much proof as I did of Canadian Club's uniqueness, in order to try it. They're missing a lot if they do!"



CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bour-

bon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian
Club"

6 YEARS OLD



CRAWL is the word for the stroke, but it's no crawling pace when Peter Fick (foreground at right) is breaking records in the sprint swims. He's several times a champion . . . has broken an impressive list of national and world records. His favorite distances in races are the shortest . . . *fastest*. His favorite cigarette is the slower-burning brand . . . Camel. "Camels are milder and cooler, for one thing," he explains. "And they have a flavor that doesn't wear out its welcome."



MEET

PETER FICK

SPEED won him the title "world's fastest swimmer"— slow burning won him to Camel cigarettes



SPEED WINS IN THE WATER, BUT IT'S SLOW BURNING THAT WINS WITH ME IN A CIGARETTE. CAMELS BURN SLOWER AND GIVE ME **EXTRA MILDNESS** AND **EXTRA COOLNESS** AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK

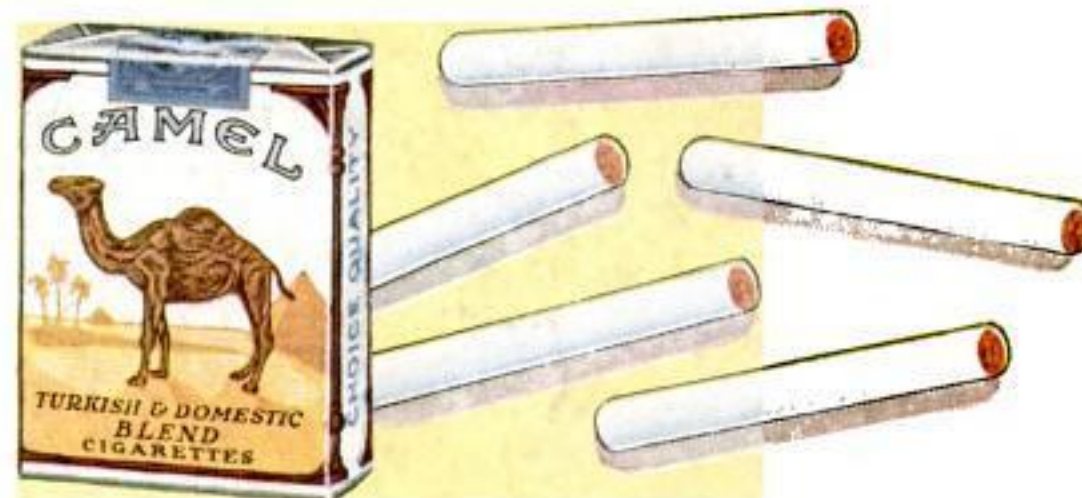
SLOWER-BURNING
CAMELS
GIVE YOU



"I WANT all the mildness I can get in my smoking," says Pete Fick (on diving-board). "Camels burn slower and give me what I want—even give me extra smoking."

Yes, Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean several important *extras*. Science knows slow burning preserves the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance . . . means freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Camels give you *extra mildness*, *extra coolness*, and *extra flavor*.

The longer you are a Camel smoker, the more you'll appreciate these extras in pleasure. And if you measure puff by puff, you'll find Camels also give *extra smoking* (see right).



In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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